THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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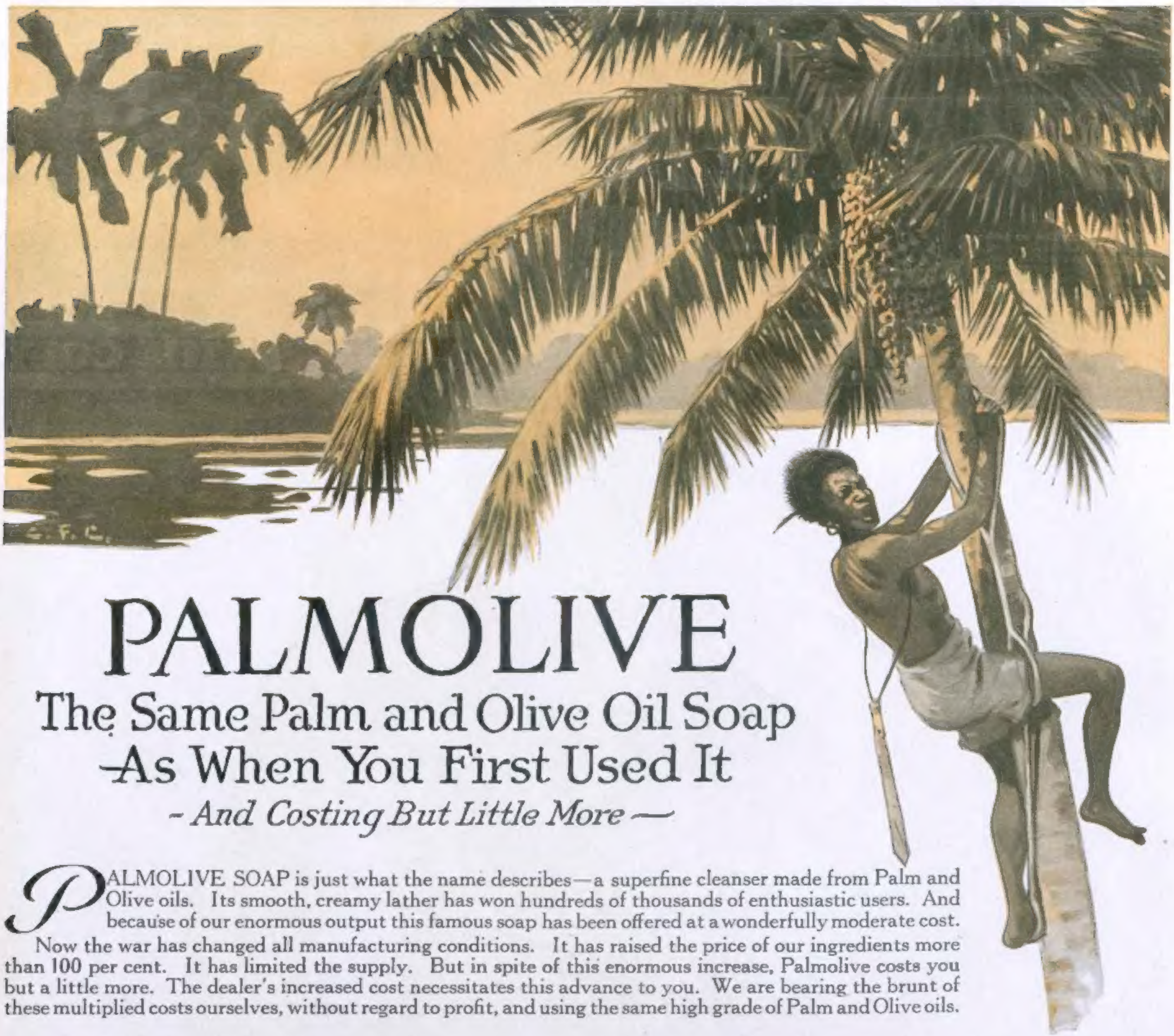
DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Beginning

The World and Thomas Kelly — By Arthur Train



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The World and Thomas Kelly

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE day Tom Kelly was born the Old Elm on Boston Common was struck by lightning. This being one of those extraordinary phenomena of Nature denominated "acts of God" by the insurance companies, the correct inhabitants of the ancient New England capital were somewhat in doubt as to whether to consider the occurrence a "deliberately unfriendly act" on the part of the Deity or to regard it merely as an uncalled-for and rather ill-advised eccentricity. However, by this fact the well-informed reader can fix with accuracy the date upon which this story opens.

There was, doubtless, no significance in the coincidence of the accident to the historic tree with that other quite common and natural event which had taken place earlier in the day in one of the upper chambers of a seventeen-foot brick house on Newbury Street, in the district of "made land" known as the Back Bay. So far as Boston was concerned, the advent of the infant Tom attracted no more attention than did the exit of Doctor Tucker from the Kelly domicile. Frankly, it created none at all. Doctor Tucker was as much of an institution in Boston as the Old Elm, and not to have been guided into the world by his skilled though somewhat effeminate hand would have been indeed to argue oneself unborn. But this fate, at any rate, Tom escaped, and his arrival was in every respect as punctilious as the local requirements demanded.

As Doctor Tucker came neatly down the small winding stairs he was waylaid in the tiny hall by the elder Kelly, a short, red-headed, aggressive-looking person, who had been impatiently biting his mustache for upward of an hour in the adjacent dining room.

"A beautiful little boy!" smiled Doctor Tucker brightly. "And mother is doing nicely!"

The red-headed man mumbled something that might have been taken either as an imprecation or a rendition of thanks. As a matter of fact, he felt abashed that a man of Doctor Tucker's well-known social position should see him and his in their nakedness. For Mrs. Doctor Tucker had been a Robbins! Had Doctor Tucker been called Doctor Jones or Doctor Watts, he—Kelly—would have slapped him upon the nearest adjacent part of his anatomy and offered him a slug of whisky. But in the face of the husband of a Robbins he was dumb. There was a disgusting atmosphere of benignity about this refined gentleman who condescended so efficiently to the domestic exigencies of the Kellys, and deigned to send them a substantial bill afterward for his services.

Doctor Tucker did not shake hands with Mister Kelly, for he did not care to cultivate the merely social side of his profession. So he nodded patronizingly to him, lifted his tall silk hat lightly from the black-walnut horror that filled one entire side of the front hall of the house, reluctantly grasped his small black bag and tripped down the four front stone steps to the brick sidewalk. At the bottom he stopped. "I will return this afternoon," he remarked crisply to Kelly, who had followed him out and was standing in the sunshine on the top of the steps. Kelly nodded.

"All right!" he answered in a slightly hostile tone. For some unaccountable reason he would have liked to accelerate the doctor's progress with a swift kick.

Doctor Tucker, in that rarefied aura always surrounding the successful men of New England, continued on his way down the street totally unconscious of the feelings he had so innocently stimulated in the heart of the man who would later send him a check. He had a case coming on down nearer the Public Garden and a couple of calls to make on the way up, on ladies who were doing as well as could be expected.

Kelly turned slowly indoors, observing with rage the blue iridescence of the silver-plated but neglected bell-knob, which defiantly told all the world that at 21 dwelt Kelly. He had hesitated a long time before making up his mind whether or not to put his name on that bell. It was bad enough to be named Kelly in Boston without flaunting it in the faces of the dapper gentlemen and correctly sedate females who hastened so assiduously by, as if deeming it quite improper to go downtown merely for the pleasure of it.

There Was Nothing for Tom to Do Except to Knock the Cracked Wooden Balls Round a Humpy and Sunburned Croquet Ground

Then the faint, diluted traces of Irish in his blood had cried out—the Kellys had come over in 1635—and he had told Mister Putnam, the glazier and hanger, to engrave the name in letters so big that neither King George nor anybody else would need spectacles to read it. For a while after that he had felt quite John Hancockian.

Mister Putnam, in due course, had engraved the said plate and had duly affixed it to the stone jamb of the vestibule of the house, connecting the knob or "pull" with a copper wire—exposed on the inside of the vestibule—which ran through the interior complexities of the floors and walls of the dwelling until it reached the kitchen, where it joined itself to a dangling bell, one of a dozen dangling bells, on a strip of wood near the ceiling. When anybody jerked the knob on the outside of the house the energy this generated was transferred along the wire to the bell in the kitchen, so that it jangled loudly.

Likewise, it must be confessed, did a few of the others—but an intelligent cook quickly learned to discriminate sympathetically among the parlor, dining-room, bedroom, and front-door bells. In reality only the front-door bell ever jangled, since the second girl was always upstairs anyway; and you could not expect the cook, even if earning four and a quarter dollars a week, to come traipsing up three flights of stairs to see what was wanted.

In Boston, in the later decades of the nineteenth century, the surname of every sober, decent man, provided he had reached the social status at which it was uttered at all and not merely ignored, was prefixed by a Mister. Mister that man was called—Mister Tighe, Mister Higgins, Mister Doyle—whether plumber, butcher, hack driver, horse-car conductor, grocery man or remover of garbage. The Declaration of Independence, erroneously assumed to have been composed by a Bostonian, or one at least connected by blood with Boston, had contained the sacrosanct assertion that all men had been created equal. However they might have been created, all Boston knew that they were equal no longer; but, being entitled to Mister at birth, the handle could not easily be separated thereafter from a vessel, no matter how cracked or weak.

Moreover, to speak of a policemen as Mister Grady, or to a postman as Mister O'Toole, tended to keep him at a distance otherwise impossible, and as was proper. Imagine a Boston lady or gentleman in 1885 addressing a bluecoat as Grady! It would have instantly put him upon an impossibly familiar footing! So all, without exception, when engaging one of those strange and dangerous artifices of man which even to-day stand at the corners of the Back Bay behind impossibly stiff and rheumatic cab horses, addressed the owner as Mister Timmins or Mister McCarthy. They may do so still. I fear not.

Kelly Senior entered the vestibule, mechanically wiping his feet on the threadbare coco mat inside, and tried the inner door. The catch had snapped. In his annoyance at Doctor Tucker he had foolishly locked himself out. Thus he was compelled to retrace his steps and ring the doorbell, whose tintinnabulations made themselves dimly heard through the laundry window, which opened onto the grassplot on the left of the steps. There was no grass in the plot. In default thereof it was adorned with several pieces of string, some bits of paper, two clay marbles, a scattering of incipient burdock bushes, and a large hole where various wandering dogs had scratched a tribute to cleanliness.

Kelly had yanked the knob viciously and the bell jangled a long, long time, with unexpected penultimate drops of sound. Meantime the eye of the master of the house savagely swept over the bare earth of his front grassplot. He was always intending to have it fixed up by Mister Calderone, the Flower-Place—hyphenated—man over on Boylston Street. Everything in Boston in the seventies was capitalized and hyphenated, thus gaining a double dignity. He mentally picked up the string and the scraps of paper, filled the canine excavation, and then—the master himself descended and picked up the two

marbles. A reminiscent softening made itself apparent about his mouth and nose. He dusted the marbles off on his trousers leg and placed them carefully in his right-hand pocket.

"They'll do for a starter," he thought. Even then his vision flew to rocking-horses, tin soldiers, stamp books, hoops, bicycles—all the things that he had never had himself. With a changed expression he leaped up the four steps and stood expectantly waiting.

A heavy pounding, like the tread of an ox or a small river horse, was shortly audible. Then the door rattled and was pulled violently open from the inside, while in the opening, in a militant attitude, appeared the stern presence of the Kelly cook. Her skirts were gathered up in some mysterious fashion, displaying the scallops round the tops of her worn kid shoes, and her sleeves were rolled back to the elbows. Her calico dress was open at the neck, which, gaunt as an eagle's, supported a strongly marked and finely featured face wherein glowed dominant will, industry and self-respect. Above the woman's fine gray eyes the thin gray hair was drawn straight back into a grotesque knob at the back of her head. She was a typical Biddy, but the kind of Biddy that has been the mother of many a statesman.

"Begorra!" she exclaimed, panting. "'Tis the masther! And me up to me elbows in the suds! Wherever have ye bin, wid a new little gintleman born this five minutes ago as I heard meself from upshtairs tru the spakin' tube? And the missus doin' fine, and whatever do yez think, sor—'tis the weight of it I'm tellin' ye ——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Kelly inquiringly, as he pushed by her. "What was the weight, Bridget?"

It was characteristic of Doctor Tucker to omit the mention of trifling details.

"Lawd save us! 'Twas eleven pound!" cried the cook with pride. "And the missus no bigger than me little sister Annie!"

"Eleven pounds!" gasped Mr. Kelly. "Eleven pounds!" And then for the first time he smiled.

As the reader may perhaps have already divined, the Kellys were of Boston, but not precisely in it. Brahman social refinements and their reflexes, particularly those so intricate and complex as involve the Back Bay in their tangles of heredity and relationship, are past unraveling. For Kelly the elder had been born on Mt. Vernon Street, in a house occupied by Kellys for many generations, and numbered among his ancestors a couple of generals in the Colonial and Continental forces, a governor of the state and a judge of the Supreme Court.

Yet, in spite of Mr. Kelly's unimpeachable family tree and of the genealogical peaches and plums it bore among its branches, he was no more to his fellow citizens of Boston than if he had been born in Roxbury and the son of a Presbyterian. For the era of which we write was the era of the invasion of Boston by the Irish, an invasion which, however much it did eventually for the country at large, vastly embarrassed the hidebound patricians of the Back Bay and shook the temple of tradition to its very foundations.

Aforetime it had been enough for one or two of the old families to announce who should or should not be mayor, alderman or senator, and the stately dignity of an untainted past was essential to one who would condescend to elevate public office. Only those could govern or represent their fellow citizens who had been baptized in the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers or of the worthies of Salem. But the advent of the Irish swept before it every cherished habit and custom of the plebeian mind that had rendered the social dictatorship of the old families so despotic.

With shocking disregard of all finer feeling and with impudent independence, these new citizens proceeded to choose their own leaders and elect as many as they could of the officers of the municipality, until the old families drew their petticoats and other apparel about their thin legs and with horror declared that the Irish horde, if unchecked, would become rulers of the country.

Thus, merely to bear a Hibernian name, however distinguished, was just cause for the ignoring of its owner by the haughty and resentful patricians of Beacon Hill and the West End, who viewed him with suspicion, as possibly implicated in some deep-laid Fenian conspiracy for the subversion of the national Government. To be Irish, even in the tenth degree, was sufficient reason for being socially damned in Boston in the seventies and left shivering in the chilly atmosphere of the unrecognized.

Moreover, it was distinctly bad form for one thus "born on the wrong side of the street" to call attention to the circumstance in any way whatsoever. To do so was an infraction of the Christian duty to exist uncomplainingly in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call him; and to concede frankly that one was an outcast and to defy the social edict by open indifference was an unpardonable offense to Boston's sense of decency.

Now Kelly Senior not only admitted that he had been "born on the wrong side of the street," but he astonished and terrified his female relations, including his wife, by announcing that he did not care. Not to care was felt on the Back Bay to be the supreme and final touch of vulgarity. Those who were not in the Blue Book endeavored to show their innate breeding and knowledge of the world by admitting the propriety of the social verdict against them. Had Kelly been a truly nice man he would have accepted gratefully such crumbs of recognition as fell from the social table.

But Kelly had done more. He had, in flagrant violation of the eugenics of Boston, married a lady who had been born in Chelsea. This, so to speak, finished Kelly. He had been an ambitious young fellow, occupying a junior position in the office of a genteel old lawyer who lived near the golden dome of the State House, in a red brick mansion with a cellar full of cobweb-covered bottles of antique Madeira and Medford rum.

With the name of Kelly, even spelled with an extra *e*, he could not aspire to a partnership; but he might in time have inherited the practice, had he not fallen in love with the daughter of a threadbare commission merchant who resided in a socially unmapped wilderness, and thereby sealed the doom of his professional career, so far as old Squire Mason was concerned.

"Dammit, sirs! It shows the fellow has no taste!" exploded the old autocrat over his dinner table on learning the news; and from that moment Kelly's future became dim. Had he sought to induce one of the cold virgins of the Back Bay to become Mrs. Kelly he could not have been blamed, poor fellow—but to marry some woman from Chelsea! Or had he sought marital happiness in Jamaica Plain, Dorchester, or even South Boston, allowances might have been made for the vagaries of Eros—but Chelsea! Moreover, he had red hair, which called attention to these things.

So Kelly, in spite of his genuine blue blood, his excellent education at Harvard College, his eminent ability as a pleader and expounder of common law, was regarded by his fellows as more or less of a failure, or at least as a person of no particular importance one way or another; and, having married the lady of his heart, he hung out a shingle for himself and plodded along the legal path alone.

As time went on he attracted a few clients, also socially unknown, and gradually built up a practice that enabled him to lease the brick house on Newbury Street in which the momentous event heretofore recorded had just occurred. He was a man of common sense and saw clearly that he was the victim of narrowness of social vision in others; but he loved his native city and would have languished elsewhere. He was too proud to belong to any but the best clubs and so belonged to none; and he nursed his grudge to this extent—that not being invited to the best houses he did not care to go anywhere.

It was hardly to be wondered at that he felt no enthusiasm about introducing another Kelly to the unreceptive society in which he lived. This explains his lack of exhilaration on receiving the doctor's announcement, and his first feeling of subdued resentment toward that worthy man. Sometimes he would have liked to explode a bomb in the middle of the Boston Public Garden and rudely shock the smug self-satisfaction of his fellow citizens. Had he lived he might have done so. But he did not survive to make himself thus vulgarly conspicuous. Two years after Tom's birth he caught a chill while walking home in the March rain across the Common, and in less than a week expired of double pneumonia. A doctor of irreproachable social antecedents officiated at his last moments.

II

"IF HE isn't better by five o'clock I'm going to send for Aunt Eliza," said his mother, laying Tom, aged three, back in his crib, where he continued to wriggle and squirm in defiance of all propriety.

"That'll be good, mum," agreed Maggie, the nurse who had attended Tom since his birth and knew every symptom of infantile ailments. "She'll be after bringin' some more seeds, I'm thinkin'."

The seeds referred to were punkin seeds, an infallible remedy, in Aunt Eliza's opinion, for certain minor disorders, and were carefully preserved by her in a paper bag for her periodical visits. These and a liberal use of olive oil were all, his mother fondly believed, that preserved Tom on that particular occasion from following his father promptly into the next world.

Aunt Eliza lived in South Boston—a day's journey, as Tom later discovered, by transferring horse cars—and when she came over she usually spent the night. Being herself an Osgood she had not regarded favorably her niece's alliance with a Kelly; but since the offender's death she had resumed diplomatic relations. She was Tom's earliest and most vivid impression—by no means a cheerful one—and for many years his ideas of womankind were tainted by the recollection of Aunt Eliza's acrimonious visage in its ruffled cap, while, as a child, he assumed, as a matter of course, that the normal subjects of conversation between adult human beings were sickness, bereavement and the proper conduct of funeral ceremonies. She was a vigorous, independent old party of seventy-six years, with a definiteness of opinion and a dominant character that at times entirely effaced her niece, Mrs. Kelly, a weak, retiring lady who had never quite regained her self-possession after "marrying onto the Back Bay," and who, having no confidence in herself, leaned heavily on her strong-minded relative.

"I think you can light the gas now, Maggie," said Mrs. Kelly. "How does he seem to you?"

"Oh, sure, he's better. He ain't near so restless," reassured Maggie, as she fumbled for a sulphur match in the china pig on the mantelpiece. The gas ignited with a pop, and the room, which had been filled with shadows, became dimly illuminated.

It was the room in which Tom had been born, and everything in it gave evidence of the modest circumstances of his parents. The bed and bureau were of massive walnut—a wedding present—but the cheap Brussels carpet was threadbare and the heavily framed pictures were lithographs of dying stags or of biblical ladies going to the well or returning from harvest. Christmas cards, cheap calendars, and ornaments worked in worsted adorned the tops of shelves, the mirrors, or dangled from the gas jets. An illuminated worsted scroll invited the reader to "Come unto me, and be ye saved." One door led to the narrow main hallway and another to a dark and stuffy dressing room, which in turn communicated with a dank bathroom boasting a tin tub and a set bowl.

Across the street could be seen a few palely glowing windows, and just then a man, with a brisk walk and carrying a pole with a bulgy end, stopped at the lamp-post opposite, thrust the pole upward, fumbled with it mysteriously and hastened off again, leaving the lamp behind him lighted.

"I've always wondered how he does that!" sighed Mrs. Kelly, smoothing back her hair and tucking away the loose wisps in a manner somehow suggesting that, as Providence had not seen fit to impart to her that priceless knowledge, it was perhaps a little wrong to speculate about the matter.

Yet she had expressed exactly the same idea in just those words every night for the thirteen years of her married life, while waiting for her husband to come home from the office. For she had been married thirteen years before Tom arrived. And now that her husband was dead and Tom was three years old, she still continued to wonder about the gas man.

"I wish I'd sent for the doctor," she added anxiously, while she pulled down the window curtains.

As Maggie McGee knew that she didn't wish anything of the sort, but that the remark was simply by way of making conversation, she did not vouchsafe an answer.

Most of Mrs. Kelly's remarks were of the same general nature—assertions of states of mind thrown out at random on the merest chance of entangling some sort of reply, a continual procession of mild remonstrances to the effect that whatever had been done should have been done differently, negative reflections upon the weather and the general self-conduct of Nature.

She was about to hazard the thought that it was long past time for the newspaper to come, when a faint jangle from the lower regions caused both women to start with surprise.

"Well, I never! Who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Kelly.

"Who'd ever be comin' this hour?" echoed Maggie.

The pounding of Bridget's feet upon the back stairs smothered the dying tinkles of the bell, the chain rattled on the front door, and a medley of cries and ejaculations arose from below.

"I do believe it's Aunt Eliza!" gasped Mrs. Kelly. "She's come to spend the night! Run an' see if the bed in the spare room is made up."

Maggie hastily fled through the hall to the rear while her mistress looked over the stairs.

"What is it, Bridget?" she called, for though she knew perfectly well what it was, she desired to make social capital of her subsequent astonishment.

"It's me, Caroline," came up from below in the raucous tones of Miss Osgood. "Such a time's I've had!"

"Gracious!" shouted Mrs. Kelly in accents of hysteria. "What an hour! I should have thought you would have started earlier."

Miss Osgood paused breathless on the landing to allow the exchange of further amenities.

"Look out for that pie-shaped stair," called down her niece anxiously. "You know Miss Trollop slipped on it and rolled all the way down—and she three hundred pounds!"

Mrs. Kelly ignored the fact that she had communicated this same warning to Aunt Eliza every time she had ascended that flight of stairs for the last thirteen years.

Her aunt made no reply, and resumed her climb.

"Here!" added Mrs. Kelly. "Wait while I light the hall gas!"

She rushed frantically back to the front room, secured a match and made a great display of trying to light up.

"Don't light it!" ordered Aunt Eliza. "We ain't goin' to set in the hall, be we?"

Mrs. Kelly with seeming regret blew out the match. She had had no real intention of lighting the hall gas. From motives of economy the halls were not lighted in the Kelly mansion—and Aunt Eliza knew it.

"Well," she admitted, "I don't s'pose we are."

Then she embraced her aunt vigorously and gave her a loud, smacking peck on the left cheek. Miss Osgood emitted a kind of cluck and marched on toward the front room.

"I should have thought you would have taken cold being out so late," said Tom's mother, following her.

"Such a time's I had gettin' here!" repeated Miss Osgood with more than her usual importance. "I had to wait nearly forty minutes at the bridge!"

"Dear me!" replied her niece. "Let me take your shawl. I was just goin' to send for you."

Miss Osgood looked at her with feigned awe.

"Do you know," she said in a whisper, "somethin' told me! I just knew it!"

She surrendered her shawl, disclosing a large half-filled paper bag beneath.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Kelly with polite interest.

"Punkin seed," announced Aunt Eliza, "for Tom!"

III

TOM'S earliest recollections were of lying in his mother's arms and seeing the crescent moon across the housetops. But he did not remember his mother ever singing to him. Mrs. Kelly, poor lady, never sang anything—except hymns in a thin quaver. She took life far too seriously for that. To her Tom was a responsibility that left no vitality for playfulness or even the purr of mere comfort. She had been thirty when she married, she was over forty when Tom was born.

Her girlhood had been a drab affair of a shabby genteel sort from which active sports had been excluded as vulgar. Any natural mirth she might have had as a child had long since succumbed to the apprehensions of her New England conscience. She did not really believe in a personal devil with a red tail, but she pretended to Tom that she did and felt herself in danger of hell fire because she did not. Dear, well-meaning lady! And, though she loved Tom with a passionate devotion—was he not all she had on earth?—yet the restraint of her Puritan upbringing and the belief that life was so serious a matter deprived her of the ability to give any natural expression to her feelings and forced her to mask her real affection under a demeanor of self-conscious severity.

By day he lay in her lap in the same place and, instead of the moon, watched the little globules of light, reflected from the water standing on the tin roof of the bay window, dance on the ceiling. They danced and danced so jollily that he did not miss his mother's singing, and he would laugh with delight; and then his glance would stray to where a steel-engraved Madonna with great soulful eyes gazed down upon another baby, just like him, who lay in her arms, and beyond to where the red worsted motto urged him to "Come unto me, and be yesaved"—from what?

These, and the smell of things being boiled on an alcohol lamp, were what he remembered most in after years. Gradually, however, he took notice of others—Aunt Eliza, with her perennial bag of punkin seeds; Fanny Trollop, the dropsical lady who had made the pie-shaped stair famous by slipping on it; and Sarah the "second" girl. It never occurred to Tom in later years to wonder who the first girl was, or whether there had ever been any. Certainly there had been none during his own brief existence.

Besides Aunt Eliza, there were other aunts and female cousins who lived vaguely somewhere in the suburbs and who came in on the cars to spend the day and assist in the upbringing of Tom; and there were also a few decrepit and nondescript unrelated spinsters, who were always referred to as Lizzie this or Flossie that. Tom never knew who they were or where they came from. So far as he could ascertain there were no husbands pertaining to any of the aunts and cousins. They were very much alike, all of them—their aspect betraying an underlying resentment against society at large and an aggressive distrust of man; and they seemed to hold Caroline, Tom's mother, in a sort of contemptuous awe. Likewise, they were very curious about Tom, and took part assiduously and enthusiastically at his bath and various rehabilitations.

In spite of the officious attentions of his mother's female relatives and her own well-meaning but highly unintelligent efforts to safeguard him from the slightest exposure to the elements, Tom managed not only to survive, but also, in what seemed a surprisingly short time, to perform the miracle of self-locomotion. He had been oiled, dosed, physicked, bandaged and bundled up at the slightest provocation, but, having inherited a robust constitution from the Kelly side of the family, managed somehow to achieve boyhood, none the worse for the zealous care bestowed upon him save for a slight oversensitiveness to drafts.

Saturday nights he was boiled in the bathtub and huddled off to bed, and if he sneezed he was wrapped in a blanket and rocked in front of the "register," as the opening of the hot-air furnace in his mother's room was called. These registers were a mystery and an unending source of amusement to Tom, for you could hello down through their tunnels to the nether regions, or innocently drop into them unconsidered and never-to-be-recovered trifles belonging to the female wardrobe.

Tom Had Never Seen Such a Delightful Person Before

When Eben, the negro chore man, had started a good fire the hot air would come out in a grand blast and you could hold up your handkerchief and imagine you were a ship at sea under full sail. And down in the front hall, where the register was flush in the floor and not in the wall, you could lay your silk muffler on it carefully and away it would go toward the ceiling, carried up on the column of air until it slid off sidewise and fell in a crinkled heap on the carpet.

Every year, however, the placid routine of Tom's simple life was interrupted by the inevitable visit at the Newbury Street house of Uncle Ezra and Aunt Minerva Jenkins, from Bridgeport, who came each spring, bringing a carpetbag worked in green worsted with a stag's head in yellow. Uncle Ezra was a very vivid memory indeed, for he had a face like a moose, with a long thin nose overhanging his chin in extensions or eaves. Mrs. Kelly had the highest reverence for him, and also for his wife, who was reputed to be the best housekeeper in Bridgeport; but Tom dreaded these visitations by reason of the additional gloom that pervaded the house while the worthies were there.

During these periods Tom's mother always wore her Sunday clothes, even at breakfast, and asked Uncle Ezra to say grace, and after the meal was over they would all adjourn to the library and have family prayers, with Sarah the second girl and Bridget the cook lurking in a religiously hostile, yet malevolently respectful, manner outside in the hall.

These family prayers were unabridged and complete in every respect, covering every department of human activity in this and foreign lands—"And we would especially ask Thy attention, O Lord, to the benighted heathen of Tasmania, and beseech thee to give them of thy grace," and so on, or at least so it seemed to Tom, through Somaliland, Dutch Guiana and the whole geography. Uncle Ezra, who had a great reputation in Bridgeport as an exhorter, fascinated Tom to such an extent that he almost did not mind kneeling down so long on the hard floor, for he could see Uncle Ezra, after he had exhausted the air in his lungs on the natives of South Australia, take a long, long breath, drawing in his flapperlike nostrils until he was quite distended, and begin again on the inhabitants of Western Africa. He knew Uncle Ezra was a very holy man—for he never smiled.

Aunt Minerva was a pantomimic echo of her husband, and both acted as if they thought Tom did very wrong to be alive and as if they were sure God was very angry with him. During this annual affliction Tom's mother assumed a regretful, pained manner toward him, as if to say that he would know some day what a terribly sad business this being a Child of God was and be sorry for not having realized it sooner. They all murdered the joy of life and seemed forever doomed to participate in its attendant obsequies. Tom was convinced somehow that he was a miserable sinner and was ready to do all that he could to rectify the matter; but the manner of his elders satisfied him that, do what he could, he would remain what he was—a worm.

It is impossible to gauge the far-reaching effect upon character of seemingly inconsequential influences. Tom's whole attitude toward religion in after life was colored strongly by his recollections of Uncle Ezra and his wife, just as his attitude toward the world at large was quite naturally molded by that of his mother. And one of his first reactions to this gloomy and depressing view of the disposition of Providence toward the inhabitants of the globe was to welcome eagerly the suggestion of a youthful agnostic that there was no reason to believe in any God or to attempt to carry out his mythical commandments.

So successful were the Jenkinses in impressing Tom with his guilt of some undefined offense against the Almighty that not before his freshman year in college did he cease to have an instinctive fear of an imminent retribution from on high. This was accentuated by the frequent repetition of such phrases as "born in sin" and "children of wrath." He was informed that the Old Adam was in him somewhere. This made him very uneasy and most uncomfortable. He expected Adam to come popping out of him at almost any minute, just as Jonah had emerged from the whale. It was an unpleasant anticipation.

And the idea that he would be visited with swift vengeance not only for any transgressions of his own in the future, but also, for some unexplained reason, for those of others in the dim past for which he could not in any way conceive himself as responsible, made him secretly resentful. It was all most mysterious, but when he sought enlightenment from his mother and Aunt Eliza the former only whispered "Hush!" and held up a warning finger, while

the latter remarked didactically: "Just hear the child! Little boys mustn't ask about such things!"

"But why have I got to be saved?" wailed Tom. "I'd rather not be! Please don't let me be saved!"

Horrified, his mother pushed him from the room, with instructions to go and play in the back yard—only not under any circumstances to ask questions of Bridget.

Tom, duly warned, discussed with Bridget, therefore, only fay-ries and the value of old clothes and bottles. Yet Bridget did not suffer Tom to fall under the false lure of gold. Rather, whenever he came into the kitchen she would impress upon him the value of wisdom.

"Sure 'tis better to be a great scholar, like Father Leary, than a millyunaire," she would say, standing with arms akimbo on her broad, powerful hips. "Many's the time I wisht I'd had an eddication! Learn your books, Tom! Take an old woman's word for it. Yer father knew his books, even if I can't say as much for yer mither. And crumbs make ye wise!"

Forthwith she would cross to the wall under the clock and remove from its nail a blue tin match box, in which she preserved all the crumbs which were the by-products of her daily tasks. They were dry, crunchy and delicious—white, Graham and brown; and Tom would dump them all out in a big pile on the pastry board and lap them up like a dog, while Bridget would stand by admiringly. Tom sometimes wondered afterward if Bridget really thought the bread crumbs thus devoured would increase his mental capacities.

She was, indeed, a wise old woman, albeit a superstitious one, yet it is highly probable that she did vaguely believe in some occult power in the crumbs which she so zealously treasured to make Tom wise. Do not many of us accept the well-known thesis that fish is good for the brain? And if so, why not crumbs? However that may be, Tom never forgot her admonition, and when he ceased to rely upon the efficacy of bread crumbs *per se* as an intellectual stimulus, he realized the true significance of Bridget's doctrine and profited by it. Thus the old cook played her part, just as did Uncle Ezra and Aunt Minerva, in shaping Tom's ultimate character.

But Tom's religious experiences were not limited to Uncle Ezra's visits. Ever since the Kellys had, in the early years of their married life, moved to Newbury Street they had rented a pew in the old stone church on Tremont Street, a few minutes' walk away, just across the Public Garden and the Common. On Sunday mornings in early spring, and even on clear days in winter after a light fall of snow, these walks were very pleasant and left one with a sense of muscular relaxation when comfortably settled among the red cushions of the high-backed, mahogany-trimmed pews.

The church was a hundred years old, dark and dank in bad weather, and the regular attendants few and shifting, owing to the fact that stores and office buildings had completely enveloped the low, ancient edifice, and the more fashionable congregations had in consequence moved on to less crowded sections of the Back Bay. It was partly for this reason that Mrs. Kelly continued to go there. At St. Agnes' she had the feeling that she was really as good as anybody.

The rector, an austere and unapproachable person who had once declined the office of bishop coadjutor in a Western state, was considered by the faithful of his congregation to be a man of remarkable qualities, spiritual and intellectual. He was uniformly spoken of as having made great sacrifices to stay at St. Agnes', and he himself was guilty of no oversight in doing what he could to strengthen that impression. Everything about St. Agnes' was in keeping with the rector. It was, if threadbare, eminently respectable, with a flavor of ecclesiastical aristocracy and a perceptible odor of sanctity.

This odor, as Tom discovered early, emanated from the decaying cloth of the footstools and cushions of the pews, which in some places had been entirely worn away, exposing the aged stuffing beneath. Its quality was heightened to a slight but noticeable degree by a suggestion of ancient prayer and hymn books, the covers of which were going through a natural process of disintegration. A damp umbrella placed in juxtaposition with a crumbling piece of antique leather was bound to have its effect. The first thing a visitor to St. Agnes' noticed was a sort of faint acrid green smell; and Tom never heard the word "church" without coincidently recalling this mysterious and characteristic odor. A church was to him a place that smelled like St. Agnes'.

The Kelly pew was in the rear, at the very beginning of the main aisle, and in consequence its sides and back were higher than the others. The elder Kelly had chosen it because of its low rent, and his widow had retained it. It was her only extravagance, for, though it could hold six persons, there were only two left to sit in it; and it gave her an innocent satisfaction and filled her with a sense of modest proprietorship to be able to beckon to the usher and hold up four fingers, indicating thereby that she could, if necessary, accommodate four strangers within her gates. The sides of the pew being fully two feet higher than Tom's head, it was quite impossible for him either to see or to hear anything unless he was allowed to stand upright upon the seat, but Mrs. Kelly did not regard it as proper for him to do this except during the hymns; and in consequence he was obliged to occupy himself as best he could during the anthem and sermon, when he usually crawled under the seat or drew pictures inside the covers of the older books.

Obviously some other small boy had once found the worship of the Almighty equally tedious, for there was an English hymnal lying round, bearing date 1849, with the name Warren Bradshaw scrawled across the flyleaf, accompanied by what Tom considered a masterpiece of drawing, consisting of the profile of a man in whiskers and a tall hat. Sunday after Sunday he sat and marveled at Warren Bradshaw's artistic ability, wondering whether he should ever be able to draw a human being with such a hat and whiskers. During hymns Tom stood on the seat and watched the heads of the congregation; the rest of the time he lay on his back or sat gazing up at the comparatively limited section of water-stained ceiling exposed to his view.

During a particularly long prayer, on a certain Sunday in his seventh year, Tom's small forehead slipped from the hymn book upon which it was reposing and his front teeth

Catherwood Was an Example of the Cad Who Manages Somehow to Get Himself Accepted at His Own Exalted Valuation

came suddenly into conflict with the rack below, with the result that a considerable amount of ancient varnish forced its way into his mouth. He found, somewhat to his astonishment, that the antique glue and pulverized wood had a by no means unpleasant taste. In the joy of this discovery he straightway commenced gnawing round the pew in divers places like a small and vigorous rodent.

Unfortunately this was possible only during the prayers, when he had an excuse for lowering his head, until, looking for other worlds to gnaw, his eyes fixed themselves upon the mahogany rail running round the top of the pew. At that moment his mother happened to be absorbed in a particularly eloquent passage which the rector was reading from Saint Chrysostom, so that Tom was enabled, without attracting her attention, to crawl into the farther corner of the pew, draw himself up to his full height and affix his teeth unnoticed in the rail.

It tasted even better than the rack below. Soon he had quietly gnawed two small grooves. Oh, rapture! Stealthily he placed his hands above his head and lifted himself up until he could drive the two small dog's teeth in his upper jaw into the soft wood. He could feel them sink deeply in, almost as if it were cheese! Delighted, he let go with his hands and hung swinging there in ecstasy, unsupported save by his teeth.

Meantime the rector continued to read from Saint Chrysostom, while Tom surveyed the world beneath him much as an Alpine climber clinging to a jutting rock gazes into the valleys below. Suddenly he became conscious of a small brown face within an inch or two of his own—a girl's! She, too, had apparently discovered the art of hanging by one's teeth. The two children stared at each other solemnly.

"So—you—goth—pew—teeth too!" mumbled, or rather sputtered, Tom.

"Yeth—pew teeth!" mouthed his new friend.

He felt a dawning respect for this equally adventurous spirit. Using his hands again, he lifted his chin entirely over the top of the rail, thus enabling his eyes to see into the pew from which she had thus mysteriously emerged.

At the other end sat a tall, loose-jointed man in a black frock coat. His face was narrow, with a protruding chin and a long nose, not unlike an elongated Dante; but, albeit the lips were thin, the large mouth was shrewd and kindly and the eyes were puckered in friendly wrinkles. To Tom's great comfort he saw that the man was smiling at him.

"Good morning!" remarked this new acquaintance in a confidential whisper. "How do you do?"

At that moment Tom's chin was loosened by a tug on his coat, and he was dragged suddenly down from behind, striking his nose violently against the rail. The little girl also simultaneously disappeared.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to climb round like that!" gasped Mrs. Kelly in horror, a note of harshness manifesting itself in her habitually subdued voice. "S'pose Mrs. Petersilea had seen you! It's wicked to act like that in church. I've a good mind to tell the rector——"

Just then a bright red drop suddenly descended from the end of Tom's nose upon the open prayer book in his mother's hand.

"Dear me!" she cried in sudden terror. "I hope you haven't gone and killed yourself!"

At the conclusion of the service, upon the stone steps of the church the two children stared at each other in embarrassed admiration. Tom had never seen such a delightful person before. She was small and wiry, with blue-black hair and eyes like an Indian. Her brown little face was splashed with a red suggestive of a riotous autumn leaf, and when she smiled an elfin gleam danced all round it, and flickered, laughing, in her eyes.

From time to time he saw her on scattered Sundays, but beyond the fact that her name was Evelyn he learned nothing further about her. Finally she ceased to come and he saw her no more.

Perhaps the influence that affected Tom most in these early years was his mother's obvious realization, or at least assumption, of social inferiority, in addition to which a literal acceptance of the doctrines of Christian humility and meekness accentuated her natural timidity and absence of self-confidence. No more self-effacing humble little lady ever lived than Mrs. Kelly; and if she was a saint by disposition rather than from intellectual conviction, who shall grudge her her place in the hereafter? So Tom came naturally by the belief that, somehow, he was not quite so good as most of the other people who lived about him, and that he must not force himself upon their notice.

The result of this social reticence was that Mrs. Kelly's entire circle consisted of the clergyman, her suburban aunts and cousins, a few nondescript friends picked up at odd boarding houses and small hotels during the summer months, and one or two lone ladies like herself, living either on her own street or at the west or east ends of the city; while Tom's acquaintances were acquired at the public school and numbered only small males of his own age—the sons of liverymen, tradespeople, and the scions of the foreign population then being rapidly drawn by economic exigencies to Boston. For girls, owing to the characteristics of the female cousins, he had an abiding distrust; and when he encountered them, which was rarely, it was his custom to distort his features into a grimace and give them a wide circle.

His mother, by no means so unobservant as might have been expected, had formed a high resolve to give Tom a thorough religious and then an equally thorough intellectual education. Only her diffidence prevented her from entering him in one of the excellent private schools with which Boston abounded, but never having ventured, save in a house of worship—all persons being equal before the Lord—to mingle with what she supposed to be a divinely appointed aristocracy, she could not muster sufficient courage to thrust her son where she had not the temerity to go herself. Led by an economic instinct to seek pleasure and virtue by the same road, she took Tom each year to some one of the various semireligious watering places where others, of like mind and similar social status, gathered together for mutual enjoyment. One which she particularly favored, and where Tom spent many of his early summers, was on the shores of a small lake in Maine. It consisted of fifty odd shanties, dignified as cottages by the occupants, with a wooden chapel and general store.

The preacher was also the local postmaster, and owned the store as well. His name was the Reverend Sparrow. Unlike Uncle Ezra, he was stout and good-natured, with a hearty way of calling the members of his flock by their first names prefixed by Brother or Sister. On week days he wore brown overalls and a black alpaca jacket, and sat on the store piazza discoursing on politics and religion. His lips were smooth-shaved, but beneath them wagged a white

(Continued on Page 82)

Business is Very Good, Thank You

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

Women are Now About to Go to the Front, to Take the Places of Orderlies and Clerks

THE latest news I, as a self-constituted war correspondent, have to report from the fighting countries is that London has set up a new perfumery shop for herself. I do not mean that it is a municipal affair, but I fall naturally into personification when thinking of it. London is like a lovely tired lady intently adorning herself.

The way of it is that some private citizens have put up a very elegant little place on one of the dingy, well-known shopping streets. I had been in the city for only about two hours this last time when I discovered it, and I stopped in front of its glistening white-and-gold windows, amazed. The place was so clean, so newly painted, so obviously opulent that it stood out like a diamond solitaire on the summer girl's brown hand. As far as one could see on each side stretched the age-dimmed street, with its buildings that had never been made over, even to the extent of a coat of paint. There is very little difficulty indeed in seeing this new shop, and I should think its greatest trouble might be that a raiding airman would spot it from the skies. The next thing it knows the government may make it cover itself up.

On a swinging shelf in one of the show windows were some white bowls, round which black ladies, not fully clad, disport themselves playfully. Propped back of them against one of the chains of the shelf is the advertisement, printed with a pen, Alabaster Bowls for the Dainty Bathroom. Surrounding this display, in an area as high and wide as the plate-glass window, are perfume bottles of different shapes—bottles with long stems, and fat, low bodies; bottles with practically no stems and with square shoulders; bottles high; bottles low; bottles decorated with more ladies. And they were punctuated with boxes of powder and dear knows what all of luxuries for the bath.

The Perfumery Shop's Cheerful Message

I INTERRUPTED my errand of finding somewhere for us to lay our heads in this crowded city and went in. Purple and gold couches at intervals down the two aisles beckoned me to sit on them. Each was furnished with a long, tasseled pillow, gold on one side and purple on the other. Lovely cases of perfumes down the middle of the room invitingly displayed their artificial wares. Girls in trailing black robes wafted about. A young woman customer at one of the cases was saying:

"No; I don't want that scent."

In spite of her words, the black-robed girl took a flat piece of white cotton from a drawer and held it to the mouth of the green perfume bottle, which she tipped. The woman took the scented cotton, held it to her nose, which she puckered, and said pettishly: "I tell you I am tired of it!"

Another black-robed woman trailed toward me.

"Madam?"

"How long have you been in business here?" I demanded.

"A year," she answered with a rising inflection of astonishment.

"Are you making anything?" I pursued.

She treated me tenderly, as if I were a little crazy.

"Here are some very nice new powders we are making," she answered, ignoring the fact that my question referred to money. "There is blanche, pink and a wonderful new color of sunburn. It is very popular—to make yourself look sunburned."

I returned to the street and stood astonished. Was there not a war raging? Was it perfume the people of England demanded to maintain them against a nation that was attempting to obliterate them from the earth! Where did they get the money to pay for such a luxury? Were they going in for others of the trimmings of life, and did they have the necessities as well?

Some of the people I asked about the new perfume shop said that a man who had exploited a pill was backing it. Others hinted darkly that this was the enterprise of one of my countrymen. In other words, to some queer person, such as a patent-medicine man or an American, they had ascribed the undertaking. Whoever he might be, he had put his money into this business with the sole expectation of making more with it. Was he going to succeed? I had left America only a short time before and I remembered the panic into which some of our own merchants had fallen in their fear for the fate of their business when our country declared war.

After several days of wonder I took advantage of an old acquaintanceship out in Chicago with Mr. Harry Gordon Selfridge, then a successful merchant of America, and now one of the leaders of business in England. I called him up to know whether I might come round and learn from his own lips the true story of how English trade was doing, and why. He replied that I might.

I had expected a rebuttal from him of all the little perfumery shop implied. But the first mute scenes had rather the tendency to confirm its message. War apparently brought prosperity. The block of stone building, which is the Selfridge store, stood new, triumphant and high in its setting of low, age-stained, lichen-grown London. The British and American flags flew from the roof. It was as if a little piece of America, hewn out of Fifth Avenue or State Street, had been set down in a city of another age and people. Taxicabs drew up to its entrances, and girls on the curb in smart purple liveries, with high boots and headdresses like purple silk nightcaps, opened the doors. Throngs passed in and out of the entrances of the building. In the vestibule the nursery for little dogs had, in spite of the heavy dog tax, two charges to be looked after while their mistresses shopped. The dogs were fox terriers, one leashed on the right side of the doorway and the other on the left. Both of them were howling their hearts out, while a girl in purple uniform hurried from one to the other coaxing them not to cry.

People leaned against the far-reaching stocking counters, which flew long hangings of purple, black-and-white plaid, blue, pink and lavender hose, and they were laughing at the domestic scene with the dogs. The picture presented was not one of the war scenes that my fancy over in America had ever conjured.

The counters, so far as I could see, had lines of customers in front of them, and polite, fair-haired, black-robed girls waiting on the purchasers. Crowds blocked the aisles of the ice-cream soda department; and to get to Mr. Selfridge's office, on the third floor, one plowed one's way through the lines of women insistently waiting their turns to be massaged and manicured.

"We turned away a thousand people from here last week," said the stately black-gowned manageress, who had a patch of white hair over her left temple, amid a headful of black. She was speaking to a friend and was unknowingly confirming the message of the little perfumery shop.

In the next moments Mr. Selfridge confirmed it too. He came out and invited me into his big office, with its wide flat desks and its lines of autographed pictures of distinguished American business men round its walls. Frank A. Vanderlip is one of them; and John J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, is another. Mr. Selfridge seemed very American in his hearty brusqueness. His hair is white now and he is a little mellower than he was nine years ago. Lady Pearson was just leaving his office; and she, with her sure and finished British manner, showed him up for a frank American. But this is no time for personalities.

"How is business?" I demanded in an unornamented American manner.

"Never better!" he answered genially, as man to man. "So many American merchants have written me in more or less consternation since the United States declared war that I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking to them. I got out this letter"—he picked up from the blue blotter on his immense desk three typewritten pages, clamped together in the upper left-hand corner—"but it hardly covers the ground."

Mr. Selfridge Gives His Views

"WE HAD a terrible time when war broke out." He shook his head reminiscently. "It was like taking a ship through an uncharted sea. We did not know when the war would end; we did not know what labor would do. We had a feeling that the war surely would stop in a few months, because we had been taught to believe that money controlled it."

The telephone bell rang. Mr. Selfridge answered it.

"We are taking no steps," he said into the receiver, "beyond inviting the public in during air raids. We consider this the safest place in the city outside of the underground tubes. At home people take such chances in a thunderstorm. I myself have not been able to get up a grain of fear. Yes; I would not wish to publish it for fear of its possible influence on others; but I should go out into the street to see what was going on."

I was in a warring country after all—in spite of the peaceful message of the little perfumery shop. Evidently some newspaper had called up Mr. Selfridge, as they do back in my country, to ask him how he would behave in an air raid. He resumed his discourse to me:

"At the beginning of the war people were paralyzed with fear and bought nothing. To make things worse the

Cooks for the Army

At a Convalescent Camp

government declared a moratorium, which means that people did not have to pay their debts. We paid all of ours.

"The next thing that happened was that our young men here in the departments began to respond to the call to arms. During the first week of the war we lost two hundred and fifty of them, who came to us as students and had learned the business under our instruction. We were looking to them to fill the managerial positions of the house as rapidly as these might become vacant. When they went to the Front we had no trained clerks left to take their places. The next thing we knew, suburban transit began to be cut down. Busses stopped running. Just the other day my manager told me that seventy-two different bus routes that used to pass this store have been discontinued. This is just as if the street cars in your home town ceased to run."

I kept thinking of this early situation from the point of view of America. Would the hardships of our merchants be those that Mr. Selfridge suffered three years ago? He answered my question:

"Oh, no; not to any such extent as here. Of course some of these hardships they have already experienced in a slighter degree than ourselves. They have already, I believe, been having one difficulty that I mentioned: We had to overcome a certain reluctance on the part of the public to buy. In the first weeks of the war we had the same wave of economy that is going over the United States."

He hesitated, and I encouraged him:

"We are feeling that rather seriously, I am afraid. Rich women are advising girls to economize in their wardrobes, with the result that other girls who make these wardrobes are being thrown out of their positions."

The Story of the Blue Bowl

"ALL that will cease," said Mr. Selfridge, passing on to his next point. "Later we felt another hardship far more poignantly, and other stores have been feeling it far more keenly than we. It is difficult to get the goods to sell. That is the merchant's greatest hardship—here and in America. You have felt it over there a little already. You will never feel it so much as we; but my advice is, so far as possible, to provide against it."

"But how?" I demanded.

"Well, to a great extent you have overcome it already. You have started your own industries to make up for what you cannot get from Germany and elsewhere. You are making toys and dolls. I myself have started a toy industry. My only advice to the American merchant is to buy such staple stocks as he can by any means lay hold of. When the war broke out we had large orders placed, as had many other merchants. Most of them manifested a tendency to countermand them wherever possible. We took ours; and our judgment proved to be correct. Those goods kept our stocks up; and, owing to the fact that we have ever since consistently bought as much of everything as we could and have got things far in advance, our stocks have been unusually good.

"We now have some goods in our warehouse that cannot possibly go on sale before November, and we consider ourselves fortunate to have them. When war broke out we started buying. We bought hosiery; we started buying silverware very soon after war began. Many other stores did not, and we have had the better of them."

"This, then, is what the American merchant has most to fear?"

"No; I think the most difficult thing for him to combat is going to be the increase in the cost of living. I think these other things that I have mentioned we have felt more severely here; but this last thing, I believe, will hit America harder. As merchandise is wanted by more people, the price of it advances, because the law of supply and demand must prevail. What war means in a business way is that a large proportion of the population is either producing nothing or producing goods which are lost beyond recovery.

"At the same time there are just as many people as ever consuming goods; in fact, men in an army consume more goods than they do ordinarily. As things advance in price, it follows that the average person has less money left over with which to buy merchandise after buying food and the actual necessities of life. This has been going on in America for a long time; in fact, ever since the war began, in July, 1914. But it will be emphasized still more as war conditions become more prevalent."

Mr. Selfridge seemed to turn his eyes on the past.

"We have had a terrific time, but we have worked very hard and have pulled out of it, just as the American merchant will do. To work hard is all there is to it."

"Ah, yes; that is one of the things I was going to ask about. The American merchants are willing to work hard, but do they know what to do?"

"The time has come when they must use a large amount of intelligence. They have got to use their brains now. There are all sorts of things they can think up if they work their brains and don't just keep on in the old ruts. They must watch the departments that are increasing and build them up while they let the others go down. They must not be afraid to keep up their stocks, but they must exercise extreme watchfulness on their expenses. They must keep a stiff upper lip and advertise as much as the papers can carry."

"If they do these things they will pull through the war, will they?"

"If the American merchant will watch these things he is going to do more business than he would have done if war had not come. In spite of all these troubles I have been telling you, most of the dry-goods houses in England have shown an increase in business and profits during the last twelve months. We sold two and a half million dollars more than a year ago and made three hundred and seventy-five thousand more."

At the annual meeting of Selfridge & Company, held in London on February sixteenth last, the profits for the last five years were given as follows: Year ending January 31, 1913, £104,029; year ending January 31, 1914, £131,546; January 31, 1915—after six months of war—£134,791; year ending January 31, 1916, £150,222; and in the year just ended, £225,127.

Mr. Selfridge gave me the point of view of a big merchant. My interest carried me to further investigation, and my sense of the dramatic here leads me to follow the recital of his experiences with those of Janet Moore. She is a little merchant—in more senses than one, her stature not being overhigh—and she told me the story of her business career one day at luncheon in the big merchant's tea room.

Janet had fifteen shillings—three and a half dollars—to invest. She wanted to make cosmetics; and with her capital she bought one white bowl for mixing, together with some ingredients. This was a year before the war. You can figure out for yourself that on her capital of three and a half dollars she had practically no money with which to advertise. She, therefore, did her own advertising, and this was the form it took: The first batches of her beautiful white creams she did up in tiny portions and carried them round to the department stores. They condescendingly agreed to call their customers' attention to the wares. Just as Janet had been convinced from the first, when the women once knew about them they clamored to buy. Very soon she had to get a new and bigger mixing bowl. It is blue. At the end of nine months, when war broke out, Janet was clearing some seventy-five dollars a week.

But—alas!—the call to arms hit her just as hard as it did Mr. Selfridge and the other big merchants. She woke up one morning to find that she had no orders at all. The new blue mixing bowl remained turned up on its edge against the kitchen wall all day.

Janet was far from comfortable and she thought long and hard about what to do. At length she made up some more samples, as in the beginning of her career, and once more she took them round. The big men of the great London stores, in just as much of a panic as Janet, replied to her:

"We can't use your stuff now. Who wants beauty creams in a time of war?"

The girl answered:

"The women will want it more than ever. If they are going to look worried and harassed they will want cosmetics to help take that look away."

I thought of Mr. Selfridge's remark that this was the time when merchants must use their intelligence in pushing their trade. Janet was using hers.

Warnings to American Merchants

SHE won; the merchants accepted her offerings of samples. Once more the women, after their first panic was over, began to buy; and, true to Janet's prediction, they have bought more than formerly. The mixing bowl has long since ceased to be adequate to the demands of her big orders. She lets out the work of making her creams on her own recipes; and she says that if only she had traveling salesmen and a plant for compounding her wares she would be headed toward becoming a rich woman. For if there is one article that has gone up in sales since war broke out it is the article that adds to the personal appearance.

Other women at the heads of the departments of cosmetics in the stores have corroborated this statement. Bath powders, rouge, creams for the hands, perfume, liquid whitening cream for the throat, eyebrow pencils, a sachet bag to drop into one's blouse, stuff to make the hair curl, are all selling—provided the vender keeps his prices moderate. Janet's income hovers round four hundred dollars a week now, while people are begging her to set up shops in London and elsewhere in England. A man is urging her to start a plant in a town where a munition works has been set up. He says that thousands of dollars are there for her if she will but reach for it, as the girls have more money than ever before, while the work they do hardens their hands and dims their faces.

But Janet's trouble is the trouble of Mr. Selfridge and every successful merchant of England: she cannot always get her ingredients and other supplies. Glycerin is scarce, as are the little white porcelain jars in which to put her skin foods. Her warning to American merchants reënforces the warning of every tradesman, high and low, whom I asked for a message to our people at home.

"Tell them," she said, "to grab hold of everything they can lay hands on that they need for making their goods or for selling them, for the most unexpected things get awfully scarce. You can't tell what's going to run out next."

It is a long distance between the situation of Janet Moore and Mr. Selfridge in the realm of merchandising, and yet their separate messages of cheer are corroborated by the others established in a like position in London.

Harrod's, at the recent annual meeting of the shareholders, announced that the increase in gross profit over the preceding year amounted to £84,560, or about four hundred thousand dollars; and that the business for the half year ending with January 31, 1917, was the largest in the history of the store. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, whose

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Learning the Squad Drill

Cappy Ricks Takes On the Kaiser

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

ON THE morning of April 3, 1917, Cappy Ricks came down to his office, spread a newspaper on his desk and carefully cut from it the war address of President Wilson to the Congress, made the night before. This clipping the old gentleman folded carefully, placed it in an envelope, sealed it and wrote across the face of the envelope: "Property of Alden Matthew Peasley." Then he summoned Mr. Skinner, president of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he began, "have you read the President's message to the Congress?"

"I have," replied Skinner.

"I guess that President of ours isn't some tabasco, eh? By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, he's just naturally read Bill Hohenzollern out of the party. Bully for Woodrow!"

Mr. Skinner's calm cold features refused to thaw, however, under the heat of his employer's enthusiasm, seeing which Cappy slid out to the edge of his chair and gazed contemplatively at Skinner over the rims of his spectacles. "Hum-m-m!" he said. The very tempo of that throat clearing should have warned Mr. Skinner that he was treading on thin ice, but with his usual complacence he ignored the storm signal, for his mind was upon private, not public affairs.

"What Vessel Is That?" the Commander Shouted From the Conning Tower in Excellent English

"I'm offered the old barkentine C. D. Bryant for a cargo of redwood to Sydney," he began. "The freight rate is two hundred and twenty shillings per thousand feet, but the Bryant is so old and rotten I can't get any insurance on the cargo if I ship by her. I'm just wondering if ——"

"Harumph-h-h! Ahem-m-m!"

"——it's worth while taking a chance to move that foreign order."

"Skinner!" Cappy almost shouted.

Mr. Skinner looked at him, startled.

"How can you think and talk of old barkentines and noninsurable foreign cargoes at this crisis in our country's history?" the autocrat of the numerous Ricks corporations shrilled furiously. "Dad burn your picture, Skinner, are you human? Don't you ever get a thrill from reading a document like this?"—and he tapped the envelope containing the press clipping. "What kind of juice runs in your arteries, anyhow? Red blood or buttermilk? Is your soul so dog-goned dead, crushed under the weight of dollars, that you have failed to realize this document is destined to go down in history side by side with Lincoln's Gettysburg speech? I'll bet you don't know the Gettysburg speech. Bet you never heard of it!"

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Ricks," Skinner retorted suavely. "Pray do not excite yourself. Suppose war does impend? Is that any reason why I should neglect business?"

"Of course it is, you gibbering jackdaw! I feel like setting fire to the building, just to celebrate. Can't you step into my office on a day like this and discuss the country and her affairs for five minutes, just to prove you're an American citizen? Can't you rejoice with me over these lofty, noble sentiments ——"

"Words, words, empty words," warned Mr. Skinner, always a reactionary Republican.

"Skinner," said Cappy with deadly calm, "one more disloyal peep out of you and I shall have no alternative save to request your resignation. I think you're a pacifist at heart, anyhow!"

"Huh," snorted Skinner. "You've changed your tune, haven't you? Who trotted up and down California Street last fall, soliciting campaign contributions for the Republican nominee from the lumber and shipping interests? Wasn't it Alden P. Ricks? Who thought the country was going to wrack and ruin ——"

"That was last fall," Cappy interrupted shrilly. "We live and learn—that is, some of us do," he added significantly. "Never mind about my politics last fall; just remember I haven't any this spring. I'm an American citizen, and by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, some German or Germans will find it out before I'm gathered to the bosom of Abraham. I have a right to disapprove of my President if I feel like it, but I'll be shot if I'll let anybody else pick on him." And Cappy shook his head emphatically several times, like a squinch-owl.

"Oh, I'm for him, now that we're committed to this war," Skinner declared in an effort to soothe the old man.

"Sure! We're locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. If we'd only been for him when the Lusitania was sunk instead of being divided in our opinions and swayed in our judgment by a lot of hysterical pacifists and German propagandists we'd have been into the war long ago and saved millions of human lives; we'd have had the war won." He sighed. "What a prime lot of jackasses we Americans are!" he continued. "We talk of liberty and demand license; we prate of democracy and we're a nation of snobs!"

"You wanted to see me about something," Skinner reminded him.

"Ah, yes; I was forgetting. This envelope, Skinner, contains the President's address. Take it and put it in the vault, and when my grandson is twelve years old give that press clipping to his mother and tell her I said she was to read it to the boy and make him learn it by heart. I won't be on hand to do the Americanizing of that youngster myself, and most likely Matt Peasley will be too busy to think much about it, so I'm taking no chances. You rile me to beat the band sometimes, Skinner, but I'll say this much in your favor: I have never known you to forget anything."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Skinner took the envelope and departed, and Cappy rang for a stenographer.

"Take telegram, fast day message," he barked: "'His Excellency, The President, White House, Washington, D. C. Dear Mister President: I did not vote for you last fall, but your address of last night makes me ashamed that I did not. I am controlling owner of the Blue Star Navigation Company, operating a fleet of fifty vessels of various kinds, twelve of which are foreign-going steel steam freighters. Am also controlling owner of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company, cutting a million feet of lumber daily. Everything I control, every dollar I possess, is at the service of my country. God bless you, sir! Alden P. Ricks.'

"That sounds sloppy, but it's the way I feel," Cappy declared. "When a man has a big, heart-breaking job to do and a lot of Philistines are knocking him, maybe it helps him to retain his faith in humankind to have some fellow grow sincerely sloppy and slip a telegraphic cheer in with the hoots. Besides, if I didn't let off steam to-day I'd swell up and bust myself all over the office——"

The door opened and Mr. Terence P. Reardon, port engineer of the Blue Star Navigation Company, entered. Mr. Reardon's right eye was in deep mourning and at no very remote period something—presumably a fist—had shifted his nose slightly to starboard; indeed, even as he entered Cappy's office a globule of the rich red Reardon blood trembled in each of the port engineer's nostrils. His knuckles were slightly skinned and the light of battle blazed in his black eyes.

"Terence, my dear, dear fellow," murmured the horrified Cappy, "you look as if you had been fed into a concrete mixer. Have you been fighting?"

"Well, sor," Mr. Reardon replied in his deep Kerry brogue, "ye might call it that for lack of somethin' more expressive. I've just fired the chief engineer o' the Tillicum."

"Mr. Denicke? Why, Terry, he's a first-rate engineer. I'm amazed. He was with us ten years before you entered the employ—worked up from oiler; in fact I must have an explanation of your action in this case, Terence."

"He called the President a nut. I fired him for that. Then he said the Kaiser was the greatest single force for civilization that ever was, an' wit' that I gave him a lift undher the lug an' we wint at it. He's in the Harbor Receivin' Hospital this minute, an' I'm here to tell ye, sor, wit' all respect, that if ye don't like the way I've treated that Dutchman ye can get yerself a new port ingineer, for I'll quit, an' that's somethin' I'm not wishful to do."

Quite calmly Cappy Ricks pressed the buzzer on his desk. The cashier of the Blue Star Navigation Company entered. "Son," said Cappy, "hereafter, when making out Mr. Reardon's pay check, tack onto it twenty-five dollars extra each month. That is all."

"Thank you, sor," murmured Mr. Reardon, quite overcome.

"Get out!" cried Cappy. "You're a vision of sudden death. Go wash yourself!"

As Mr. Reardon took his departure Cappy sighed. "If Skinner only had a set of works like that port engineer!" he murmured. "If he only had!"

II

IT WILL be recalled that war with Germany was declared on Good Friday. Bright and early on Saturday morning Cappy Ricks arrived at his office and immediately summoned Mr. Skinner.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he chirped, "'the tumult and the shouting dies.' We're down to brass tacks—at last; and now is time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the party. I'm too old to bear arms, and when I was young enough bantam battalions weren't fashionable; nevertheless I am enlisting for the war, and I start in this morning to do my part. I won't wear any uniform, but believe me, Skinner, I'm the little corporal who's going to mobilize the Blue Star Navigation Company and the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company, together with all and sundry of their subsidiary corporations. I'm starting with you, Skinner. Are you figuring on enlisting?"

"Certainly not, sir! I'm forty-three years old, married ——"

"No excuses necessary, Skinner. Even if you had planned to enlist I would have forbidden the banns. You'd make a bird of a paymaster or quartermaster, but as an enlisted man—well, the other bad soldier boys would toss you in a blanket. So I'll assign you to a job in civil life. Skinner, what do you know about aëroplanes?"

"Absolutely nothing, except that they fly."

"Then learn something! Skinner, the ideal wood for aëroplane construction is clear Pacific Coast spruce. I've been reading up on the subject. Inasmuch as this war must be won in the air, you can imagine the number of aëroplanes the country must turn out in the next eighteen months. Stu-pen-dous, Skinner, simply stu-pen-dous! Try to visualize the wastage alone in the aëroplanes on the battle fronts; consider the thousands of seaplanes that will scour the Atlantic on the lookout for submarines, and then ask yourself, Skinner, what the devil those overworked army and navy officers in Washington are going to do about laying in a supply of clear Pacific Coast spruce before these pirates of lumbermen get next and boost the price clear out of sight. Skinner, what is clear spruce worth at the Northern mills to-day?"

"About fifty-five dollars per thousand, sir. For years clear spruce never rose in price beyond thirty-five dollars, but purchases by the British Government have shot the price up during the past year."

"Exactly! And purchases by the United States Government will shoot the price up to a hundred and fifty dollars a thousand if you and I don't get busy. Now then, Skinner, listen to me! We have a couple of thousand acres of wonderful spruce timber adjacent to our fir holdings at Port Hadlock, Washington. Wire the mill manager to swamp in a logging railroad to that spruce timber, put in logging camps and concentrate on spruce. The clear stock we'll sell to the Government, and the lower grades will be snapped up by the box factories."

Mr. Skinner nodded his comprehension of the order and Cappy continued: "Wire our mill managers at Astoria, Oregon, and Eureka, California, to log out all the spruce they come across among the fir. As for you, Skinner, accept no more orders for clear spruce from our regular customers, and go easy on accepting orders for any kind of lumber from our Eastern customers. All those car shipments must be made up of kiln-dried stock, and we'll want most of the space in our dry kilns to cook this clear green spruce for Uncle Sam, because he's going to want it in a hurry, and if he can't get it when he wants it—why, chaos has come again and all hell's let loose!"

"What price do you purpose charging the Government for this clear spruce?" the cautious Skinner queried. He owned a little stock in the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company and already he had a vision of an extra dividend.

"Absolute cost plus ten per cent," replied Cappy promptly. "No excess profits at the expense of the country at war, Skinner."

He gazed upon Skinner contemplatively for several seconds. "And mind you don't figure the cost too liberally," he warned him.

"Very well, sir. Is that all?"

"Not by a jugful! You scatter round the market and buy up every stick of clear two-inch spruce sawed and on hand at the Northern mills. Buy at the market, but do not hesitate to go five dollars over the market if necessary to get the stock. Then place orders for all the clear spruce the mills can cut and deliver within the next six months, and we'll have the market hog tied.

"Got to do it, Skinner. I tell you there isn't a whole lot of difference between a lumberman and a manufacturer or a food speculator. When he gets the public foul, doesn't the public pay through the nose? Haven't we been doing it ourselves in the matter of ship freights? But we must reform, Skinner, we must reform and get down to a coöperative basis, no matter how great the agony. On this spruce deal alone, for instance, we'll save the Government a couple of million dollars. See if we don't."

"As This War Must be Won in the Air, You Can Imagine the Thousands of Seaplanes That Will Scour the Atlantic on the Lookout for Submarines"

"We're entitled to a liberal profit," Mr. Skinner protested. "If ——"

"No ifs, buts or ands! Obey orders! About the time we have the market on clear spruce well cornered the lumbermen's boys will be in the army and the lumbermen themselves will have begun to realize that they must sacrifice something for their country. And once we're sane we'll be able to work hand in glove with the Government. The United States of America has been money-mad for a long time, Skinner, but this war is going to spiritualize us and show us that there's a lot more in life than dollar-chasing. Hop to your job, P. D. Q., Skinner, my boy; and as you pass out send Captain Matt Peasley in to me."

Matt Peasley came smilingly into his father-in-law's office. "Well, Cappy," he hailed the old gentleman, "I understand you've come out of your retirement."

"You're damned whistling, I have!" Cappy rejoined. "Something doing, boy, something for everybody! Have they told you about it in the general office?"

"Told me about what?"

"About the President asking me if I would coöperate with him to the extent of serving as the Pacific Coast member of the Shipping Board? I guess that isn't some honor, eh? How the devil he ever dug up an old fossil like me is a mystery. I wired him, advising that he appoint a younger man, but he replied that he knew I was the livest shipping man in the country and an American through and through. So, of course, Matt, I have accepted."

"Your fifty years' experience will be of inestimable value to the country in this emergency," Matt declared heartily. "I'm proud of you."

"Thank you, son. Now then, Matt, to business! The Government's going to need every one of our ships that can run foreign." Matt nodded. "Very well, then," Cappy continued; "as fast as their present charters lapse, decline to recharter except for single trips. We must go on a war basis and be prepared to turn our ships over to the Government on short notice. I'll be too busy to keep my eye on the details of the Blue Star's transactions with the Government, so I'll give you a straight tip now—I want no gouging. Remember that, Matthew, my son."

The following day Cappy had a call from Sam Daniels. Mr. Daniels, as those who have read previous tales of Cappy Ricks will recall, had been formerly a Texas ranger. Subsequently, as boss of the horse wranglers and mule skinners employed to look after the cargo when Matt Peasley chartered the Narcissus to the British Government as a horse transport, Sam had become acquainted with Cappy Ricks, who at the time had been a passenger on the Narcissus, enjoying a deadhead passage to Europe. On that memorable voyage Mr. Daniels, with the aid of Captain Michael J. Murphy, Terence P. Reardon and two horse wranglers, and acting under a plan of campaign evolved by Cappy Ricks, had attacked a German submarine and, following a brief but bloody battle on her deck, had captured her and brought her into Brest as a prize of war. For this signal service Cappy Ricks had made Mr. Daniels superintendent of his twenty-two-thousand-acre ranch in Monterey County—an estate purchased by Cappy in flush times for the reason that he didn't know what else to do with the money.

"Hello, Sam," Cappy greeted his lanky ranch manager. "What brings you up to town? Not that I'm not glad to see you, for I was on the point of writing you on some matters that had occurred to me."

"I've come up to resign my job," Daniels declared humbly.

"Resign the best job you've ever had, Sam!" Cappy was amazed.

"To resign the best job I ever will have, Mr. Ricks."

Mr. Daniels hitched his chair close to his employer's desk. "Boss," he said, "I'm awful sorry, but I'm goin' soldiering."

Cappy Ricks sprang to his feet with an oath. "You're not!" he shrilled. "I won't hear of it. You're too valuable a man to go into the army and get yourself killed—particularly since you can do your share at home. Why, I was just going to write you and give you your orders for patriotic duty. You go back to the ranch, Sam, and get busy. Plant spuds, wheat, oats, barley, corn—plant all you can of it. Raise heifers, sheep, hogs, cows, bulls, calves, turkeys—everything that can be eaten. Raise horses—and in particular raise mules."

"I'd rather raise hell with a bunch of Germans," Sam Daniels declared feelingly.

"Your job is to help produce cereals and canned beef for the hell-raisers," Cappy declared. "The army will want horses for the artillery and mules for the transport. Why, this war may last for years. Sam, you infernal scoundrel, you get back on the farm. You're forty-five years old and you've been shot and whittled enough in your day to last you the remainder of your natural life. Let the young fellows do the fighting abroad, while you and I and the other hasbeens do it at home."

"I'd a heap rather lay off in the bresh somewheres an' snipe Germans," Mr. Daniels pleaded. "On the level, boss, if they'll give me a Springfield rifle with telescopic sights I'll guarantee to sicken anythin' I get a fair sight on at a thousand yards."

"In-fer-nal scoundrel! How dare you argue with me! You get back on your job!"

"Boss, I'm going into the army," Daniels announced sadly, but nevertheless firmly. "I'm givin' you a month's notice so you can get a man to take my place."

Cappy surrendered. "All right, Sam. If you survive, your job will be waiting for you when you get back.

However, you needn't give me any notice. I'll have another man in charge of the ranch to-morrow, and you can enlist to-day."

"And you're not sore at me, Mr. Ricks?"

"Sam, I'm proud of you. Wish I were young enough to go with you. Are you in a hurry to get to France?"

"Certainly am."

"Then join the marines. They always go first. Good-by, Sam. Good luck to you and God bless you! Draw your wages as you go out and tell the cashier I said to give you an extra month's wages for tobacco money."

Mr. Daniels withdrew, visibly filled with emotion. Ten minutes later Cappy Ricks, watching at his office window, saw Mr. Daniels cross the street and enter the marines' recruiting office. Immediately Cappy called that recruiting office on the telephone and asked for the doctor.

"Look here, doctor!" he said. "In a few minutes a lanky, battle-scarred rancher is coming in to be examined. I don't want him to enlist. He's my ranch manager and worth more to the country in his job than at the Front. You turn him down physically, doctor, and I'll guarantee to send you five fine recruits instead of that old fossil. His name is Sam Daniels, and I'm Alden P. Ricks, of the Blue Star Navigation Company, across the street."

"We need an automobile to send our recruiting sergeant out through the state," the wary medico replied. "Now if you could loan us one — "

"I'll have my own car and chauffeur over in half an hour, and you keep him as long as you need him," Cappy piped. "Only tell Sam Daniels he's faltering on the brink of the grave and send him back to me."

An hour later Mr. Daniels slouched into Cappy Ricks' office. "Well, Private Daniels," the old man saluted him, "you look downcast. Has something slipped?"

"I should say it has. The doc over to the recruitin' office says I got a heart murmur from smoking cigarettes, which it's a cinch the excitement o' battle brings on death from heart failure, an' them folks would say I died o' fright."

"He's crazy, Sam! Tell him to go chase himself."

"I guess he's right, Mr. Ricks. He 'most cried to let me go, an' was for waivin' the heart murmur, but it seems I got a floatin' kidney, an' flat feet. Gosh, I never knew I had flat feet, but then I've rid horses all my life an' ain't never hiked none to speak of."

He was silent several minutes, studying the pattern of the office carpet. Presently he looked up. "Is my successor at the ranch already appointed?" he queried.

"Go back to the fields and the kind-faced cows, Samuel," quoth Cappy gently. "Hurry or you'll miss the train."

Sam Daniels fled, and hard on his heels came Mrs. Michael J. Murphy, *née* Miss Gertie Kerrigan. Prior to her happy alliance with Michael J. Murphy, port captain of the Blue Star Navigation Company, Mrs. Murphy had been Cappy Ricks' favorite stenographer. He received her cordially.

"Now then, what's gone wrong, my dear?" he demanded. "Have you and Mike been making a hash of your married life that you should come in here on the verge of tears?"

Mrs. Murphy blinked away a tear or two and sat down. "Some of the boys in the office will be enlisting, Mr. Ricks," she faltered. "I wonder if there might be a vacancy for me—if I might not have my old position back?"

Cappy Ricks was genuinely concerned. "Why, Mike won't let you earn your living," he declared. "Why do you make such an extraordinary request?"

"For Mike's sake, Mr. Ricks. Of late he has been very nervous and distrait; scarcely touches his meals, and thinks, talks and dreams of war. Last night he dreamed he was back in the navy and shouted out an order that woke him up."

"Come to think of it, I believe Mike did spend several years in the navy prior to going in for mercantile marine," Cappy observed. "So he has the war fever again, eh? Wants to go back?"

"Ever since he received a letter from the Navy League. They're searching out all the old navy men—gun pointers particularly—and asking them to come back to help train the young fellows just coming into the service. Mike was a gun pointer — —"

"Well, what in thunder is he hesitating for?" Cappy piped wrathfully.

"About me. Mike's married to me, you know, and he worries about what will happen to me if he should be killed. He knows I'll be broken-hearted if he enlists—he's afraid I'll not let him go. But if I got my job back and was self-supporting, Mike's conscience would be ——"

"Do you want him to go?"

"No, Mr. Ricks, but he must go. I do not want to make a coward or a slacker out of Mike. I've got to do my part, you know."

"My dear," said Cappy feelingly, "you're a noble woman. Go back and attend to your little home; Mike may go whenever he's ready and his salary with the Blue Star will go on while he is in the navy; his job will be waiting for him when he comes back. Good old Mike! How dreadful a crime to hobble that Irishman with a first-class fight in sight."

When Mrs. Mike had left the office Cappy stiffened out suddenly in his chair, clenched his fists and closed his eyes, as if in pain. And presently between the wrinkled old lids two tears crept forth. Poor Cappy! He was finding it very, very hard to be old and little and out of the fight, for in every war in which the United States had engaged representatives of the tribe of Ricks had gladly offered their bodies for the supreme sacrifice, and as Cappy's active mind ran down the long and bloody list his heart swelled with anguish in the knowledge that he was doomed to play an inglorious part in the war with Germany. Mr. Skinner, coming in with a letter to Cappy, observed the old man's emotion and asked him if he was ill.

"Yes, Skinner, I am," he replied. "I'm sick at heart. God has given me everything I ever wanted except six strapping big sons. Just think, Skinner, what a glorious honor would be mine if I had six fine boys to give to my country." His old lips trembled. "And you could bank on the Ricks boys," he added. "My boys would never wait to be drafted. No, sir-ree! When they heard the call they'd answer, like their ancestors.

"Skinner, what has come over our boys of this generation? Why don't they volunteer? Why does the President have to beg for men? Has the soul of the idealist been corroded by a life of ease? Did the spirit of adventure die with our forefathers? Is it any harder to die just because war has become more terrible—more deadly? Oh, Skinner, Skinner! To be young and tall and strong and whirled in the cycle of vast events—to play a man's part in a glorious undertaking—to feel that I have enriched the world with my efforts, however humble, or with my body revitalized the soil made fallow by a ravishing monster. I feel, Skinner—I feel so much, and I can do so little."

Nevertheless, he did do something that very afternoon. One after the other he examined all the young men in his employ, discovered which of them could afford the luxury of enlisting and then asked them bluntly whether they were going to enlist. Three of them said they were, and Cappy promised each of them a month's salary the day he should report to him in uniform. Nine others appeared to be uncertain of their duty, so Cappy fired them all, to the great distress of Mr. Skinner and Matt Peasley. Cappy, however, turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances.

"A man who won't fight for his country is no good," he declared; "and I won't keep a no-good son of a slacker on my pay roll. Get married men or men who have been rejected for military service to take the places of these bums who don't even have courage enough to try to enlist."

III

THE campaign for the Liberty bonds brought Cappy an appointment from the mayor as captain of a corps of volunteer bond salesmen to work the wholesale lumber and shipping trade, and for three weeks the old gentleman was

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A Terrific Explosion Followed the Shot, and When the Water Settled Only a Vast and Widening Smear of Oil Showed Where the Submarine Had Been

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

This Year on July 14th, in Recovered Alsace, the People Gathered in their Wartime Sunday Best to Celebrate the National Holiday

By WILL IRWIN

PARIS, JULY 5, 1917.

THE municipality of Paris decreed no public holiday to celebrate this most glorious of all Fourths, but the populace made it a holiday on their own account, adjourning business almost universally during the hours when armed American troops marched from the Invalides, where Napoleon lies among the relics of his armies, to the Picpus Cemetery, where Lafayette is buried. Never, not even on France's own national holiday, have I seen such crowds in Paris; in fact, they surprised the police, who at no time were able to keep perfect order.

By choice I waited on the wide and busy Rue de Rivoli, instead of crowding for a place at the ceremony before the Invalides. Half an hour before the battalion arrived the police were in trouble—they could not keep a permanent way open. The tactful and argumentative French *sergent de ville* who kept guard before my section of the crowd would push us back and hurry on to another section. Then the chatty little old Frenchwoman who stood beside me would remark that a meter more or less made little difference, and would take both that meter and another. We would all follow like sheep, and the *sergent* would have his work to do over again.

A gasp of breath in the crowd and then a burst of hand-clapping turned my vision to the right, where the arcaded Hotel Continental borders one side of the street and the Tuileries Gardens the other. An aëroplane, a fast, buzzing, light *chasse* machine, was skimming the tree tops above the gardens. It took a perilous *vrille*, it looped the loop so low down that the aviator's head seemed to graze the branches, it darted over the roof top of the hotel, it shot back above the street, where it performed another series of mad maneuvers. It seemed—and the aviator was doubtless trying for that effect—like a great bird drunken with joy.

Under it the crowd was surging; and then we could make out men in horizon blue—the escorting battalion of French infantry, veterans just from the trenches, and moving with the easy swing of veterans. Behind them I saw a surge of the crowd and heard a rattle of clapping hands. I could make out a line of horsemen in khaki and slouch hats, which emerged from flowers. A rain, a bombardment of bouquets and garlands was falling upon them from the balconies. Those that fell nearest, the horsemen—officers of the regimental staffs—were throwing back. And behind them—the marching infantry.

July Fourth Translated into French

THAT was the last I saw of the procession as a whole. For at this point the police gave it up and the crowd broke for the Yankees. I went with them. Battered, buffeted, struggling, I gained at last the edge of one rank and found myself walking arm in arm with a stolid but pleased Indian of the ——th Infantry. Before me and behind me every file closer had his left arm linked with someone—if he was lucky, a girl. Along both edges a benevolent riot was proceeding—the populace of Paris struggling to lay hands on them, to pass them flowers. Their belts, their shoulder straps and their gun butts were flower gardens by now.

In time I gave up the struggle, renouncing my Indian to two delighted girls and a little French soldier who was escorting them, and let myself be carried along on the outskirts. Now and then a weary perspiring policeman would make a dash and try to force us to the sidewalk; it was like trying to sweep back the sea with a broom. I found myself presently walking with my shoulder under the arm of a nice old French gentleman who had noticed the American flag in my buttonhole and wanted to express affection for something American, even if it was not a soldier.

"But why are they looking so serious?" he asked. "My faith! With all this, they should be glad!"

"It's our way!" I responded. "That shows how much they're touched. If any one of these boys was alone, now, he'd be crying his eyes out!"

"You're much like the English after all, aren't you?" said the nice old French gentleman.

At about that point where the solemn tower which rang out the fatal Saint Bartholomew's day overlooks the pleasant ribbon of the Rue de Rivoli I gave it up, caught a taxicab and hurried to the region of the Picpus Cemetery, hoping to anticipate the crowds and find a vantage point. On the way I passed army camions loaded with policemen—all the reserves in Paris. Either the authorities feared that the crowd would hurt itself in its joy or they were acting on that love of a fixed and orderly program which marks the police of all nations. They had their labor for their pains. At the Place de la Nation I could get only a roosting place on the pediment of a statue, fifty yards from the line of march; and by the time our troops arrived the line of march resembled a procession less than it did a flood. All you saw was a tinge of khaki, dotted with the high colors of flowers flowing like the central current of a stream of black, white and blue.

The Village Belle in Alsatian Costume

All that day America roamed the streets, getting acquainted; everywhere were groups of French *poilus* trying to talk to groups of American soldiers, and accomplishing something with the help of gesture and facial expression. Canadians and "Imperial" Tommies were fraternizing also; one group on the boulevards consisted of two American soldiers, one American sailor, three French aviators, two Canadians, a Rumanian and a Portuguese. Late in the afternoon I found a seat at a café in the Bois; at the next table two American bluejackets were holding discourse concerning points of interest with the waiter, who spoke English. I butted in.

"What are you doing here?" I asked by way of opening conversation.

"Well, it's this way, bo," replied the nearest sailor in a South Chicago accent. "You see, the blank Kaiser he was shootin' up merchant ships with submarines—any old kind of ships. And our President says 'Cut it out, see! If you don't we're goin' to start something.' So the Kaiser cut it out. But after awhile he saw he was losin', so he sent word to the President, 'The lid's off—see! Makes no difference what a ship is; if she's found monkeying round the French or English coast, she gits it—see!' And the President says 'All-right, all-righty. Then we fight—see!' So we declared war on Germany—we been at war two months. And we've got troops over here—see! That's what I'm doing here—helped to bring 'em. And we've got ten million soldiers—that's right. Everybody's got to fight whether he wants to or not. And we're going to lick the blank Kaiser—see!"

An Open-Air Concert by Vocal Allies

AT THIS accurate synopsis of the news I laughed—I couldn't help it. And I thought for a moment he was going to punch me.

"Say," he roared, "do you think I'm stringing you!"

Last night under my window on the Rue des Pyramides occurred a jolly little impromptu ratification of the new alliance. A group of American soldiers had been dining in a private room of the restaurant across the way. When dinner was finished they burst into song—The Star-Spangled Banner. It must be admitted that their teamwork was ragged and their individual performances open to criticism; but at any rate they sang with zeal. The window was open and a burst of applause came from the street below. The Americans crowded to the window; the populace, rapidly filling up the street, was clamoring for more.

The Americans tried The Marseillaise. When they had finished, the French took it up and showed them how it should be rendered. By this time the Rue des Pyramides was blocked. The police, arriving and taking in the situation, tactfully cleared a narrow passage for traffic and remained to see the fun. When next the Americans opened it was the Stein Song. Richard Hovey and Fred Bullard lived, and Bullard died, in the little Massachusetts town where I live of summers. Fine and valiant spirits both—how they would have loved to hear their own song on a night like this! The crowd came back with Le Régiment de Sambre et Meuse, the immortal marching song of the French regiment. The Americans responded with Old Black Joe,

Swanee River, and a lot more of those sad American sentimental ditties that always puzzle the French, who like to be happy when they sing. Then they tried The Marseillaise again; and an American, leaning out to the sheaf of flags that hung under the window, kissed the tricolor amidst great applause from the crowd.

At about that moment, so I am told this morning, Brand Whitlock, who had come up from Havre to speak at Lafayette's tomb, strolled along. He was recognized from above and an American hailed him. He put up his hand with a gesture which showed that he wanted to enjoy the fun incognito. The crowd saw the gesture, however, and gathered round, begging him to translate. Just then the American chorus started Oh, Didn't He Ramble, followed by My Wife's Gone to the Country, and Whitlock, literary man even though he is, found trouble in expressing himself.

There had been formal meetings all day, with speeches and prom. cits. on the platform, but those, to my mind, were less significant than these sidewalk ratifications of the new alliance. Assuredly, we get on with the French!

PARIS, JULY 6TH.

More and more Paris takes on the aspect of capital of the civilized world. An American diplomatic expert whom I know crossed the Atlantic last spring to study the larger situation. He established himself in London, since England is really head of the alliance; thence, in June, he ran over to Paris for a fortnight's stay. He has settled down here, bag and baggage. This city is the crossroads, the clearing house of the war. Every Italian, Serbian or Greek mission to London passes through Paris. It is the virtual headquarters of our own active army. It even maintains a certain touch with the enemy, for Switzerland is less than a day away by fast train—easy of access, unlike Holland, whose coasts bubble with exploding mines. It is the only important capital near the Front; two hours by fast military automobile and you are in the communication trenches.

Hither, from queer corners of the world, come people of all races on singular business or diplomatic missions. Not only the mélange of uniforms on the streets, the babble of every tongue except German in the cafés, proves this, but also all one's social contacts.

Armenian Martyrs

TAKE yesterday, for example: In the morning N—— Pasha called on me. He is an Armenian of power and prominence. He lives, however, in Egypt, and so escaped the universal massacre of his countrymen. A middle-aged man with a fine, powerful Semitic face, he sat down, lighted a Turkish cigarette, and first apologizing for his English—"I didn't learn it until I was forty," he said—proceeded in the best of classical English to tell me things too tragic for tears. Rightly understood, his business with me was most pathetic. He wanted me, with what voice I have, to influence the Americans toward one policy as regards Armenia—not independence, but a protectorate. For the strength of the Armenian race is gone shot against walls, butchered in passes, drowned in the Tigris and Euphrates. It will take thirty years to recover—another generation. Meantime Armenia wants Europe to give her peace and protection until she becomes a nation.

I had neglected the Brice report on Armenia until N—— Pasha came; like most Americans, I felt that Armenia was dim and far away. I have just finished skimming it, and I have no words.

The Little Blue Devils—Chasseurs Alpins—on Their Way to the Trenches

This is the simple story: Before the war there were a million and a half Armenians, in practical affairs the backbone of Turkey. Now there are only seven to eight hundred thousand—almost wholly women and children. For years the public opinion of Europe has operated to restrain the Mohammedan Turks from exterminating these Christian people. True, now and then the Turks did have a carnival of blood; but the powers held these massacres in check. Christian Europe is paying now because, for diplomatic reasons, she permitted the iniquity of the old Turkish Government to be.

When Turkey entered the war Germany was the only restraining hand. And Germany, quite careless as usual about any non-Germanic lives, not only gave Turkey her head with the Armenians but even took part. The young Armenian men had been mobilized. They were brigaded separately from the rest of the troops, sent to the rear and shot in squads and companies.

Then nearly the entire Armenian population was ordered deported to the desert lands along the Euphrates. The caravans started on foot—old men, women and children. On the way Kurdish brigands set upon them, murdering, carrying off the young women. Also Turkish troops attacked them. The rest is horror—mad women drowning themselves with their babies; men and women, tied together in bundles of four or six, pushed into ponds and lakes; caravans digging the graves into which they were about to be shot; rivers choked with corpses so that their courses were deflected—pestholes where the dying lay squirming among the dead. From seven to eight hundred thousand dead is N—— Pasha's estimate.

The German Lines Were Only Three Miles From This Woods in Which a Children's Party Was Held

Nero killed perhaps a thousand Christians who refused to abandon their faith. The fame of these martyrs is eternal; we have made saints of them. Now this choice of life with the Crescent or death with the Cross was offered to hundreds of thousands of Armenian Christians; they made their choice, and died.

Hard Times for Kings

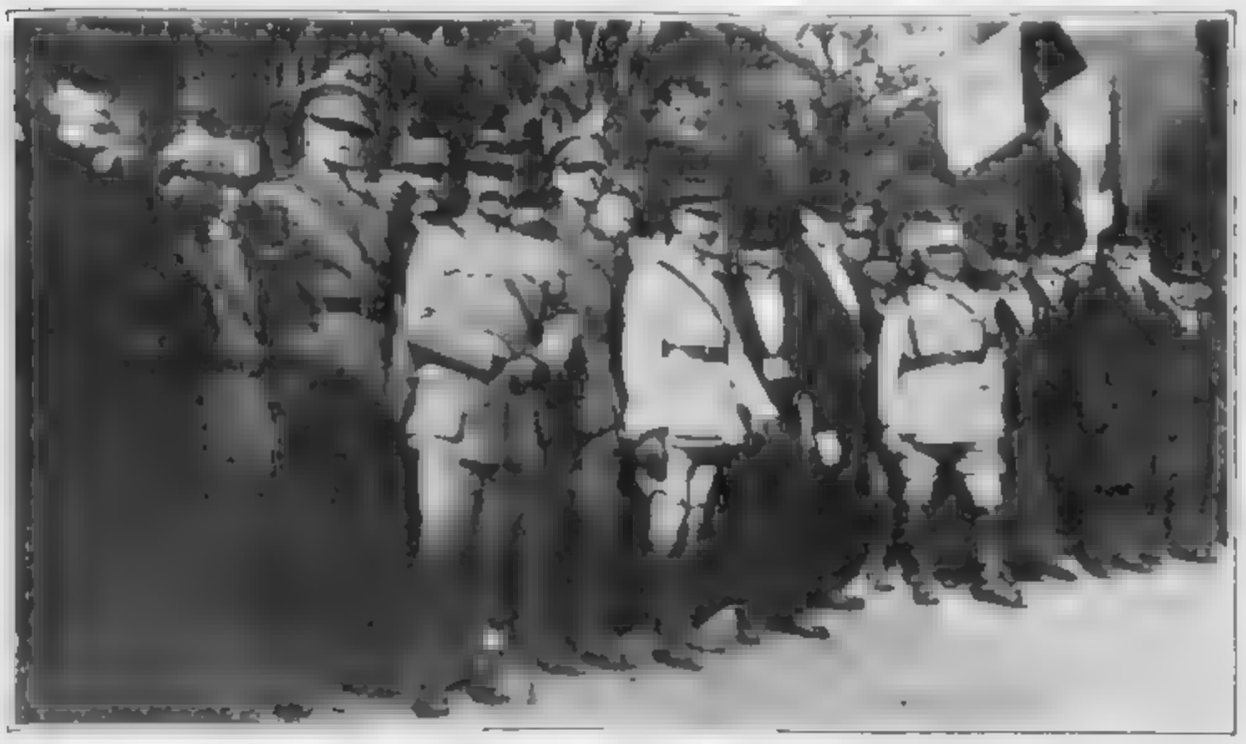
IN SO much has *Kultur* improved on Paganism! For Germany said never a word; this was helping to keep Turkey contented and to win the war! In the Brice report, along with the testimony of Americans and other neutrals, is that of German missionaries. These reports, for the greater part, have been suppressed in Germany.

"All we want," said N—— Pasha in conclusion, "is to be a people again. We can't do that for ourselves now—a nation without its manhood would be crushed. We want to be a protectorate under the civilized powers, until the male children who have survived grow up."

At luncheon I talked of Spain with one newly arrived from Madrid. The situation there has changed since I was categorical about it in print three months ago. I said then that the German propaganda in Spain was mainly for commercial ends—an advertising appropriation. That is probably true still; but the Germans, who miss few tricks, are just now using the sentiment they have created in certain powerful quarters to further the submarine campaign. The bases of information and supply on the Spanish coast are very troublesome. Behold the uses of practical psychology! A gentleman who sells gasoline or sets up a wireless station to assist in sinking merchant ships and killing passengers has to compromise with his conscience. If you have convinced him by means of his favorite newspaper that the blowing up of passenger steamers is right because Germany is right and must win to save the world, his conscience goes to sleep and he conspires with a whole heart!

Also a new human power has risen in the person of Lerroux, the Radical Republican leader. Three months ago he had comparatively little power. Lately he has grown immensely in public importance, and is fast gathering followers. Of the Spanish political leaders he alone has advocated entering the war on the side of the Allies. Every convert he makes is a convert to our alliance. Unquestionably the Russian revolution has helped Lerroux. Its repercussion has been felt in every European country; these are hard times for kings. The issue has been much

(Continued on Page 76.



The Mayor and the Reviewing Party

Benjamin McNeil Murdock

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MURDOCK is not yet in Who's Who, but he soon will be. He has produced a potato as big as a turnip—the Murdock Manitoba—and a huge peach—the Cantaloupe Alberta—with a stone no larger than a cherry pit. These alone might not entitle him to anything more than honorable mention in a seed catalogue, but the experiments by which he achieved his potato and his peach have had another issue: They threaten to modify the Darwinian theory of the origin of species.

"This Boy," the Faker Told the Audience, "is Near Dead With Toothache, an' it's Afflictin' His Sight"

This is a serious matter—more serious than has been apprehended by the newspapermen who have been headlining Murdock as the Burbank of New Jersey. He has obtained his new species not merely by cross-fertilization and encouraging sports, but by opposing his plants with adversities that they have had to overcome in order to survive. He got the idea, I understand, by observing how flowers will grow long stalks in order to reach sunlight; but from that beginning he has worked to the point of proving an adaptiveness in plants that amounts almost to unconscious intelligence. Consequently, he appears to find the cause of variation—and hence the origin of species—less in the outer pressure of the plant's environment than in the inner effort of the organism to meet changing conditions.

That, as I say, is a serious matter. It casts a doubt on the whole mechanistic theory of evolution. It brings back into the nonsentiment world a long-banished creative intelligence. It permits a panpsychic view of the universe that is mystical. Unless I am much mistaken the name of Benjamin McNeil Murdock is likely to be one of the conspicuous names of the century. His little farm in the Washington Valley may even become the storm center of a controversy as world-shaking as the one that thundered round Darwin's pigeon houses fifty years ago. You may care nothing whatever about the mechanistic theory, the origin of species or the cause of evolution; but before long you will probably be as curious about Murdock as your father was about Darwin—as curious as I have become about Murdock since I found out what he was at.

For two years from my summer windows on the southern slope of Wauchock Hill I had looked down on the Murdock farm below us and seen him pottering round with his Dago assistants among his hothouses and his cold frames. I had watched him with an intent but idle observation. You know from your school days that when you are trying to write on a blond June morning at a task that drags and dawdles in a springing world there is nothing too insignificant to take your eye and captivate your interest. I had watched Murdock as absorbedly as if he were a red spider making a web on my window screen.

Yet I never intelligently saw what he was doing. I saw merely a lank, commonplace and simple-looking farmer, going about his chores in faded blue overalls, a seersucker shirt and a straw hat of the kind that is called a cow's breakfast. I was aware that his neighbors thought him crazy. I had heard it said that he talked to his vegetables in order to make them grow in the way he wished. I knew that he could not talk to his vegetables less than he talked to his neighbors; that if it were not for his wife he would be as much cut off from human intercourse and understanding as one of his own prodigious potatoes. Everything about him—except her—seemed entirely ordinary and bucolic. We had only one question to puzzle ourselves with: "How did he ever come to marry her—or she him?"

Then I learned from a chance reference in a technical review that Murdock's experiments were professionally considered as important as those of Hugo de Vries; that Professor Jeddes accepted him as a successful exemplar of "a needed renewal of the rustic point of view"—or, more fully, as "a naturalist who grasps not only the mechanical and urban viewpoint but the rustic and physiological one, theorizing neither in terms of the mere mechanomorphism of the physicists and the chemists nor of the puzzled mysticism of the vitalist philosophers as yet befogged by their urban environment or bewildered by reaction from it"—whatever that may mean.

It meant to Jeddes and to the reviewer that "Pasteur was not the last thinking peasant." And the name of Pasteur put me to the blush. Had we been looking down, in ignorant superiority from Wauchock Hill, upon the profound experiments of a new Pasteur? Apparently we had.

I carried the review to Mrs. Murdock. She had already seen it. She was her husband's amanuensis, and kept the daily record of his experiments and wrote whatever was procured from him for publication. She acted as his interpreter, at our meeting, very gracefully; and what she interpreted was chiefly his silence.

In a Mayflower armchair beside the open door, with his gardens behind him, he sat smiling amiably at us, unembarrassed but as quiet as a sea captain, his feet planted firmly on the floor in leather slippers, his hands resting on the chair arms—his garden trowel in one and his haycock hat in the other—his bony head and shoulders as gravely immovable as a mountain, with an air about him of something elemental, sun-browned, weather-beaten and placidly but incommunicably wise.

She had been trying to write for him, and she was worried by a sense of her shortcomings. She appealed to me for advice, with that respect which you feel for a writer whose works you have never read. He listened to us as indulgently as Emerson contemplating a dancing lesson, and I was relieved when he rose quietly and stole out.

It appeared that she was a college graduate, educated in modern languages, a studious reader, fond of serious fiction and able to pass judgment on it with cheerful common sense. She seemed to have an idea that there must be in writing, as there are in golf, a proper stance, a correct stroke, a championship method. She had evidently been an athletic young girl. She was now perhaps thirty, neither handsome nor graceful, but interesting and individual. I had seen her walking with a long-armed stride, in low heels, with the powerful shoulder slouch of a tennis player. Now she sat listening intently, leaning forward, with her arms folded on her knees, smiling apologetically at the eagerness and the ignorance of her own questions. Her eyes were spirited. Her face was not. It did not express her. She looked out from behind its too large and immobile features as if knowing that they came between her and your sympathy, and as if straining to hold you to her eyes—which I found frankly magnetic.

There was something aristocratic about her easy simplicity, yet she seemed not out of place in the homely room of that low-ceilinged farmhouse. I guessed that she was responsible for its furnishings and decoration, because it was done in the flat tints and simple fittings of a sophisticated taste. I left with the conviction that she and her husband were a remarkable couple.

It was a conviction that did not endure. No. There was nothing in their past to support it. Imagine: He had been born on that farm some thirty-five years before; he had had no schooling until he was nine; then—a hulking, slow-minded boy—he had joined the infants' class at the Wauchock village school down the valley, and in the ordinary course of education he had progressed to the public school at Centerbrook. When he left school he went to work in a grocery at Centerbrook, and he moved from there to New York City, where he became bookkeeper for the Perry-Felton Company, on William Street. During the years that he lived in New York he returned to his home only once—when he came to the funeral of his parents and the trial of the hired man who was found guilty of having murdered them.

At the conclusion of that trial he sold all the farm stock and implements at auction, locked up the house and returned to New York. Several years later he reappeared, evidently with money, modernized the old place and settled down to an absurd sort of gardening, raising weeds in hothouses and generally behaving like a silent and unapproachable eccentric. Within a month of his return he married Ruth Young, a moneyed girl of Centerbrook, whom nobody in the Washington Valley knew he had been courting.

And there was nothing remarkable about her past either. She was the daughter of a Charles Washington Young who had owned the stone quarry near Wauchock in Murdock's boyhood days. Young and his family had moved to Centerbrook while Murdock was still at the village school, and Ruth and he had been at the public school together, but it was not known that there had been anything between them. Her father had made a great deal of money, first out of ballast stone, then as a railroad contractor, and finally as a banker and first citizen of the county seat. He had sent his daughter to college. His death brought her home to the pretentious colonial country house that he had built, after the model of Mount Vernon, on the top of the mountain between Centerbrook and the Washington Valley. From there she married, against her mother's wishes. None of her relatives came to see her as Mrs. Murdock. Her husband, it seemed, was not accepted in Centerbrook, New Jersey.

Now I ask you, could anything seem more ordinary than such a history? Could you believe that beneath the superficies of these incidents there was hidden one of those romances that life delights to invent, perversely, in order to confound the realities of fiction? No. No more could I. Murdock might be a great naturalist, a peasant genius, another Pasteur, but there was obviously nothing in him to repay prospecting by a short-story writer. I gave him up. And then unexpectedly, in gossip about the details of that murder trial, I came on traces of fiction's precious metal, followed it, placer mining, up the course of his history, and located an incredibly rich mother lode.

Take, first, the story of the murder as I dug it out—and found it pay dirt.

In the fall of 1910, during the hunting season, two shots were heard from the Murdock farm about midday. The neighbors thought nothing of it, or supposed that old Murdock was killing rabbits. In the middle of the afternoon the next-door neighbor, Mrs. Heins—a woman who was always running the road, as they say in the valley—came to the Murdock kitchen door to borrow some mustard—as an emetic for her son, who had been eating "musharoons" that were behaving as if they were toadstools. She got no answer to her knock. In her anxiety about her son she opened the door to call through the house; and she saw Murdock collapsed in his seat at the table, "in a mucks of blood," and Mrs. Murdock lying across an inner threshold of the room, "all of a heap an' bleedin' like a pig killin'." She ran screaming back to her son. He hurried to the Murdock farm, and she went spreading the alarm down the valley.

"By gosh," he said afterward, "it cured me, it did! I never knowed I was sick till it was all over—an' then I wasn't!"

Murdock's hired man was missing. He was at once suspected. And naturally so. Murdock's hired men were notorious. He had been in the habit of engaging any tramp who came to his kitchen door; and almost invariably after working a few weeks the man disappeared with anything that happened to be unprotected in the valley on the day of his departure. The news "Murdock's man's moved on" became the signal for a general stock taking in the vicinity.

The last man had been caught with a stolen shotgun under his mattress before he had time to flee, and he was sent to jail as a vengeance on all those others who had escaped. His successor was a half-witted wanderer who said he was on his way to visit "Roseyvelt." Murdock told him that Roosevelt was dead, and the man—with his mainspring broken—seemed unable to go any farther. Murdock hired him for his board and a package of fine cut a week. Now he had "moved on."

Hunting parties with shotguns started out in all directions to seek his trail. He was found in the Murdock woodlot, innocently cutting cedar trees for fence posts. He had been there since early morning; the shells of four hard-boiled eggs showed where he had eaten his luncheon, and the trees that he had cut and stripped were numerous enough to occupy a day's industry.

The Woman Went Spreading the Alarm Down the Valley

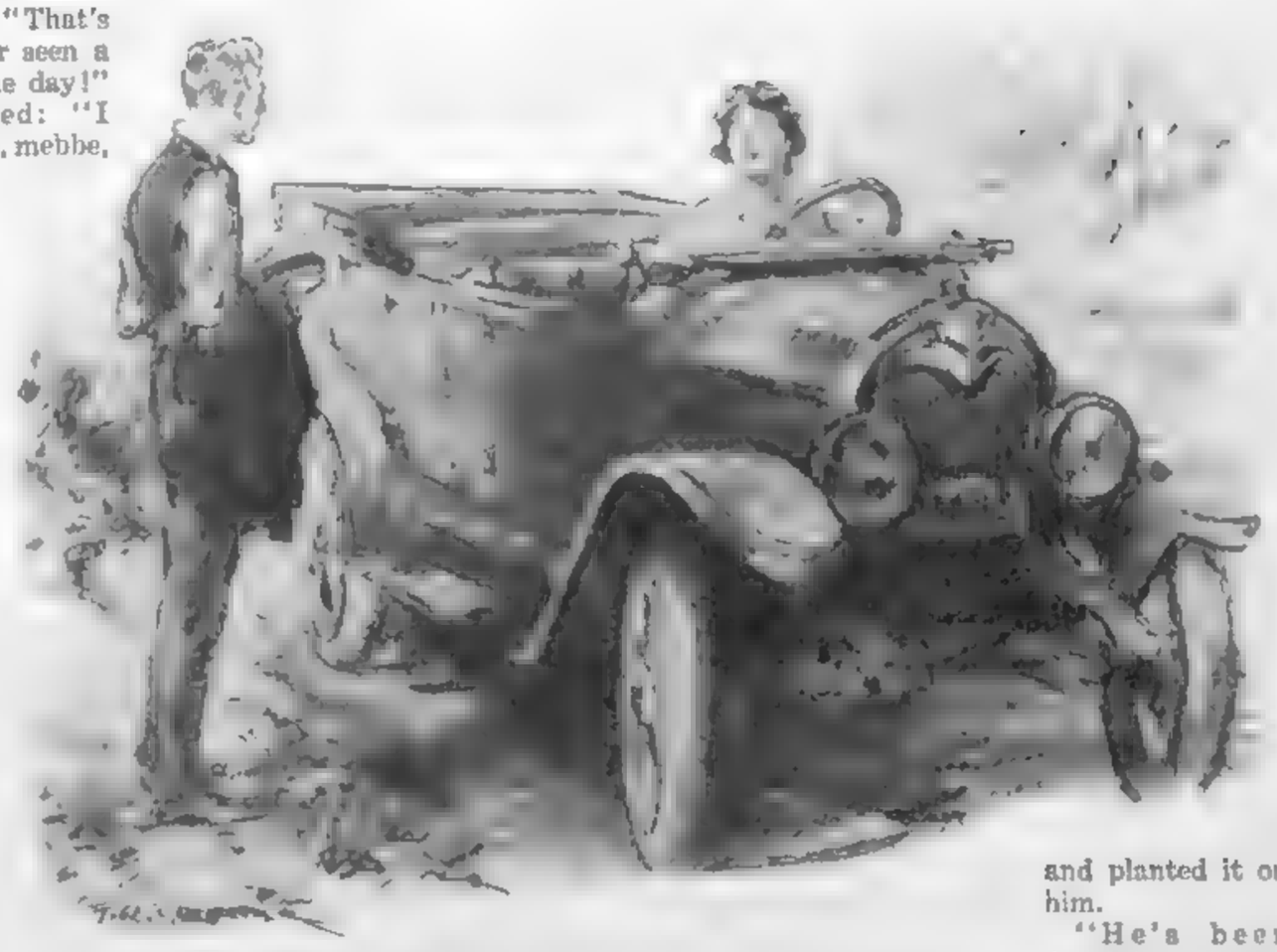
Old Heins said: "That's more wood'n I ever seen a hired man cut in one day!"

The man replied: "I dunno. Some of 'em, mebbe, was yeste'day's cuttin'."

Heins grumbled: "I thought so!"

And that conversation, related again and again, was old Heins' contribution to the solution of the murder mystery.

At first they did not tell the hired man why they were looking for him, and he resented their questions, sulkily continuing his work. But as soon as he heard of the murder he dropped his ax and ran through the woods to the house, and, coming suddenly on the scene in the kitchen, he fell back down the kitchen steps in a sort of fit. When he had been revived with a drink from a hunter's pocket flask his innocence was conceded.



"Father Had Been Buying Steel, and When I Saw That You Were Looking at the Stock Quotations I Tried to Give You a Tip"

He could not be persuaded to enter the house. He retreated to the barn and sat down on the wheel of an old mowing machine, and told and retold his story, over and over, to a constantly changing group of men, women and children. By sundown the whole valley was there, and all the villagers from Wauchock. They wandered round the house, the barn, the front yard, the side garden, the woodpile and the outhouses like a colony of disturbed ants, gathering in two large clusters round the kitchen and the barn, nodding, shaking hands, conversing in low tones together, exchanging opinions and passing on gossip. By the time the sheriff of the county arrived a complete theory of the crime had been gathered for him. It was this:

Murdock's old hound had died two days before. Poisoned, no doubt. By whom? By the murderer. Who was he? Well, Murdock had heard, in Centerbrook, that the hired man who had stolen the shotgun was out of jail and threatening him. Why? Because, according to the man's story, he had not stolen the gun; Murdock had stolen it and planted it on him.

"He's been drunk down there," Murdock told his neighbor, Heins. "If he comes bleatin' round here I'll blow him full o' buckshot."

But the man's threats and the death of the watchdog alarmed the household. Murdock bolted his doors and windows at night and slept upstairs on the floor of an unfinished room of the attic, with his gun beside him. And he carried the gun with him when he went into the fields.

That gun, a double-barreled shotgun, was nowhere to be found. He had evidently stood it beside the kitchen door when he sat down to dinner. And the murderer had crept up under cover of the kitchen weeds, reached the gun unseen, shot Murdock in the back as he sat at the table, and shot Mrs. Murdock point-blank as she ran in from the other room to see what had happened. They had both been dead for hours when Mrs. Heins came on them.

The sheriff drove off at once, to send out an alarm for the jailbird. A deputy took charge of the preparations for the inquest and cleared the house of sightseers. They moved on to the Heinses', and the hired man went with them.

In all this there was no thought of Murdock's son. Or if anyone thought of him it was only to wonder where he was and who would notify him. The whole valley knew that he had quarreled with his father, that he had not been home for years, that if his mother heard from him she did not mention it. And no one recognized him when, toward midnight, a tall stranger came to the Heinses' kitchen door with a suitcase in his hand. He stood scrutinizing the group of late stayers in the lamplight round the kitchen table, looked from them to the hired man, who sat alone smoking beside the range, and asked abruptly: "Are you Murdock's man?"

They supposed he was a detective. He wore city blacks and a black felt hat and a starched collar. The hired man slowly turned his head—a classical head, the head and bronzed profile of a Cæsar on a Roman coin. And the stranger said to him: "I'm Ben Murdock."

That was all Murdock did say. For the rest of the evening he listened. And he listened in a peculiar way. After the first quick glance at this one or that one with whom he shook hands, he looked past them, with a troubled frown, as if dissatisfied; and thereafter he avoided meeting their eyes in a direct gaze.

It turned out to be a habit of manner. He had a trick of looking at the chest of the person that stood talking to him; and when they were all sitting again he looked at their knees or at their feet, but with no expression of shyness or self-consciousness. Only the hired man's face he studied, thoughtfully, in an absent-minded muse. And the hired man, smoking apart, with his air of distinguished vacancy, remained beside the greasy stove in silence, refusing to answer even when they spoke to him.

"He's sort o' dumb," they explained in the idiom of the valley—meaning, by dumb, half-witted.

Murdock showed little emotion over the story of the murder. Once, when they were telling about the man who had been sent to jail for stealing the shotgun, he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead as if it were wet with perspiration. And a moment later, when they were telling how the other men had invariably turned out to be thieves, he suddenly raised to them a bewildered face of suffering. It moved Mrs. Heins to take him away from the visitors by offering to make up a bed for him on the parlor sofa.

He accepted the bed without thanks and left the kitchen without saying good night. No one was offended. They

took it as proof that he was still one of them; that though he had acquired city clothes and a city pallor he had not descended to any city insincerities of formal politeness.

He was up and out before breakfast, wandering alone round the parental farm. He ate his breakfast silently, and no one intruded upon him with any social expression of sympathy. Mrs. Heins saw that he had food and drink; the others talked round him as if he were not there. They merely made it a point not to speak of the murder. When he had finished he asked where the nearest telephone could be reached, and went out to find it. As soon as he was gone the hired man drifted in, from nowhere, for his breakfast.

In about an hour Murdock came back with the sheriff and asked for this hired man. He had gravitated naturally to the barn. They went after him.

"Come along, Jack!" the sheriff said. "We want you to show us where you were workin' when this happened."

His name was not Jack. He was anonymous. But he accepted Jack, as he accepted Bill or Bo, indifferently. He struck out across the fields to Murdock's wood lot, and they followed him. As they went Murdock pointed out significantly to the sheriff the fence line between his father's farm and Heins'; it was a thick hedge of small cedars, sassafras, blackberry brambles and poison ivy; and it ran from the Murdock garden patch to the edge of the woods toward which they were walking. The sheriff looked at it and nodded.

They entered the wood lot at a pole gate, came to a brook where cows were pasturing on a little clearing of grass and brambles, crossed the stream on stepping-stones and followed a cow path through the underbrush into the taller timber. The hired man stopped at the first of the cedars that he had cut down.

"Yes!" the sheriff said. "Where's the rest?"

The rest were in a bend of the stream at the foot of a raw bank of red shale that confined the creek at flood time. The sheriff looked them over.

"Well?" he said inquiringly to Murdock.

Murdock pointed to a large flat stone at the foot of the bank. "Tell him to turn that over."

He spoke to the sheriff, but he looked at the hired man.

"What for?" the sheriff asked.

"Tell him to do it!"

The man apparently had not heard. He was standing aside, gazing strangely at a shrub of scarlet sumac in front of him.

The sheriff ordered: "Here! See that stone? Turn it over!"

He got no answer.

"Here, you!" he said. "Look-a-here!"—and took him by the shoulder.

He found the man trembling under his hand, and he cried: "What! What the ——"—looking at Murdock.

Murdock made a vague, unhappy, pitiful gesture, turning away.

The sheriff strode up to the stone and rolled it over. It covered the mouth of a rabbit burrow and the shining butt plate of a shotgun that had been forced into the hole. There was a moment of deadly silence. Then the maniac, falling on his knees before the sumac, made the motions of washing his hands in the reddened foliage.

"Blood!" he said hoarsely. "Blood! He killed Roseyvelt!"

He made no attempt to escape. He let the sheriff take him back to the farmhouse and hitch up a team and drive him to the county jail. To all their questions he only mumbled: "He killed Roseyvelt."

It came out at his trial that in the middle of corn husking he had heard that Roosevelt was alive. He had wanted to leave at once on his pilgrimage to Oyster Bay. Old Murdock had said: "Alive nuthin'! I killed him myself. His body's hidden in the attic over your bedroom." And haunted insanely by that secret of the attic overhead, he had killed Murdock out of revenge.

What did not come out at the trial—though the whole valley knew it—was this:

The deputy sheriff, searching the hired man's bedroom after his arrest, climbed through the trap in the ceiling of the room and found in a corner of the loft a collection of farm tools, axes, dishes, crowbars, pots and household articles that had been hidden there under a pile of old sacks. At first he thought that he had simply discovered more evidence against the man who had stolen the gun. But when the neighbors were called in to claim their property it appeared that some of the things had been stolen years before.

Murdock's words, "His body's hidden in the attic over your bedroom," established his guilt. He had been a kleptomaniac. He had stolen all the things that his hired men had been accused of stealing. He had been doing it for years, and no one had suspected him—except, possibly, his son.

Old Heins recalled that years before, when Ben was a small boy, a new sickle disappeared from the Heins tool house. He was looking for it in his fields when he saw Murdock and his son over the fence, and asked them if they had noticed the sickle lying about. Murdock said "No," but young Ben said nothing. He, too, was "kind o' dumb" in those days. He went back to his father's barn and reappeared with the sickle. His father demanded where he had found it. He said he had found it under the cornstalks in the barn. How had he known it was there? He said he hadn't known—he had just guessed. His father cried: "Guessed! Did you steal that sickle?" And in the end he beat the boy, in a rage, shouting: "I'll teach you to steal! I'll teach you!"

Now, in the account of the murder there was one detail that had interested and puzzled me. When the sheriff asked Murdock how he had thought of looking for the shotgun under that particular stone in the wood lot Murdock replied that he had just guessed that it was there. And when I heard old Heins' story of the finding of the sickle I was struck by the coincidence. I guessed something myself. And I began to verify it by gathering together every anecdote, every reminiscence, every bit of gossip that I could get about Murdock anywhere. When I had enough to establish my theory of him I broached it to Mrs. Murdock one evening after dinner; and I got it confirmed, first by what she told of him, then by what he admitted—with an odd scientific detachment, as if he were talking of someone else—and at last by what they both related, together, concerning the incredible incident that led to their marriage.

As far as I can make out the whole thing began in the autumn of 1893, when Murdock was about nine years old. And it began with the visit of a patent-medicine vender who drove into Wauchock, from the direction of Pluckemin, in a gypsy wagon with two pinto ponies, selling an Indian herb remedy that was guaranteed to cure all known diseases, including baldness. He, in buckskins, and his wife, in a Carmen costume, gave a free entertainment of songs and sleight of hand, roping, knife throwing and Spanish dancing, at night, by the light of their kerosene torches; and in the intervals between their acts they sold their Indian herb remedy.

Young Ben Murdock had been sent to the village by his mother to get a stone vinegar jug filled with kerosene for the household lamps. He found the yard in front of the schoolhouse flaring with torchlights, and over the heads of a silent audience he saw the long-haired Westerner with a braided mustache ballyhooing his medicine. The boy drew nearer. He ended by making his way into the front row, against the little platform on which Carmen was finishing a bored fandango to the castanets while her husband praised his cure-all.

Nobody was buying. The faker, searching the upturned faces for a customer, saw the boy. Ben had been suffering all day with toothache; his face was swollen; and that may have attracted the man's notice. Mrs. Murdock had tried to ease her son's pain with horse liniment, a few drops of which she had put on the tooth itself; there had probably been some narcotic in the dose, for Ben had been feeling dazed ever since; and his dull-eyed, stupefied look may have struck the faker.

At any rate he came to the edge of the platform and said: "Well, now, here's someone needs this great nosterum. Eh, sonny? Come up here!" And taking Ben under the arm he lifted him to the stage.

The crowd laughed. Benjamin McNeil Murdock was then an overgrown young dolt, shock-haired and open-mouthed, in a torn shirt and a pair of his father's patched overalls, and nothing else. He had no hat. He was barefooted. The medicine man held him by the shoulder, and he hung his head sheepishly. He was supposed to be half-witted, and he looked it.

"What's the matter, bub?" the man asked. "Sick?"

Ben did not answer. The man put a firm, cool hand under his chin, tilted his head back and studied him.

"Toothache, eh?" he said. "Fine! This here's a suverin remedy for toothache. Also fer trouble with the eyes. This boy," he told the audience, "is near dead with toothache, an' it's afflictin' his sight."

Ben began to blink. He was held facing a kerosene torch that shone directly in his eyes.

"He can't look at a light without feelin' sleepy. He can't keep his eyes open. This here pain has worn him out. He's dog tired. His eyes is tired."

Ben's eyes had closed.

"Bring me a chair here, Mirey!" His wife brought the chair. "There! Sit down on that. You're dog tired."

Ben sank weakly into the seat.

"Now," he said, "first we'll cure them eyes!" And pretending to pour some of his remedy into the palm of his hand, he began to stroke the boy into a mesmeric sleep. "This boy," he kept saying, "is worn out with pain. It's passin'. It's passin' just like he was fallin' asleep an' fergettin' it. That's it. Just like you was fallin' asleep, sonny. Fallin' asleep."

When he saw from Ben's regular breathing that he was unconscious he announced: "We'll now cure the toothache!" And he proceeded to rub Ben's swollen cheek very gently with an application of the Indian herb remedy.

"The results," he said, "is almost instant-ous. The sufferin' begins to stop. Like you'd slep' it off. Feelin' better?"

He bent down. Ben's lips moved inaudibly.

"Yes. He says he's feelin' better."

His wife was standing beside him, holding the bottle of medicine, watching him anxiously, alarmed because the boy had gone under so quickly. She poured out a spoonful of the remedy and offered it to her husband.

"All right now!" he said. "This'll do the trick. This'll fix it. Open yer mouth."

Ben opened it, with his eyes shut.

"That's right. Open yer eyes too. They're all right. They're better. That's the way! Now, swaller this down. Tastes good, eh?"

Ben nodded.

"Good! Now you feel better. Don't you? Yes? Well, tell 'em how you feel."

And Ben said, in a strange, high voice: "I feel a hull lot better."

"Good! Toothache gone too?"

Ben nodded.

"Good! Now, to show you people this's no fake ——"

He took the boy's swollen cheek between thumb and forefinger and pinched it till the spot showed white. Ben did not flinch.

"Couldn't 'a' done that five minutes ago, eh? He'd 'a' howled. That swellin'—that'll go down in about an hour or so. Now"—he corked the bottle—"you take this, sonny, an' run home to yer mom an' tell her if she ever has a toothache what to do with it. Go right to sleep as soon's you get home, an' you'll wake up in the mornin' feelin' like a nest o' young robins, an' ready to start right off to school. Run along!"

He was helping Ben from the platform. "Right home! Get in out o' the night air.

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Ben Took Up a Pitchfork and Said Menacingly: "You Lemme Go to School or I'll Tell"

THE WAR OF WORDS

By CARL W. ACKERMAN

Teething Troubles

CANNON and news are alike in one respect: They are both dangerous. I know a German general who went through most of the Somme battles but who was afraid of the press. And I recall an instance of a Chinese minister who almost lost his queue and his courage when he was caught in a bombarded city. Like so many things, fear depends upon one's viewpoint.

At the very beginning of the war, when the German forces were surrounding Brussels, the commanding general sent a map of the city to Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American minister, with the request that he mark the location of all neutral legations and consulates. The courier assured Mr. Whitlock that if he would do this and notify his colleagues to fly their national colors their property would not be damaged by the German guns.

Among others, the American envoy telephoned the Chinese minister, who became much excited and hurried to Mr. Whitlock's residence.

"Do you mean to say, Mister Minister, that if the Chinese flag waves over my house the Germans won't bombard it?" stammered the Chinaman.

"Yes, Your Excellency," said Mr. Whitlock; "I have been so assured."

"B-b-but, M-m-mister Min-is-t-ter," stuttered the envoy, "cannons don't have eyes!"

During the most terrific days on the Somme last fall, when the Allied artillery was pulverizing the German positions, several American correspondents were invited to the headquarters of General von Kirchhof, the Bavarian commanding the armies near Péronne. When they arrived at the French château that he was using as his headquarters the Chief of Staff announced that *Excellenz* had been summoned by the Kaiser to receive the highest military decoration, the *Pour le Mérite*.

In the afternoon the general returned and his staff accorded him an enthusiastic reception. Standing on the steps of the château, Von Kirchhof declared that the decoration was not for him but for his brave troops—and there was applause.

"But," he added, "the English and French papers call my brave men 'Huns and barbarians.'" His voice broke and he paused.

News That Gets Through Germany's Filter

"THOSE men who lie in the craters to defend their Fatherland are denounced as uncivilized—as 'Huns and barbarians.'" Tears came to his eyes as he repeated the phrase, and he paused again. Then, mobilizing his nerves, he bowed and entered his office.

Von Kirchhof was not afraid of a battle, but he was a coward before words.

In the United States we can understand the apprehensions of the Chinese diplomat, but it is difficult to realize the fear of a military leader before such a common thing as news. And this is where our viewpoint is narrow. We are so accustomed to the daily newspaper that we don't visualize its power, its danger or its possibilities. We don't know how to fight with news!

Cincinnatus, an anonymous German writer, said, in August, 1916, in a book entitled The War With Words, that "Words fight battles."

"In contrast with former wars in the world's history this war has become a war of technic and industry, of minerals and iron mines, of chemistry and machines, of economics versus economics," he declared. "More, however, than any other human struggle is this a war of words versus words—a war for the supremacy of words. . . . It is the battle of words which expands the war and makes more people enemies than all other battles with weapons.

"We are standing too deep in the whirlpool of events to be able to see clearly what this war is really about," he added. "It is not a war between man and man; or between armies and armies. Nor is it a war between peoples. It is a war of attack and counterattack between world ideas in their deepest conceptions. Perhaps it is a war between two systems of government."

Cincinnatus was writing at a time when German leaders were suffering the most under the Allied blockade of news. He was reflecting the impression of German business men, statesmen and generals, who saw that though their country was winning on the battlefields it was losing in the press and in public opinion. It was often stated by army officers that Germany lost everything through the news channels of the world that she gained by might. The situation more than troubled them—it cut them to the quick. German officers always felt that Germany could defeat England, France, Russia and the United States with her armies and submarines, but never with the press.

When the war began Germany mobilized everything, including her press and the official Wolff Telegraph Agency. She made a success of the press campaign in her own country, but failed miserably in foreign lands, because the first pinch of the Allied blockade was not felt by the curtailment of food but through the lack of news. Long before the United States entered the war Germany was starved for foreign news. She had only two real sources of information—the English and French press—and the news that reached Germany was that which filtered through these countries via Holland, Switzerland and Denmark. But the news that the Berlin editor received was only sediment.

The English and French press obtained an unrestricted supply of news from all parts of the world. But from London and Paris only that news which the British and French censors approved was passed to neutral countries. This was the first and most important filtration station. The Dutch, Swiss or Danish editor selected what he wished to print. From what was published the German correspondents in these countries telegraphed what they thought would interest their newspapers, but the telegrams were read first by the military, naval or political censor in Berlin. Here the news was filtered again. The German censor decided what he wanted to have published, and at last, when the news sediment reached the Berlin editor, it was scarcely long enough to carry a headline!

Still the German Government and people believe everything they read in their own newspapers. The German press is the national oracle. When Field Marshal von Hindenburg states that the military situation could not be better; when the Chief of the Admiralty Staff announces that the submarine war is successful, or when Herr Adolph von Batocki, president of the *Kriegsernachrungsamt*, announces that the harvest this year will be better than last fall, the public is convinced. It is doubtful whether in any other country in the world the press wields as much power as in Germany. Even the Kaiser is "ruled" by a newspaper!

Editing the Kaiser's Private Daily

THE Emperor, of course, as supreme war lord, is a busy man and cannot read many newspapers, so the General Staff, at its Berlin headquarters on Moltkestrasse, prints a daily newspaper for the Kaiser and his ministers only. It is called Foreign Dispatches, and is edited by an army officer who has been a German secret-service agent in practically every country in the world. All foreign newspapers come to his office. He clips the leading editorials and news and has them translated into German. Naturally he selects views favorable to Germany. He knows the Kaiser's weakness. When I was in Berlin I saw some old copies of this publication and was interested in observing that only editorials from German or intensely pro-German newspapers in the United States were reprinted as reflecting the viewpoint of the United States and the American people.

After reading this paper I realized why the German Government had such a distorted conception of the United States. The Kaiser's newspaper, as it was called, never printed anything that might displease His Majesty.

When Von Hindenburg became Chief of the General Staff he ordered this newspaper sent to all German publications, and very soon afterward the German people were nourished with the same kind of information. This policy of feeding the press with biased views was one of the reasons Germany never understood America. This was one of the reasons the government could not take the first of President Wilson's submarine notes seriously. The Kaiser's paper, printing anti-Administration editorials, said that Mr. Wilson was not to be taken seriously.

There was a temporary change, however, after the attack on the Sussex in March, 1916. The German Government suddenly realized that the United States Government and people were in earnest. Ambassador James W. Gerard had called at the Foreign Office to see Secretary of State von Jagow.

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WHAT WE HAVE SEEN

For Three Years the German Has Been Wounding and Killing Frenchwomen; Now it is France—the Land Itself—He is Killing and Wounding

By Grace Ellery Channing

A YEAR ago, when the French were still at Verdun and the Germans—to quote the now famous phrase—were "still at Noyon," the most striking thing to the foreigner in France was the attitude of the French themselves toward the enemy. France was invaded; for already two years she had been fighting on her own soil the greatest fight in history; her suffering and her losses had passed all measure; yet very rarely from any source did one hear a word of bitterness. The soldier had always a generous phrase for the soldier's valor—the Boche, the Hun, was not infrequently Fritz to the Allied troops; even behind the ranks, where feeling always runs higher and more bitter, there were contempt, dislike, an iron resolution, but an absence of violent expression. "We do not hate," said more than one civilian to me. "It is not in our temperament. If we ever learn to, it will be you Anglo-Saxons who will teach us."

In New York I had listened skeptically to a German friend, insisting that the French feeling for the Germans was friendly and that the regrettable incident of the war had hardly disturbed it. That was his thoroughly German reading of the French containment—an exhibition in small of that Teutonic inability to understand the other man which has made German diplomacy a wonder of the world and will in the end lose that world to the German. But the calm of the French people might really have misled subtler brains—a year ago.

That was a year ago. To-day there is another tale to tell; there is another France with another temper. To-day the French have learned to hate—

and it is not the Anglo-Saxon who has taught them; to-day the German pathetically complains that the very children of France are being reared in this hatred of him. And in this statement, and in the German sense of injury under it, we have presented to us the whole of that psychological phenomenon which will engage men's attention for generations to come—including, I doubt not, generations of Germans.

Twentieth Century Huns

WE CAN deal briefly with the French half of that phenomenon. Great as the change in the French temper is, there is nothing mysterious about it. France is an old military nation; she has always been being invaded by Germany except when, as in the Napoleonic past, she was herself the greatest invader of Europe. Moreover, the French people have no equal in the world for clarity of thought; it is their trait—that on which they pride themselves, that which the world concedes them. With it goes a kind of inevitable justice. No mere war, not even the most unprovoked and aggressive the world has seen, could ever have brought them to their present state of mind. What then did bring them?—what new thing, since Belgium, since Louvain, since the Lusitania, since Verdun?

The answer can be summarized in two words: deportations, devastations. Since Verdun France has witnessed the wholesale enslavement of free peoples in the conquered provinces. Since February she has looked upon her ravished territory and listened to the tales of its liberated inhabitants.

All that went before—all the brutal conduct of a war supplanting accepted polite warfare—all the slaying and ravishing, the looting and burning, the breaking of faiths, the atrocities helped to pile up conviction; but the French human mind clung—as the American human mind still clings—to the desperate belief that all this might somehow be accounted for by a misled populace, a panic madness and the sporadic brutality born of war. War being itself the great outrage, we were fond of saying, all soldiers do mad things under its sway. Not until brought face to face with brutality organized into a system, cruelty reduced to a science, a coldly calculated and ruthlessly executed program for the destruction by extra-military measures of a whole people, physically, morally, politically and economically, could normal mankind accept such truth for truth.

We had all read of Vandalism in our Gibbon; yes, and of magic lamps and carpets in our Arabian Nights. Probably to most of us the one seemed just as much in relation with our Twentieth Century as the other. A magic carpet, in fact, after our magic lamps, would have been of easy credibility compared with the sudden bringing of our hard-won present face to face with a long-vanished past: to-day confronted with the day before yesterday; civilization with barbarism.

And now that we are unmistakably up against the incredible itself, we are aghast. We cannot explain to ourselves how it is that a great people we had all so generously admired and many of us had loved has become capable of these things; or how, if capable, we could ever have liked them so well and so long.

Nicht ärgern, nur wundern—Do not be angry, but admire—commands an inscription above the ruined town of Péronne, where hardly two stones are left standing together. That inscription at once illustrates and deepens the dark mystery that to-day troubles all America. All America—for Europe is no longer mystified. She has gone deep down into her memories and history and dragged forth the Hun almost unchanged. Nobody has a right to blame her if, in the light of her experience, she proclaims him not only unchanged but unchangeable.

Antagonistic Ideals of Civilization

WE HAVE not come to this; but even we have at least perceived vaguely that with the victory or defeat of what we call Prussian militarism stands or falls our old familiar world. There is not room on one planet, knit together by intertransportation and intercommunication, by commerce and science and art, for the two antagonistic ideals of civilization.

It is difficult for Europe to understand how hard it has been for us to come even so far. As a people we have no historic grievance against the German; we had never suffered from him. We knew him prior to this war as a good foreign citizen, as the kindly, educated—or at least instructed—skilled, intelligent, law-abiding fellow citizen and neighbor; as travelers we also knew him as the kindly, capable captain of ships; the owner of clean railway trains that ran on time; of ordered cities—somewhat over *verboten*, to be sure; of music and beer, each the best of its kind.

According to our bent, we thought of him in terms of the learned scientist, the social economist or the pleasant blond student youth. We did not at any time love his manners, and perhaps we ought to have attached more importance to this fact than we did, manners being certainly an index to both character and culture; but then—we have not the best manners ourselves, and we have not always loved English manners. There was, however, a difference in the way we disliked their different

About the Hunting Lodge of Eitel Friedrich Lay the Uprooted Thousands of France's Trees

manners; and not our worst enemy will deny to us one virtue: If one of the mannerless races of earth, we are perhaps the kindliest.

Such as we knew the German, even our dominant national trait, the abiding sense of humor, which marks us as definitely as their clarity does the French, forbade us to make of this familiar figure a bugbear. The thing was too absurd. So was the idea of our civilization's being seriously menaced—and by him! Just as we with difficulty believe we shall ourselves die, whoever may, so we could not conceive the possibility of our civilization's dying. We knew there had been dead civilizations—dead people. They were neither ours nor of us. Above all, as a people we object to being ridiculous, and you couldn't persuade us that the Germans were so different from other people.

To-day we have the indubitable evidence that they are different—different for the time being, at least; that they reason from another mentality and act from another standard, toward another ideal. It would be perfectly within their right to do both if they did not insist upon forcing that mentality and that standard and ideal upon us. Even now it is still our American belief that deep down in the German soul is a kind of imprisoned brother-soul which, as the President has said, we dimly feel ourselves conscious of fighting to deliver along with the rest of Germany's victims. For this fond belief of ours we are acquiring no present merit—whatever may be the future of it! The German soul does not desire to be delivered by us, is not grateful; and France, politely tolerant of our amiable weakness, waits grimly for this fond illusion, too, to be dispelled. If we are reasonable we cannot expect Europe, reduced to a shambles by the German, to feel otherwise; and certainly if we can be patient with that darkly enchanted German soul we can be something more than patient with the illumined soul of a France blinded, if anything, by excess of light—that light which streams from flames of sacrifice and backward from the starlike track of the escaping souls of Youth.

Every writer of any imagination must have had during this war the constant impulse to put his pen permanently away until the war should be over—first because the events have outgrown all the words; next because so much has already been said and written. One comes to echo the cry of the Psalmist—"Let all creatures hold their peace! Speak Thou alone unto me!" This is part of the psychology of the war. The muteness of the returning soldier is noted by all. We who are here come to understand and measurably to partake of it.

Following the Trail of War

BUT as often as we open our papers or our mails the sense of the still great gulf of incomprehension separating distant America—so anxious now to do her whole duty—and this Europe in the heart of agony, drives us to our pens again. We who are here are here by privilege; not all America can be here; it is for us to make pellucidly clear—clear to the farthest away, the most outlying, the least comprehending little portion of America—why it is that the millions of the army of our youth must, at need, come to the rescue of imperiled liberty; how it is that the frontiers of France and Belgium have become also the frontiers of America. For this alone are we given eyes, opportunities and pers—that we may see, and tell what we have seen.

This is what we have seen.

There on That Soil They Were Invading, the Germans Had Spent Their Time in Building Arrogant Monuments to That Invasion

Spring came late to France this year—a spring desired as never before, after a long and Arctic winter; dreaded also as no spring was ever dreaded before. It came at last with a suddenness of beauty that no one who saw it will ever forget. One day the boughs were still bare; the next they were wrapped in a faint yellow-green haze; in a week they were towering with white chestnut-bloom, and the air was heavy with these and the lilac. We said to one another, "Outside, in the country, the fruit trees must be in blossom"; and every one of us thought of the trenches.

Through miles of that blossoming countryside and young green of meadows of freshly springing corn, we made our way to Compiègne, chiefly interesting to us at the moment because it was there we brought down our Zeppelin some months ago, thrusting it back from Paris. It fell, as a whale might, into a little garden belonging to a lady, and naturally drew the entire population after. And the lady remarked, according to our *femme de chambre*, "Just when I had got the garden all nicely in order."

The Germans had been at Compiègne, too, in the early days of the war, but left it as they found it, not having yet begun their policy of devastation. Compiègne doubtless was small bait, with Paris just ahead, and on their way back they had no time for these extra diversions.

The fortune of a false turn of the road gave us a momentary picture of a France at peace—a bit of the sweet, untouched woodland charm of *la douce France;* then we were back again among the blossoming orchards and the fertile fields. It was at Ville le Bois that we first took up the trail of war. A shell-struck town is always a shell-struck town, and piteous; one learns to look on them, however, stoically, as one does on the mutilated soldier. Both are the expected, the inevitable sacrifice of war; they arouse no passion except the abstract passion against war as war.

Bailly, however, was another matter. Here for two years the two armies faced each other across the narrowest interval—the interval that had been Bailly. In general, when you speak of a town in the liberated regions, you mean the place where the town was. "They took me out," said an Italian journalist to me, "and showed me a place where the ground was a little redder with brick dust than elsewhere, and said 'This is X.'"

Here in the trenches before Bailly, while we in Paris shivered and complained of coal shortage last winter, had sat, burrowed into the ground like rabbits, the men who were our defense; guarding us, guarding all France—and but a step away. One can motor from Paris to the Front in something more than two hours. And just across, on the other side of Bailly and back of the German lines, we had our first encounter, at first hand, with that dark mystery which is the German soul.

It came in the shape of one of the much-written-of German cemeteries. A little before we had passed a French cemetery. There is nothing in the world more beautiful than a French field cemetery with its flags and crosses.

More Baffling Than the Sphinx

BEFORE this German cemetery and its kindred I believe the psychologist will some day stand—another Œdipus before a more baffling Sphinx. Here under dripping trees, trees that the shells had spared, were graves, box-bordered, accurately clipped and carefully adorned. Ordered paths went between; the Germans might have left but an hour before; the weeds had not had time to make headway or the borders to become straggly. Elaborate carved cement monuments sometimes well carved, sometimes rudely—bore inscriptions, poetry and the gay artificial wreaths of Europe. One in particular, of purple flowers, seemed to brighten the whole place, and made the breath come quicker, for it provoked the illusion of immediacy; one seemed to feel the very presence, to hear the very departing footsteps of the hanger of that wreath. Instinctively one looked about for him; at no time in this war have I felt the German so near.

That cemetery held in itself the whole baffling solution of the riddle—for all of German psychology was there.

They had failed to reach Paris; for two years they had sat here in their trenches, held in check by a people they had forced to dig themselves in on their own soil. Their own presence on that soil constituted the ultimate outrage; yet there on that soil they were invading, with faith unparalleled, with a sublime disregard for the working of the normal mind, they had spent their time in building arrogant monuments to that invasion—one, to an entire company, had to be ascended to by steps—confidently expecting those they had injured to cherish these, fondly believing France would suffer their permanent presence on her sacred, violated ground. It was as if they were unaware of giving any offense at all; it was, in short, my German friend in New York all over again, on a large scale. They melted in tenderness on their own gravestones and ran over with sentiment; and a stone's throw away the outraged sublimity of France silently planted her graves with humble wooden crosses and little flags. It converted what should have been touching into one outrage more, and turned the pathetic into the merely pathological—or, at best, the rudimentary sentiment common to the barbarian and the child.

Nothing more permanent than that cemetery was ever planned. Elsewhere, as we know, the stones for the monuments have been taken by the Germans from French graves

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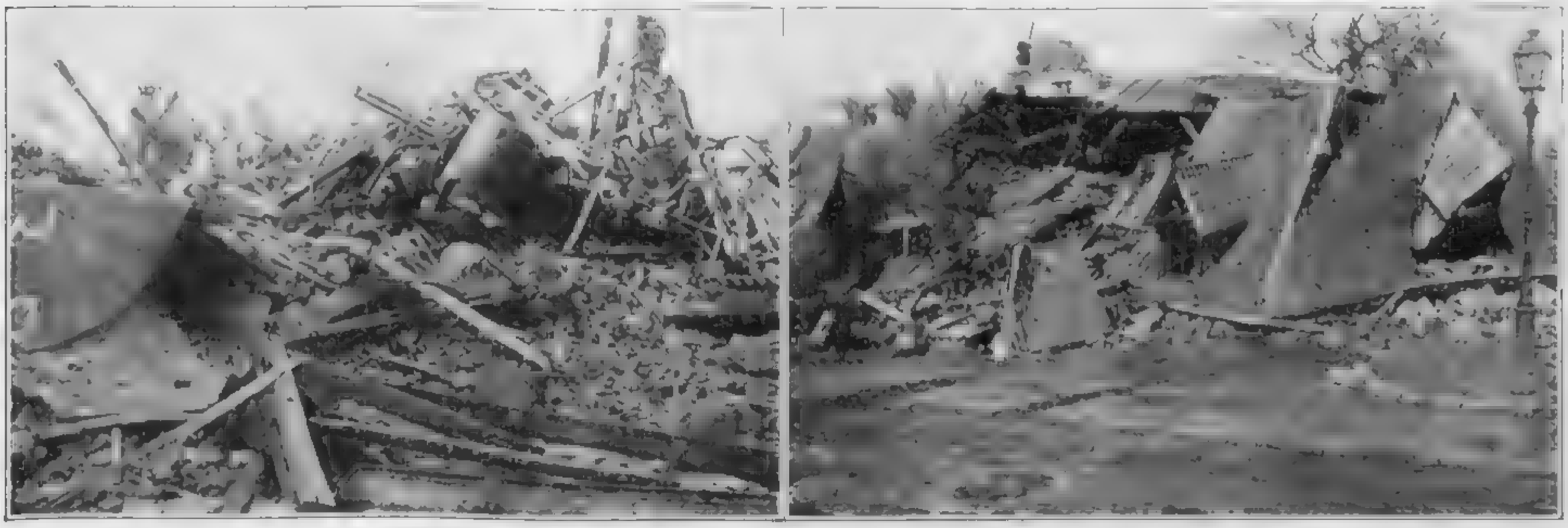


It is the Infernal Thoroughness of the Work Which is Most Impressive—the Miles and Miles of Torn-Up Rails; the Splintered Poles; the Bending, the Breaking, the Smashing

THE PRODIGAL IN UTOPIA

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

He Remembered With a Queer Little Pang the Quarrels Made and the Quarrels Settled Between Them in the Days at Vineyard Haven

AT THE right, on Sixth Avenue, the Elevated train rumbled and crashed. At the left, on Fifth, the current of traffic ran more sedately but trimly, with a low sound, as of quiet but sincere haste. Below, Fourteenth Street swarmed like an ant heap, filthy, repulsive, but with an air of purpose, of business to be done, of work in progress. The three men in the dingy littered office sat back in their chairs and talked. Anæmic September sunshine came through the one back window like some muddy, yellow fluid. Felton, the natty man with the spade beard and the shallow treacherous eyes, was speaking.

"I went up to Kummer's, on Fifth Avenue, and demanded to see Arnold Kummer. I sent in my card, and he told them to bring me right in."

"Well?" John King inquired. There was the light of hot indignation in his eyes. On the face of Regan, the labor agitator, shrewd, cynical, scarred, there was only the expression of a practitioner listening to the outlines of a case.

"I said: 'Mr. Kummer, do you know that the operatives who are making the garments you sell in your great store receive only a few dollars for the work on them? That families of them sleep in one room? That they eat the meanest food?' 'I do,' he said."

"Well?" King's voice took on a more cutting edge.

"'Can you reconcile your vast profits with the condition of those people?' I asked him. He cut me short. 'Those people, my good Mr. Felton'—get that?—'are in paradise compared to their condition in Russian Poland and Galicia. Profit and industry find their level, just as water does. That is what the work is worth under the conditions. I am not going to explain to you my position—rental, sales service, advertising, care of stock, interest on investment, personal brains. You ought to know that already. Now what do you want?'"

"Go ahead!" King was speaking through his teeth tensely.

"I said: 'Mr. Kummer, I want you to give those people a living wage. I want you, as one of the greatest merchants in America, to abolish this system of mercantile feudalism, of absolute serfdom. I want those people to live like human beings, not like rats. Give them a taste of the sunshine that God floods this green earth with. Give them life!'"

"What did he say?" King demanded.

Across Regan's cynical face there flickered for an instant the shadow of a twisted smile.

"He said: 'My good sir, one of the trials of our exceedingly tried life is to be worried by amateur reformers and professional agitators. But I reply to you, as I reply to all of them, that the matter is perfectly adjusted, according to my conscience, and my conscience is by no means a weak one.' 'You won't do anything, then?' I said. 'Not a thing!' he answered. 'I have given you your chance, Mr. Kummer,' said I. 'Now, if you care for exposure you'll get it!'"

"Yes?" King had leaned forward and was gazing at Felton eagerly, his fingers clutching the side of his chair. Regan looked at the boy slowly, keenly, as though judging the amount of fire in him at the moment, its duration and its effect.

"And this is what he said—the dirty dog!" Felton went on: "'Oh, I know you are going to get one of your affecting and profitable lectures out of this, Mr. Felton. Now you can go ahead and expose, and be damned to you! Good morning!' That's all!"

He leaned back and took King in with that shrewd glance of his, that was something like a gambler's watching his opponent study the cards. He watched the lad's bulk, the aggressive jaw, the black curling hair, the black eyes glinting occasionally with fire and then sinking for an instant into a sort of thoughtful somnolence.

After some moments of tense silence King suddenly raised his head.

"You can go ahead and expose, Felton," King said. "But we'll try something else too. If we can't get under the man's hide we'll get at him through the pocket. We'll find out what he'll say when his workrooms are empty, and his sewing machines silent, and his fancy garments unbasted."

"That's the boy!" Regan's hoarse voice boomed out. "That's the stuff. Action! Action!"

"'Go ahead and be damned' to us! eh? Very well, we'll go ahead. He may change his mind after a month's strike; after his store has been picketed; after a mass of starving workmen in front of his plate-glass windows scare the fine ladies and gentlemen away from his silks and broadcloth!"

He caught up his tweed cap and strode to the door.

"I'm going out to think over this," he said.

They listened to his feet on the stairs for an instant, then Felton smiled. There was a deal of pleased cunning in Felton's smile, a measure of contempt too. So the eye of the fabulist's ape must have smiled as the cat plucked his chestnuts from the glowing coals.

"That's a great boy," said he.

There was not so much finesse to Regan. He grinned outright. "You said it!" he agreed. "One fine boy, John is!"

II

AS HE walked swiftly down Fifth Avenue, southward, toward Washington Square, John King presented an interesting study to the casual passer-by. What with his great bulk, his tweeds and flannel shirt, the clear, open and brilliant face, one would have placed him immediately as one of the band who had embraced the cause of the workingman, and no matter what one's opinions or politics might be one would have thrilled at the sight of him, as at the thought of a high ideal.

"That's the type," one might have said, "that is going to make America in the times to come."

But an athlete, looking at that bulk, though recognizing the groundwork of bone and sinew, would know that it was flabby from disuse. A workman, at the sight of the flannel shirt and tweed cap, would know that it was not a laborer's dress, but the idea of how a laborer should clothe himself, such as an actor might have. A physiognomist would have seen in the face, for all the rugged jaw, a great fire without the ballast of sound thought; enthusiasm, without the faculty of choosing subjects worthy of enthusiasm.

In Martha's Vineyard, where he was born and reared, old inhabitants who knew his father and who knew his mother, speak of his precocious cleverness, giving those random, ungoverned expressions of childhood as evidence that a great future lay before him. At school in Maine he is chiefly remembered as a bright youngster, with more than the average youngster's tendency to reading grandiloquent verse and to imitating it ineptly. His career at college took a queer slant. Gone were the poets from his mind, vanishing as at the order of an enchanter. Latin he abhorred, and Greek too. And plunging into the subject as a diver into a lake, he immersed himself in economics. He wrestled with and conquered weird things, like the law of diminishing returns; and even weirder, such as the phenomenon of unremunerative supply. He spoke glibly of valorization and the foreign exchanges.

"King," the professor of economics would say in his sententious manner, "has discovered that economics is more imaginative than literature."

"The Boy's Right When He Says That Life Must Not Be Selfish. The Boy's Right in That"

All this is very dry—boring, indeed—and very puzzling to the layman. But it is necessary in a way, inasmuch as it explains how John King came to find himself in a dingy office between an insincere and venal lecturer and a labor agitator who was little better than a hired bravo. It explains the entries against him in police blotters for disorderly conduct during riots. It explains his championship of unworthy causes and his companionship with unworthy men.

"The trouble with King," the old professor told himself in later days, when King's name was laughed at in the college and frowned at in New York, "is that he feels instead of thinks. Some day he will discover that he has some gray matter in his skull, as well as a heart behind his breastbone."

It is dangerous for an irresponsible person to wander about with

a loaded blunderbuss. It is manifestly just as dangerous for an irresponsible person to seek the solution of big problems and to be in a position to apply it. There came a day in John King's studies when he had done with effects, like the laws of barter and exchange, like the transoceanic migration and immigration of gold. He began to study whys and wherefores, and instantly he was caught into a vortex of opinion that whirled him until he was dizzy.

As might be imagined from the temperament of John King, it was not the sedate, conservative gentlemen who looked at the matter with cold-blooded science, who reasoned faultlessly, and drew conclusions with scientific accuracy—it was not they who appealed to him. The low hum of these men passed him by, and his eardrums reverberated to the howling of the philosophers of the wilderness. We were all created and placed on this planet, cried they, and to each one of us belongs his share, as well as to his neighbor. The bootblack should have as much as the banker. If he has not it is iniquitous, and we live under a system of iniquity. The wealthy have secured their wealth by cunning and force, at the expense of the blood and sweat of their fellow men. Why is this? Are we not all human? Have we not all souls, bodies, hearts?

"All human!" King repeated to himself in a sort of trance. "Souls; bodies; hearts!"

And little by little he was caught, as in a spider's web, by the mouthing of the economists without the gate. He lent an enthralled ear to their shallow Utopias. He accepted as fury at the wrongs against mankind the shrill invective of disappointed, infuriated men. The bittersweet morbidity of Russian thought, with its monotonous patter about souls, ensnared him, as a fly might be caught in some treacly substance.

To that stereotyped set, which every college owns, which feels in the sap of its youth the desire to right the wrongs of the world, John King delivered his opinions with white flaming fire.

"What is your banker? An adding machine. What is your workman? An automaton. They have lost the meaning of life; the meaning of freedom. We were created to be as free as the birds in the air. And we can be as free, as happy, as joyful of life, with a proper adjustment of wealth and a proper adjustment of labor."

It was in New York, whither he had come for a week after receiving his degree, that his destiny, for some years at least, was hung about his neck. He met a few of his old cronies, disputants of former days, who still persisted in their youthful practice of re-creating a universe. In a garret on Twelfth Street he met them—a supergarret, anaemic with candlelight and the discouraged flicker of bad coal in a mildewed grate, the walls hung with offensive and badly drawn pictures, endeavoring shamefacedly to bear the name of studio.

"I have a respect and an admiration," he declaimed, "for those men who used dynamite in Minneapolis. It was their protest against an intolerable situation. They broke the law, the authorities ruled, and so must be punished. I ask you, how could they break a law which they never recognized?"

A low murmur of applause came from those present, squatted on their haunches, sucking at pipes.

"I hold these men as martyrs," he continued. "And to be accounted with them is the dearest wish of my heart. If I have got any talent, any enthusiasm, I want it for my one ambition—to go out into the highways and byways, among men of all degrees, and to preach one thing: The people crucified!"

He did have talent, enthusiasm, sincerity. These things were as manifest as the strong straight nose of him, or his black eyes. His enthusiasm impressed that gathering of philosophers; his fire inflamed them. In due course he was offered the secretaryship of the newly formed Union for the People's Rights, carrying with it the emolument of ten to fifteen dollars a week, accordingly as dues were paid, or there could be subsidies extracted from wealthy patrons who had a weakness for sociology. And so John King came to New York City to liberate a stricken people; to see that justice was done; or, if it should not be, to watch the heavens crumble.

III

AS THEY walked across Washington Square together there were many who turned and looked at them. The sight of the big man in tweeds and flannel shirt might be interesting, but the sight of the slender, pale-faced woman, with her boyishly shorn head and her formless, swaying draperies, was unusual to the point of challenge. For only a few weeks had King known Helen Gurney, and to his eyes she seemed admirable. The pale, unhealthy sallowness of skin was transmuted in his eyes to an interesting pallor. The cropped hair, whose unwashed quality passed him by, was to him the symbol of her liberation from the old-time bondage of women. The lines in her forehead, printed there indelibly by selfishness, he translated as the stigmata of thought. The pouting mouth and the hardness in her eyes were to him invisible.

"Say What You Mean, Mae," King Was Ordering. "Why Don't You Say Something, Regan? You, Felton? Speak, for Heaven's Sake, Man! Tell Her ——"

"I do wish, John," Jimmy Taylor, one of the few friends of his college days who still kept in touch with him, used to say, "that coming down to see you didn't entail seeing your friends also. I'm not keen on Helen Gurney. I don't like her. She's selfish. She's plain. She can do nothing."

"She's one of the most whole-souled women in America!" King replied hotly. "And your remark about her is just such as I'd expect from a cabaret fiend like you. I don't know what you mean by saying she can't do anything."

"You don't, don't you?" Jimmy would sneer. "Look here! She drops her people in Norfolk, probably because she can't get on with them. She comes here and tries everything. She painted badly. She wrote worse. Now she preys on her fellow parasites, running that half-baked tea shop—what do you call it?—The Dinky Dog or The Cockeyed Kitten, or whatever it is. John! John! Give me a rest! When are you going to stop making a fool of yourself?"

Be that as it may, it did not change the viewpoint of John King. To him Helen Gurney was the personification of the woman of coming days, the woman who, to use her own trite phrase, had broken through the bars of the seraglio to take her rightful place by her new comrades in the fight for freedom.

"Let us sit down, John King," she said in her carefully modulated voice. "I love the benches in the park. I love to dream on them."

The faint October twilight was falling about them, bracing, with a hint of cold. Lights were beginning to spring up here and there with the sparkling quality of autumn. Westward and eastward life rushed like a strong river. Great links of electric trains sped northward with their complement of workers returning home, like bees winging to the hive at the close of day. Occasionally an Italian workman passed them, lumbering, muscular, happy, claiming his evening's relaxation joyously. Life sparkled about them, strong, electric. A day was drawing to its end, and the work of the day was done.

"Have you decided what you are going to do at the unemployed's meeting?" she asked him. "You are going to speak, aren't you, at Union Square?"

"I am going to speak," he said; "and after the meeting I am going to bring that crowd round to every charitable organization in the city. I am going to leave as many as I can in every office; leave them there, to sleep there, and to demand food there. I am going to call these people's bluff. I am going to see whether there is any charity or whether the thing is conducted for the benefit of the officials. The men are going to hold their places, and defy being thrown out, and resist it. That's what I am going to do!"

"Glorious!" she breathed, as in a sort of ecstasy. "Now they'll know what the worker really is. They'll get a chance of seeing things as they are, not as they want them to be!"

And this spoken, she became silent. For five minutes, it might have been, she remained so, her hands clasped in the lap of her shapeless dress, her face high in an attitude of studied ecstasy. And in John King's imagination, as he sat there silently with her, there rose the idea of great latent force and of high-mindedness. He had no affection for her, no love—only a measure of admiration and a sort of awe. These blinded him. It never entered his thoughts that this woman was playing a rôle—the rôle of herself as she saw herself—and he was as yet too inexperienced to be a critic of the theatrical thing called Life, and of the mountebanks that human beings are. "This is as woman should be," he told himself. "Strong, self-reliant, untrammeled!"

And clearly—and suddenly, without any chain of suggesting thought—there rose in his mind the image of Mae Westervelt, of her who had been his comrade and sweetheart of the days before there shone round about him a light from heaven, on the road from Jerusalem toward Damascus. There was a certain sense of shame in the comparison, for beneath the chaff and dross which had accumulated about him there remained the sense of old conventions and of an ancient thing called modesty. He remembered Mae as a child in short dresses, as a girl with large eyes and braided hair; but most of all he remembered her as he had last seen her—a woman for all her nineteen years—competent, keen, and, for all her feminine graces, which were not few, with a shrewd sense of worldly values.

A little thrill would even now pass through him as he pictured her, tall, slim and rounded, with the strong current of her Holland blood showing in the clear white of her skin and the delicate blue of her eyes. It was not the thin chiseled nose, the finely sculptured mouth and chin or the curve of her pillarlike throat that thrilled him. It was the fire that could leap from her eyes, and the grim, indomitable spirit behind it—the spirit that had sent her forbears across three thousand perilous miles to build them a newer Amsterdam, and that had spurred her later blood to trek upcountry from Table Bay, and that had guided their bluff admirals to the shores of Java.

"The little spitfire!" he smiled. "How she could fight!"

He remembered with a queer little pang the quarrels made and the quarrels settled between them in the days at Vineyard Haven, when she lived there with her aunt, old Martha Westervelt, the terrible righteous old lady, who fed surreptitiously sugar to horses and pennies to children, and whose ambition in life it seemingly was to appear grim as the triad of Gorgons. But now old Martha Westervelt had gone, and was abiding in that trim and righteous heaven which she had striven for in life, and

Mae Westervelt was enjoying the inheritance of the great shipyards at New Bedford and New London, of docks at Boston and New York—all that wealth that grandfather Westervelt, he of the clipper ship days, had accumulated by Dutch thrift and Yankee daring. She was worth a couple of millions if all he heard was true; and there was little reason for disbelieving it.

"And now, I suppose, she'll be like the rest of them," he told himself savagely. "She'll grind the last cent's worth of labor from the employees. 'Double my fortune! Give me luxury and fame—and here's the price of a day's meal to you, and rest in a dog's kennel!'"

The untrammeled woman rose. She sighed and shook her head. She looked about her at the workers on their way homeward, at the swarthy Italian laborers, at the lights shining brilliantly like fixed stars.

"I love to sit here," she said. "I love to be in touch with the world's misery. It makes one feel so human."

They walked southward across the square. In front the Italian quarter rose up, eager, bustling, its twisted streets as full of people as a hive of bees.

"And what are you doing to-night, John King?" she asked in that casual, comradely way of hers.

"I?" he said. "Oh, I'm going to hear Mallajee, that Hindu student, speak. The man who threw the bomb at the viceroy. He's just been smuggled through from San Francisco. The things he tells are appalling. The British officials will heed nothing. And there's going to be another mutiny, another Lucknow. The voice of the people is rumbling like the thunder of God."

IV

HE WOULD never have made a great surgeon; never a fashionable doctor. He filled humbly the humble niche there was for him in the world – the niche of the old country physician. Ten, fifteen years ago, before the last of the old Vineyard sailors had canted off for their celestial landfall, the name of Doctor King was better known in the Vineyard than Carrel's is to-day. A rugged, salty man, with his horse and gig, his high hat dented by his stethoscope's bulge, his face tanned and his beard bleaching from all kinds of weather—he was the one who attended to all their wounds and dislocations, their child and death beds, their simple quinsies and whitlows.

It had been a long time now since he had come to Edgartown, nigh on two score years. He had married his wife there, old Captain Pratt's daughter, and had lived with her childless until he was forty and she thirty-five. A miracle it seemed to them, after fifteen years—as it had seemed to Sarah, who of a surety bore a child, and she old—when their son John came.

She had pleasure for little time in it, for she died of that circumstance—the quiet, trustful little woman! And John King was reared in his father's house, until he was sent to school, until he was sent to college, until he went out into the world with a great sincerity, and a shallow ambition to fritter his days away in a pinchbeck temple. His father had listened wonderingly to the son's fiery expression of ambition, and had nodded in agreement.

"Of course if you think and feel that way," he had told the boy, "there is nothing else to do. I had planned otherwise, but ——"

He had, of course, planned otherwise, dreaming dreams, as is the fashion of old men. He had seen in fancy his son wedded to Mae Westervelt, happy, contented at his own hearth, with children who would call him grandfather. He had no thought of the money Mae would bring—he only knew that they seemed fond of each other. But for forty years or more, since the day he had taken his Hippocratic oath, he had been so imbued with the idea of serving faithfully his fellow men that the ideal the boy had was in no whit strange to him.

"Of course I don't understand what he means to do," the old man said to himself. "But the boy's right when he says that life must not be selfish. The boy's right in that. The boy's right!"

He had never been able to make much money in his island practice. His fees had never been exacting, and he had never pressed for payment. And all his slender savings had gone in sending John through college, every dollar of them. He had not been careless with money, but he had not been hoarding of it. It had never occurred to him that a time would come when he would be in want.

But times changed on the island. Little by little the old whaling masters died, and their crews with them, and their children removed to other places. Great estates sprang up about; great hotels. The Vineyard hummed with summer visitors. And new doctors had come too—portly, bustling men who shot by in speeding motors—men who were masters of the newer healing magic, of cultures and serums, of antitoxins, of inoculations that by poisoning prevented poison, who excelled in operations that had the mathematical exactness of a logarithm, things undreamed of in his ancient, simple leech craft. And now all that was left for him were the few hybrid Indians and Portuguese, the colored folk of the Bluffs, and an occasional vestige of the old families who called him in for sentiment. And the times were hard!

Occasionally it had crossed his thoughts, before his affairs had become crucial, in the days when John was about to leave college, that the boy would help him. He felt he had no claim on this, and would never mention it, but he thought of it as a possibility out of the lad's own generosity.

"He would give it gladly if he had it, the poor lad!" the doctor told himself. "But he has nothing. He has sacrificed everything for principle." And on the few occasions that the son came to visit him in the three years he had been away—a fortnight the first year, a week the second, and a few days the third—the father took every precaution to hide the state of his finances from him.

"I wouldn't worry the boy for the world!" he said. "He has enough troubles of his own, with his committees and his strike work and his critics."

It had reached the pass, however, when nothing was coming in and everything had gone out. Tradesmen were unaccountably good to him, pressing credit upon him and remaining smilingly indefinite as to dates of payment. On the few occasions he needed money and asked the advice of the president of the bank where he carried his modest account as to the advisability of selling his few remaining acres of ground, he was dumfounded at the suggestion that the bank would lend him the money on note. And when he had returned, broken and ashamed, to confess his inability to meet the debt, he was greeted with urbane kindness and the paper was renewed.

All this time he had, with simple pathetic faith, expected something to happen, as he put it. But latterly he had been growing very cold and heavy and gray about the heart. He would sit on the porch of his old weather-beaten house, old and tired as himself, and look to sea, northward, where the boats passed along—the frail-looking schooners as lonely on the bosom of the deep as single birds in a vast expanse of sky, and the sturdy tramp steamers going doggedly forth on their lawful occasions.

And with that cold concentration that the sea gives, he saw himself as he really was, a poor and lonely old man, verging toward three score and ten. There might be ten years of life in him yet—perhaps twenty—but the thought of that was the thought of barren unnecessary years. For him the dream of old men would never come true—the home in the bosom of a child's family; the grandchildren in whom he would see his own childhood again, and the childhood of his son; the hearth by which he might sit dreaming of brave agile days, of victories won and ancient ambitions realized, and where, happy and comforted, he might deliquesce gently into eternity. For him these things were not to be—his days were few and there was no comfort for him before he passed into the land of darkness and the shadow of death.

V

HE BUSTLED up the stairs in the house at West Street, running nearly. He was disappointed at the lack of flurry about the door, at the everyday quality of it, its practical desertion. He had expected, when the teamsters' strike was called, that about the union's office men would seethe, burly giants of men, rough, aggressive, prepared to wreck the establishment they had left, to demand justice by force of dominant physical strength.

In the office itself there was no hurry, no excitement. At a table, contentedly smoking, sat O'Connell, the secretary, red-faced, huge, hard-eyed, his great stub-fingered hands resting easily on the arms of the chair. A couple of other men, teamsters evidently, were sitting peacefully on a bench near the wall.

"My name's King—John King," he explained, "of the Union for the People's Rights. I came down here to offer you our assistance, and to see if there was anything I could do."

O'Connell looked at him quizzically for a few minutes. He took the cigar from his mouth.

"Why, certainly, there's something you can do!" he rasped. "You can sit right down and make out a check for a couple of thousand dollars."

"I'm afraid," King smiled, "that's out of the question. The only support we can give you is a moral one."

The striker kept his hard gaze on the lad's face for a minute. The teamsters looked up in interest.

"And what will that be worth?" he asked. "How will that help us?

"I think I heard of you before," the secretary went on. "King, did you say? Didn't you get pinched at Paterson a few years ago for hitting a cop? And didn't you get pinched in Colorado a while back for bawling out the militia?

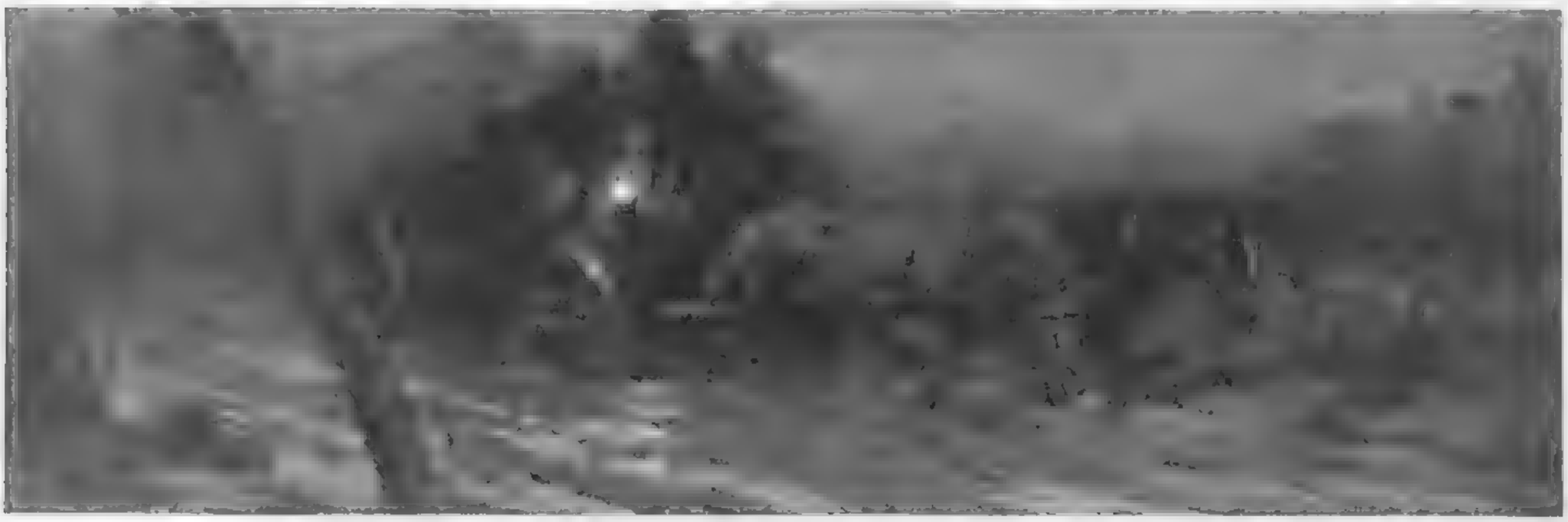
(Continued on Page 109)

"I Hold These Men as Martyrs," King Continued. "And to be Accounted With Them is the Dearest Wish of My Heart"

BOLDERO

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD



Their Cart Labored On Through Mud and Water. Rain Pelted Everyone. Thus the North Levee Was Reached

HALF of Mr. Weechurch's advice Boldero followed easily; but the other half was in the hands of Fate. It seemed that he had hardly forgotten his aching muscles, and begun a dream of India-rubber men, who flapped their wings like penguins, when suddenly a glare hurt his eyes and voices hailed him. He woke to find a figure from his dream invading the room—a burly man in wet rubber that shone red by the light of a lantern he carried, a man dripping like the drowned sailor's ghost in the ballad.

Mr. Weechurch's face appeared somewhere in the background. Bundles of dried herbs and their shadows played phantasmagoria round walls and ceiling.

"Get up!" commanded the formidable lantern bearer. "It's the mayor's orders. He wants every able-bodied man up and out. Water's comin' in over the North Levee."

Boldero blinked, for this vision and these words had no meaning.

"Come! Up!" cried the stranger; and, lumbering forward, he grasped all the bedclothes by the middle and whisked them aloft in one fist, like a conjurer removing the magic napkin. "Up, unless you mean to lay there drownded like a rat. The whole town'll be one bottom of a lake inside half an hour!"

With this gloomy prediction he dropped the bedclothes on the floor, and applied his hot lantern chimney to the soles of Jack's feet.

"I'm comin'," stammered Boldero, and fell out of bed. "Which way?"

The black-armored giant rolled across the room, his long coat rasping as he went.

"Ride in the wagons, if they ain't all gone," he ordered, swinging his lantern in the doorway. "If they are gone follow their lights. North Levee. Wake up and get that! North! See? North side of town."

He disappeared, and ran thundering down the stairs. Mr. Weechurch spoke in the darkness.

"Dress in my room," said his voice.

Candles and fire had burned low, but his little room seemed too warm and bright to leave on such a dismal errand. Boldero admired it ruefully. It was a kind of home.

"What time o' night?" he asked.

Weechurch took down from a nail his famous gold watch.

"The Pig says two o'clock. It's morning. If I were younger I'd go. My poor old son, your clothes aren't half dried from yesterday."

Boldero found them warm, but clammy and leaden.

"No matter," he grumbled, as he rammed his legs through adhesive swaddlings. "I expect they need all hands. You go hop back into bed."

He opened his cap, which was like a cold pudding, and smashed it down over his head.

"We won't let you get drownded," said Boldero, grinning; "not if we have to fetch down the Ark off Ararat. Go to sleep, father."

He galloped downstairs and forth into the rain, happy as a colt to imagine he had someone dependent on him; someone he must protect. The notion sent his spirit mounting.

The streets were a vista of dead houses and glossy pavement striped with long blue reflection from arc lamps, past the blurred radiance of which fell numberless white streaks of rain. No wagons appeared anywhere, but wheels rumbled upon asphalt, far away. Boldero began running after them. "Can't let Jimmy drownd in his bed!" he thought. The houses, the lamps, the empty streets unrolled before him and drew behind as he raced along with echoing footsteps. Presently there was no more town, no pavement, no echo, and he churned heavily through mud, alone in the dark. Past fields, past the crowded blackness of vegetable gardens, along a flat waste where the hiss and sputter of rain marked solitude, a tiny reddish spark trailed far ahead, guiding him northward. As he overtook this traveling drop of fire, he heard some wooden gear racketing; a horse coughed, an axle groaned, leather traces flapped loose and taut with a rhythmical creaking.

Suddenly Boldero splashed through a pool and saw heaving before him the stern of a wagon on which lay huddled men, asleep or dead. A lantern burned on the driver's perch. Boldero caught the tailboard, vaulted from a quagmire, and landed headfirst among these bodies of men.

They were not dead, for as he plowed into them they grunted and sat erect. A dozen voices jabbered at him. His friends of the Acropolis, the Macedonian laborers, woke to stare through raindrops and crossed lantern rays at the newcomer. "Georgi?" cried one. "Triantaphyllou?" said another. "No," a third growled; "American. What you wanta, heh?" This wagonload was all Greek and smelled ranker than cattle. A man whose legs dangled over the near front wheel began chanting a song without end—How Papa Oneiropolos Tamed the Wild Stallion:

"Dream-Dealer bound the horse's mouth,
Ho, hey, a raging beast!
He roped his legs out, North and South,
Haul away, West and East,
Four iron shoes on a fighting beast!
The corn is up; the Lord arisen!"

While this song continued mournfully—half improvised, half recalled from ballads and Easter legends—Boldero snuggled down into the steaming mass of men. They accepted him, let him lie. Their cart labored on through mud and water. Rain pelted everyone. The singer lifted a young barytone voice to wail out the Dream-Dealer's long-drawn miracles; and to this Lenten music the town lights dwindled beyond a mile or more of darkness and waste land. Thus the North Levee was reached.

"Git out," said the driver of the wagon. "Here's Kellaway Grade Crossin'. Take your shovels."

At this point the North Levee was a long hillock of grass lighted by a feast of lanterns, and scarred with footpaths of orange mud. A road, trampled into paste, climbed this hillock to end in a rampart of sandbags. All the rubber-coated penguins of Boldero's dream were running about here, digging with shovels, carrying jute sacks, calling out commands, clambering up and falling down the levee side.

A round little fury, daubed over with clay, charged among the unloading Greeks and shouted:

"Who's leader here?"

No one replied.

"Who's your boss?"

Boldero recognized his friend, the mayor of the city.

"I'll lead 'em, sir," he offered, "if you gimme authority."

The furious mayor wiped his eyes and grinned.

"Go to it, boy! You're all right," said he. "Take your mudhens up where the railroad crosses, and sandbag her good and heavy. She's a low spot like this. No time to lose. Mind! You're captain. Drive the work!"

Boldero waved an arm above his Greeks and cried, as though he had owned them all his life: "Come on, fellers! This way! Shovels wanted. Fetch your sacks. Come on! Come on! Tumble up!"

They climbed the slippery bank among the clustered lights and made off westward, falling over a lumpy rounded battlement of sandbags. Before they had gone far, Boldero discovered that in all his gang only two carried lanterns. He ran back to beg for more.

"Lend me a light!" he shouted.

The workers, busy with spades, handbarrows, picks, carrying litters of lashed saplings, glared at him and told him to go to. In that turmoil they had no time to listen. He snatched at the bail of a lantern that stood perched on a heap of mud. Its guardian shoving him backward, he stepped on what appeared to be solid ground, and immediately, waist-deep, went souse into the river. The invisible flood swirled round him, carried his feet from under him as he splashed and fought his way back upon the dike. A man dropped a sandbag to laugh breathlessly. Nobody else heeded him.

"Go to the devil yourself!"

Boldero, laughing also, ran off lanternless to rejoin his Greeks.

They continued stumbling in single file, and sang no longer; but cursed in perplexity. Between the darkness where the bank sloped inward and the faint shine of the river, to walk on these rounded backs of slimy jute was like walking over greased pigs. A few hundred yards of such going seemed as many miles. When the lights of the Kellaway Grade Crossing made a misty glare far behind, the string of men came down off the last sandbag, and not long afterward plunged into a depression where the path felt smooth and semifluid.

"Gorry!" said Boldero. "The river's got over!"

"I Hop' You Bette," Squeaked the Chinaman in a Quavering Treble. "You Not Make Die Now"

Their two lanterns disclosed a thin, jet bright layer of water stealing over the narrow path. The rails and ties of a disused freight line crossed the levee in this depression, which the flood had not overlooked.

"Here! One light here; one below!"

A broad-backed, sullen little old Greek understood him and shouted interpretation. Boldero grasped this man by the arm, electing him lieutenant and keeping him close at his side.

"Half of 'em below in that patch o' mud to dig and fill sacks. Other half lug up here and pile. The man that don't work, I'll chuck him into jail—*eis tas phulakas!* Get me?"

The little morose man promptly nodded.

"Asklipios!" he shrilled. "Ithanasso!" He bawled names and orders in profusion through the rain. His countrymen obeyed, ran shouting down the bank, and quickly began to ply their shovels. "Eet ees no good, sar," he reported with a gesture of despair. "The bags they air too haivy."

Boldero followed the gesture and became aware that his gang had neither stretcher nor barrow.

"Too heavy? Hell!" quoth Boldero. "Do it by main strength and awkwardness."

Through dripping tumbleweed and grass he slid down among the diggers, who lifted him on foot and stared at him, disconsolate, round the lantern ring in a mudhole. He grasped one of the full sandbags. Indeed, it sat too heavy. "Can't lift it!" he thought. But his men kept their eyes upon him so that he could not endure the idea of failing publicly. "Here; watch!" said he; and, twisting the "ears" of the bag, by a fearful wrench he managed to whirl it a handsbreadth from the ground, to crouch, throw one hip under and swing the dead weight across his loins with a blow that staggered him. "Come on!" he groaned, crawling up the levee again like a foundered horse. "Come on!"

As he went splayfooting, he saw a fat old Greek hug another bag into the pit of his stomach and loyally follow.

The work had begun. They two dumped their loads near the other lantern where the water flowed thinly, and then came tumbling down for more. While they did so a flash of common sense crossed Boldero's mind.

"Half full!" he shouted. "Fill your bags half full."

The Greeks caught his idea, and laughed as men laugh to whom the obvious comes like an inspiration. There was no more hanging back. Half a bag of wet mud was no child's plaything, but they filled and carried busily. Within an hour they could see by the upper lantern a cobbled wall of sacks blocking the depression where railroad and levee crossed. Their defense was holding, and even gaining on the flood. Half an hour more of such work would render this point safe.

"Doing grand, fellers!" panted Boldero. He was a mass of slimy clay, so hot and wet that he felt parboiled. It would never do to show exhaustion. "Grand work! Where's your singer? Tell him to knock off and sing for us. Music, here! Music!"

"Ithanasso!" bawled the lieutenant. "Sing for us!"

Ithanasso obeyed in the darkness, and began to chant again the wonderful adventures of Papa Dream-Dealer. He was encouraging the work, melodiously yelling something about a merry devil named Callicantzaros, when hoarse cries above, on the right, cut him short. A man came heavily running from nowhere to leap upon the new wall—a white face and waving arms in the mist of lantern light and rain.

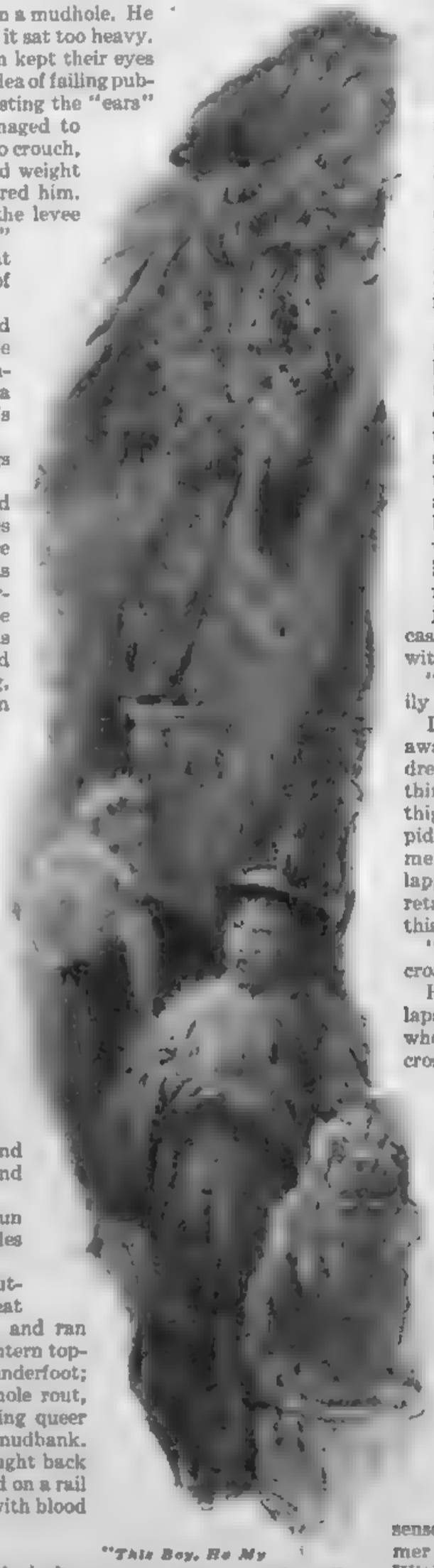
"She's busted!" wailed this fellow. "Run for it, boys! The levee's broken both sides of ye! Run! She's busted!"

The wild figure fell among them, shouting incoherent orders to flee. With a great hubbub the Greeks dropped everything and ran down the inner slope of the levee. One lantern toppled, rolled flaming, and was smashed underfoot; the other, caught up hastily, led the whole rout, bobbing among a herd of legs and casting queer shadows that fled from under the scarred mudbank.

Boldero found himself swept along, fought back with his fists, tripped, fell, banged his head on a rail or the edge of a shovel, and rose blindly, with blood thickening the rain down his cheek.

"Come back!" he shouted.

He was alone. For a few steps he lurched after the lantern and its crowd of flying shadows.



"This Boy, He My Partner Now. You Treat Him All Same Me, Every Time"

"No!" he stammered.

The words of old Doornail Jimmy, the deaf man, resounded through his daze and told him to stop, to halt; never to run away.

"I can't do anything more," his weakness argued reasonably.

If the levee had broken no man could be of service here. He had seen dikes break in other low countries, and perfectly remembered how a hundred yards of earth, solid as a hill, can melt, fall inward and flow like chocolate.

"Don't run!" repeated the ghostly voice. "It's the one great mistake."

He was alone with that ghost of morality.

"If she ain't broken," he thought, smearing blood from his eyebrows, "and I leave this part of her, why, she may bust right here for lack of watching."

He crawled back painfully to his deserted post.

"If we was soldiers we couldn't leave." The supposition more or less comforted him. "We didn't get no real orders. That cuss who came a-bellowing to run, his face looked unreliable, kind of poor white to me, and scared. Maybe he didn't know. Maybe he just heard a rumor and was playing Johnstown hero. Always is some fool like that."

Boldero sat down on the unfinished bulwark. He was of a piece with it, water-logged and slippery. A noise of waters filled the night—until gradually night grew paler and paler. Tangible rain became visible as gray beads rolling down the mud poultice on his chest, down the woven jute and clay mush he sat on, down through the wiry globes of last year's tumbleweed at his feet. He waited, cold and motionless, except when lifting a hand to wipe from his eyebrows more blood, which ran slower and heavier now, as though freezing.

Dawn began to stain the darkness, a sour dull-green light that showed the curve of the levee. From the crossbars of a telephone line sunken in the flood without, batches of stuff hung like seaweed; treetops appeared here and there as islands, tufts of infant bushes; and all the rest of the world extended as a colorless lake without motion, though now and then some black object—driftwood or a dead carcass—passed in revolving flight, with sinister, gulping noises.

"What's that?" Boldero drowsily asked himself.

It seemed impossible to keep awake, yet he struggled out of his dream to mark some dull gray thing crawling along under his thighs. He stared down at it stupidly. It had a slow, furtive movement—lapping, withdrawing; lapping forward again. Boldero retained enough sense to know this crawling grayness for a fluid.

"Water! It's water!" he croaked. "Round my legs too."

He nodded, blinked, and relapsed more deeply into stupor, when a sudden pang of meaning crossed his brain.

"The river's over your sandbags," he reproved himself aloud. "The river's climbin' over."

This would not do. He stumbled to his feet and stared about him vacantly. There were no more sandbags anywhere to be found in that trampled gloom.

"Don't run away!" came Jimmy's warning again, like the words of a stern angel.

He remembered having fallen over some strips of wood near the diggers' mudhole. Sliding and creeping on all fours, he found the place again—partly by sense of touch, partly by the glimmer of dawn upon wet boards. With numb fingers he chose a scantling, tugged from the inward mess of his clothes a pocketknife, knelt down in a pond and managed to whittle a few pegs.

His last conscious act—if, indeed, he were not dreaming again—seemed hopelessly involved with a board to be propped up edgewise on the rampart, pegs to be driven, a last forlorn kind of dam with which to oppose the deluge.

"'Stay with it,' says Jimmy," croaked his guardian angel somewhere in the rain. "Bet your neck, old man! You bet your neck!"

Driving the last peg, he felt the wooden block with which he hammered fly from his parboiled hands. He toppled over the scantling edge, and, face under water, heard the world pass derisively away in a roar.

VI

HE WOKE in his old bed under the bundles of dry Chinese herbs, with their medicinal fragrance filling the room, though tempered by mild fresh air. His window opened on a heavenly blue expanse of sunlight, a boundless warmth of spring, in which he heard sparrows fighting and now and again the solemn quack of mandarin ducks.

"Bad dreams!" he muttered. "I certainly dreamt some powerful bad notions."

With that, trying to stretch, Boldero felt his arms and legs refuse their function and dissolve in a weightless inertia.

"Been sick," he reasoned, aloud.

"Yes; but you're well now," replied a voice.

Mr. Weechurch, in his monastic gown, sat bending over a table near by. He waggled a long paintbrush, and seemed to be coloring a picture of flowers on Bristol board.

"You're right enough now," he repeated, smiling across his work. "What was it?"

Boldero considered the few muddled remnants of his nightmare.

"Water on the brain, guess I had." And he laughed.

Mr. Weechurch's dry face grew wrinkled with satirical kindness.

"A sop you were when they found you," he said as he gathered up his paint box, his picture, brushes, and glass of many-colored water. "Now you go back to sleep again like a good patient. I'll fetch you some very high-class lunch about noon. Go on! *Fais dodo.*"

He tiptoed away to the door.

"Oh, me!" sighed Boldero, relaxing into a vast and comfortable weakness. "Seems it was true; seems I been the goat again."

Jimmy, departing, paused for a moment in the corridor—a brown hermit who grinned from a frame of darkness.

"You haven't seen the newspapers," he declared mysteriously. "Drop off, my young friend; cultivate the hay; or else I shan't fetch you anything to eat."

When Boldero roused again from a delicious nap the afternoon sun slanted through his window, and two men stood regarding him in his bed. One man was Jimmy, his thumbs under his monkish girdle, his face wreathed with paternal satisfaction; the other man, a grave Chinese elder, wore a blue silken jacket and carried a tray.

"I hop' you betto," squeaked the Chinaman in a quavering treble. "You not makee die now. You all lite, guess. Eat 'em some somezing, chinchee yo' blood, welly goo'."

It might have been only their kindness, yet Boldero fancied both men regarded him with warmth and liking. While he sat up to eat hungrily of strange but excellent food, they both watched him as in a conspiracy of approval.

"'Twill do you good, that aweto soup," said Jimmy, "though you don't know what an aweto is. Maybe because you don't. Leung She understands how to cook, I believe."

"Mmh!" replied Boldero, enraptured and gluttonous. While he ate he caught sight of himself mirrored in the metal cover of a dish. "Hello!" he groaned. "Who put that kind of a head on me?"

His reflected likeness wore a scrub of orange-tawny beard, had sunken eyes, and was turbaned with a white bandage. He groaned again, beginning to recall the reason for this change.

"How do you get about?" he asked.

Mr. Weechurch frowned.

"Get about? There, there! Don't fret yourself with fancies. Everything's quite all right."

"Get round, I mean," persisted the invalid; "round the streets. This town's under water, ain't she?"

"No; she ain't," retorted Weechurch promptly. "Dry as the back of your hand."

The old Chinaman burst into a cackling laugh.

"He no sabe!" Leung She's silk-wadded body shook with merriment. "Hai-yah! He fo'get on he head!"

"You shan't inveigle us into talking with you at present," declared Jimmy. "You've had a bad week—cold, exhaustion, lack of blood. Thought we were going to lose our man, one while. Now you just eat."

"Eat, thasaw!" crowed Leung She. "He welly goo' boy. Bimeby plenty stlong, allo same bull-cow. Welly smaht boy. Eat large food, thasaw!"

Boldero obeyed them and ate, laughing weakly, for he felt anything but like a bull-cow.

Not until three or four days afterward did he learn the history of this gap in his life. Then, sitting in Jimmy's room, with his head bandage off, a pipe to smoke, and the song of a meadow lark from beyond the sunny mist of willow buds on the South Levee, he pieced things together—not quickly, but little by little, for sometimes his questions got a reply; sometimes none.

Jimmy wrote for hours every day, it appeared, as he was writing now—with a huge pencil upon brown paper sheets piled a foot high. "A Chinese Herbal; or, Certain Neglected Aspects of an Old System" was, he admitted, the theme of his labors. He scribbled manfully, covered page after page with a large, clear handwriting, and seldom glanced off his work.

"Who found me?" asked Boldero.

"Several men."

"How?"

"With your head in the river," snorted the herbalist. "About daybreak. Picked you out for a drowned puppy. Carried you home in a wagon."

He wrote half a sheet, then added:

"Thought you were dead myself, when I first saw you."

Boldero waited till the sheet was written.

"But this levee busted."

Mr. Weechurch sharpened his pencil with a clasp knife that seemed larger than his whole person.

"No! Never a bust. Safe as the Bank of England!"

"What happened?"

The author stabbed knife into table, turned his brown page, and drove the pencil with reckless energy.

"You'll hear all about that tomorrow evening," he grunted over his shoulder. "Wait till I finish this bit about fumitory and glandular disease."

Nothing more would he vouchsafe, but wrote like a machine. The Golden Pig lay ticking among his manuscripts. At last he consulted it, rose, unbound his corded girdle, took off his gown, and put on the worn homespun in which Boldero first had seen him.

"Four o'clock. Time for constitutional. You'll find plenty of books in the cupboard you haven't read. Go on getting well, for to-morrow I shall carry you off to an evening party."

With that, taking an old penang-lawyer for a walking stick, he performed a saber salute and went out, as it seemed his daily habit to do at this hour. Boldero unearthed a book and read until twilight, but with many pauses to revolve the questions he had not asked or to which he had not heard the answers.

All the next day Mr. Weechurch labored under visible and catching excitement. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes flighty, his manners irritable. That great work, the Herbal, lay forgotten while he fiddled about the room. Leung She, who brought up their lunch, grinned like a Chinese earth god and viewed Boldero with twinkling almond orbs.

"All lite now," he chanted. "That boy he go catchee Goo' Lock. My can see one piecee Goo' Lock on he face."

Jimmy shook his head irascibly.

"Not on that face," he objected; "not until it's clean shaved. 'Lord worshiped might he be, what a beard hast thou got! More hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my fill horse, has on his tail.' Where the devil's my shaving tools gone?"

"In Yo' Honah' boots bok," said Leung She, grinning still.

Jimmy flung open the boot box and fetched from under many things a silver brush, a silver soap case, a strop, bottles of luxurious Corinthian lotions and a morocco tray of Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday razors.

"Take those," he ordered peevishly; "apply them to your cheeks, and break the stubborn glebe. I want you to look halfway decent at my party."

Boldero took the barber's kit and the unjust rebuke with equal gratitude. "You needn't fret, Jim," said he. "I don't no more enjoy going dirty than what you do."

Mr. Weechurch suddenly puffed and swelled at him like a turkey gobbler. For the first time in their acquaintance he seemed to lose his temper.

"Look here!" he cried. "Don't you give back talk to your seniors. You shave off that horrid, sick, bogtrotting, luteous beard; get dressed, and be ready at eight sharp."

"Several Men Found You, With Your Head in the River. Picked You Out for a Drowned Puppy"

This appointed hour saw Boldero not merely ready but in a high state of expectation. Dressing, he had found his old clothes neatly restored—brushed, mended and smelling warmly of Chinese flatirons; also, a new shirt, new boots, and very noble neckwear, lying on his bed, with a card, "J. W.'s Compliments." The writer of that card, himself appearing vaguely beautified and twiddling his penang-lawyer, surveyed the general result with a sort of peevish gloom.

"Tidy, at least," he grunted, and led the way downstairs.

Outdoors, by the black door in the wall, a cab stood waiting with lighted lamps.

"Get in," snapped Jimmy; and to the driver: "You know where to go."

They trundled through the darkness of the Chinese Quarter, round several turns, into a bright and crowded street; then up an obscure alley. The cab stopped before a high, blank building, like a deserted warehouse, in which a single narrow door showed, lighted by a jutting lamp. Weechurch, who had fretted silently all the way, bundled Boldero out through this door and into a long, bare passageway. Music, chiefly that of violins, came in muffled gusts from somewhere within.

A lame man, shuffling down the corridor, met them, as though they were expected, and without a word ushered them into a whitewashed cell that contained two chairs, a broken box, a shelf, and over the shelf an aged yellow bulb casting a discouraged light. The lame man shut the door and was gone.

"Know where you are?" Jimmy sat down; then crossed his arms on the head of his stick.

"Theater."

"How d'you know?"

"The smell."

"Humph!" said Jimmy, and began restlessly tapping his lawyer on the floor.

Minutes went by. The gusts of music died away; a distant murmuring succeeded; then came the crackle of applause; then silence. Jimmy continued to fidget, to beat his devil's tattoo.

"We in here for life?" asked Boldero, to check the growing despondency.

"Pull your cravat straight!" barked his mentor. "And, whatever they say or do to you, just keep your mouth shut. You'll look more compact. Bow or not, as you please."

While he uttered this dark counsel, they heard the footsteps of the lame man, who drew near and tapped at the door.

"Go with him," Jimmy ordered. "I'll meet you in the cab when it's over. Go where that man takes you."

Boldero, with a rapidly sinking heart, followed his lame guide through the corridor, which grew darker and stuffier as they advanced. Suddenly a door opened, disclosing a flight of stairs, up which they mounted into a huge, dim, drafty vault full of cordage and furniture, gray mounds and leaning slats of colored scenery. A few men flitted or lounged in this limbo. The lame one led Boldero to the verge of a brilliant inner space and held him there, tightly, a prisoner.

They looked from the wings upon a stage, where, alone in a gaudy woodland, a little orator stood arguing with great energy. He caught sight of Boldero, nodded, grinned, and went on speaking. Though he no longer wore glistening wet rubber, but sober evening clothes, his face, glowing above the footlights, was the ruddy face—his eyes were the ferret eyes—of that indefatigable man, the mayor.

"So, friends," he cried in conclusion, "I'm glad to interrupt the show long enough to say that we're lucky to be sitting here to-night. Some of us came mighty near being nowhere at all. We owe a heap of thanks to the people aforesaid who worked so hard to save our lives and property; but, most of all, we owe to that one man. We won our fight by a few minutes and, say, a couple of inches. The thing was that close, ladies and gentlemen. Well, the man who made it possible for us to win, to be sitting here to-night, as I say, was soul lone, hurt bad, a stranger, with nobody on hand to oversee him or to help. He hung on, friends; he stayed with it. I want you to see that boy. If he'd showed—er—shown the white feather ——"

The orator lost his apodosis, which he stood fishing for on the green stage carpet; but he never found it there or elsewhere, because a great salvo of heart-shaking applause drowned his confusion and filled the vault with thunder.

The little mayor lifted his honest round face, laughed, and made a gesture toward the wings. The uproar dwindled to a dead silence.

"Jack What's-your-name, come here!" cried the mayor. "Give these people a look at you. Come here to me, you boy."

Jack's blood ran cold; but, before he could turn to escape, the lame man shoved him violently out from the painted tree trunks, and His Honor had him by the wrist.

"Let me intro——"

A roar swept all the rest away. Boldero, with knees unstrung, looked across a barrier of blazing lamps and saw a bottomless black concave filled with eyes, long foreheads, women's dresses, and row upon row of hands fluttering like birds in a gale. Before all this tumult, centered hot upon him, the flesh quailed and the reason took flight.

"Lemme go!" he stammered. "Lemme go!"

The mayor's grip was a handcuff.

"Speak to 'em. They like you. Speak to 'em!"

(Continued on Page 93

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1917

A Reminder

WHEN we look back upon the Civil War nothing is clearer than that the North was sure to win, provided it had the determination to win; for in effective population and material resources it outnumbered the South three to one. For a time blunders on one side and more capable military leadership on the other might suspend the judgment; but, as we see it now, there never was any doubt as to what the judgment would be, provided the North kept on fighting.

When the campaign for Lincoln's second election opened the war had continued longer than the European War has. Lee had repulsed Grant at Cold Harbor, where six thousand Union soldiers fell in an hour. As electioneering began, neither Grant nor Sherman seemed to be making material gains, in spite of frightful losses. It is still a question whether, save for successes won by the Union armies before November, Lincoln would have been reelected. The idea that the war was a failure impressed many people in the North, and Lincoln's popular vote in the loyal states was only ten per cent greater than that of his opponent. The next spring the Confederacy collapsed.

In men and materials the Allies outweigh Germany far more heavily than the North outweighed the South. They are sure to win, provided they hold the determination to win. Time is on their side. Every month in which German gains no advantage counts for the party with the most men and the longest purse. Russia has not collapsed; the United States is arming. Nothing but a defect in their own will can keep the enemies of Prussianism from gaining their object. Our Copperheads of various sorts, who are trying hard to create a defect of will, are giving the Kaiser the most important assistance he can hope for outside his own country.

Likin

FOR a dozen years, about the time of our Civil War, China was torn by a great rebellion, which put the government to costs out of all proportion to ordinary sources of revenue. Among other expedients it mortgaged customs duties; but there was still a formidable deficit, and the government was casting in every direction for sources of revenue, much as our Government now is.

Some genius invented or resurrected likin—a tax on goods as they move from place to place within the country. Toll stations were set up at frequent intervals along every important trade route, whether by land or water. At every station a duty is collected on every article of merchandise that passes through.

At a glance it looks rather plausible. The yield is certain, for goods must move, and move by established routes. The duty at each station is very small. There is the further advantage that the system provides a great number of jobs for loyal friends of the government.

In fact, it has been one of the worst taxes ever laid in modern times. It is amazingly vexatious, ordinarily requiring a stoppage of the conveyance and an overhauling of the goods at every station. It restricts trade. It falls finally upon consumers; and—what with the legitimate expense of collecting a few pennies from each package every few miles, and with the extensive peculation which characterizes Chinese politics throughout—the government is said to receive less than one dollar out of every three paid in at the stations.

But, having adopted likin as a war expedient, China has never been able to get rid of it. It is established; it yields so many millions annually, which the government needs. So it stays—to warn other nations against adopting a fundamentally bad tax, even in a great emergency.

A Permanent Gain

A WAGON factory makes a score of different wagon wheels—differing in width and diameter, but all designed for the same kind of service. A plow factory makes sixty different kinds of plows, all of which will do precisely the same work. This one is a little higher here; that one a little lower; the handles of a third are turned in a slightly different fashion; the fourth has three bolts where the fifth has only two. A standard wheel and a standard plow would answer every practical purpose and reduce the manufacturing cost.

Manufacturing is standardized in the United States to a greater degree than in any other country; yet standardization can be carried much further to decided advantage.

Under the stress of war a big movement for standardization is going forward. The railroads are now operating frankly as a unit and getting decidedly greater service out of their equipment by so doing. Recently the Supreme Court called for rearguments in the Steel and the Harvester antitrust cases; which is taken to mean that it will give no decisions until after the war. Under this pressing demand to increase production and cut down costs mere aimless trust-busting does not look inviting.

Industry in the United States is already in the way of a searching reorganization to cut out wastes, reduce friction, speed up output. We cannot afford the handicaps of doing a thing merely because it is customary; of sticking to the thing that just manages to get by; of competition simply for competition's sake. At the end of the war there will be an extensive lumber pile of deadwood and a stronger, swifter, smoother industrial machine.

War Economics

WE FIND that a good many capable business men argue this way: The Allies came into this market spending two or three billion dollars a year for American goods. That made good times—everybody was employed; wages rose; farmers prospered; money circulated rapidly; all sorts of business flourished. Now our Government proposes to spend ten billions a year in this market; times will be still better; money will circulate more rapidly; whether we make farm implements, fishpoles or feather boas, we shall get our share of it. It is evident from the bitter complaints of some British economists that so-called luxury trades and unnecessary spending are very far from having been extinguished in England by three years of war.

It is finally a question of production.

To meet the demands of the Allies taxed our productive capacity. Munition factories trenched rather seriously upon the labor supply in some other lines. At the beginning of this year many industries were apparently about at the limit of outgo, unable to find the materials or the labor for further expansion. Output of mills was sold ahead for many months.

Now comes our Government with a further enormous demand upon the market. It takes at once about a million hands. It proposes to build cantonments, ships, cannon, airplanes; to buy trucks, tents, motors, uniforms—all on a vast scale and all strictly in addition to the demands of 1916. Can we meet this enormous new demand in addition to the demands we met last year? Can we produce the new things the Government now needs on top of the things we produced before?

If we can all the old business may go on in its accustomed way. Our notion is that we cannot; and that consequently this year there will be important restrictions and adjustments of production and consumption.

An Aviation Department

IT IS said the Allies are using more than sixty different types of airplanes, because, as a rule, each manufacturer—British, French, Italian, Russian—has gone on developing the sort of engine and plane he started with; while the Teutons have practically concentrated on one or two types.

This means that the Allies' output is less than it would have been if they had standardized production, concentrating on the one or two most useful models. An air machine is fragile, requiring constant repairs. With one type any machine could be overhauled at any repair depot. With many types each repair depot is serviceable for only a few planes, comparatively speaking.

The United States will avoid this. The air board of the advisory council proposes to standardize production, taking the type of engine that promises to give best service, and making nothing else. This will decrease cost, increase output, and immensely facilitate repairs. It will facilitate the training of flyers, also; for a man who has learned one engine will always have that sort of engine to operate.

This advantage will be due to an extra-official volunteer body, serving without pay, which will automatically go out of existence at the end of the war.

Aëronautics is a new and constantly developing art. We fell far behind in it once; but we must not make that mistake again. Whatever else happens after the war, every circumstance of our situation demands that the air fleet of the United States shall be the best in the world. Its importance as a defensive arm can hardly be overestimated. It requires comparatively few men. Excellence in it depends upon mechanical ingenuity and manufacturing capacity, in both of which we are preëminent.

You read in your newspaper that Secretary Daniels has signed a contract for a million-dollar aircraft factory; then that Secretary Baker has signed something or other connected with aircraft. We cannot maintain a lead in the air with half the authority over aëronautics in an attic of the Navy Department and the other half in the basement of the War Department.

This year Congress has already appropriated twice as much money for an air fleet as it ever appropriated for the War and Navy Departments combined in any year since the Civil War. It should create a permanent Department of Aëronautics, equal with the War and Navy Departments.

Strictly Temporary

THE most debated and debatable feature of the Revenue Bill is the excess-profits tax. It is already evident that in this country, where business is so fluid, it is impossible to lay down any general rule by which war profits may be ascertained.

Certainly the rule contained in the Senate bill will not do it. For some lines of business the years the bill takes as a base were not normal, but unusually poor. Many other businesses are always coming into being. For them the years named in the bill may have been a formative period, when costs were high and profits meager. The bill might well allow greater latitude and discretion in the matter of determining base or normal profits. But, except by the impossible process of trying each case on its merits, no tax scheme can strike and follow the line between profits which are due to war conditions and those which are not.

The bill shows a realization of that, for it begins with a low rate of taxation, which rises steeply as the percentage of excess profits increases; whereas obviously all profits that are really due to the war are alike subject to taxation and should be taxed alike at a flat rate.

It is essentially an objectionable tax; for taxing high profits that are not due to monopoly means taxing initiative, invention, enterprise, exceptional ability. Normally the income tax is the proper means of reaching corporate profits. Yet many businesses are making exceptional profits out of the war; and war profits ought to be taxed stiffly. The country will insist upon a war-profits tax. In the best shape to which Congress can reduce it, the excess-profits tax is bound to contain objectionable features and to work unequally. It should be the first tax to be repealed at the end of the war.

War News

THE oldest trick of yellow journalism consists in showing only the dark spots in the picture—or only the light spots if the yellow slant happens to be in that direction.

Without telling a positive untruth, and without much exaggeration, anyone could now compile such a statement of conditions in the United States as would cause its enemies to order roast turkey. There is the knife in the back, wielded from high places in the Senate; the I. W. W. activities and the riotous proceedings in opposition thereto; the antidraft outbreaks in Oklahoma and elsewhere; strikes even in plants engaged on such vital work as shipbuilding; evidences of thinly veiled German sympathy, which is not exclusively confined to publications in that tongue. For a decorative detail, some obstreperous suffragettes, who are badly in need of a lesson in manners, might be added.

Anybody who reads the newspapers could gather an array of facts which, with no perspective and no weighting for their relative importance, would show the United States already on crutches and with one arm in a sling.

Doubtless two-thirds of all the war news we get is manipulated to minimize either the light or the dark. Even news that comes out of Washington, with an official mien, sometimes needs to have its chiaroscuro powerfully corrected.

Of course the intention is always good—to encourage friends and discourage foes. With the same laudable intention, the foes manipulate the news on their side.

Granting the good intention, we do not believe manipulation is expedient. Lying seldom is expedient. Publishing every material fact in its exact significance is a stronger policy.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Baron Brant of Bright Angel

ALL roads lead to the Grand Cañon, and sooner or later you will go there and meet Baron Brant. A Russian by birth and an American by inclination, he unites in himself some of the best traits of both without the help of a hyphen. Daily he walks to the rim of the Cañon, looks down and sees that it is good—good for other people, because the Baron has always held that a mule was an acquired taste and he has been too busy to acquire it. His lifework is trying to keep the Cañon good.

The Baron loves music. The song of the thrush and that of Caruso both sound sweet to him. When the Colonel was President he sent a little note, and fourteen days later the Hair-trigger One set apart the rim of the Cañon as a bird and game refuge. So now the Baron's beloved birds and four-legged friends can sing and roam through the yellow pine forests to their hearts' content. His human songbirds he keeps nicely canned and labeled in an upper room to which he can steal away occasionally for an hour of grand opera.

One splendid thing about the Grand Cañon is that it was caught young and before a certain breed of Nature Lover, who has expressed his soul accurately in too many of America's high spots, had a chance to beat the Government to it. You can pick up the spoor of this Nature Lover

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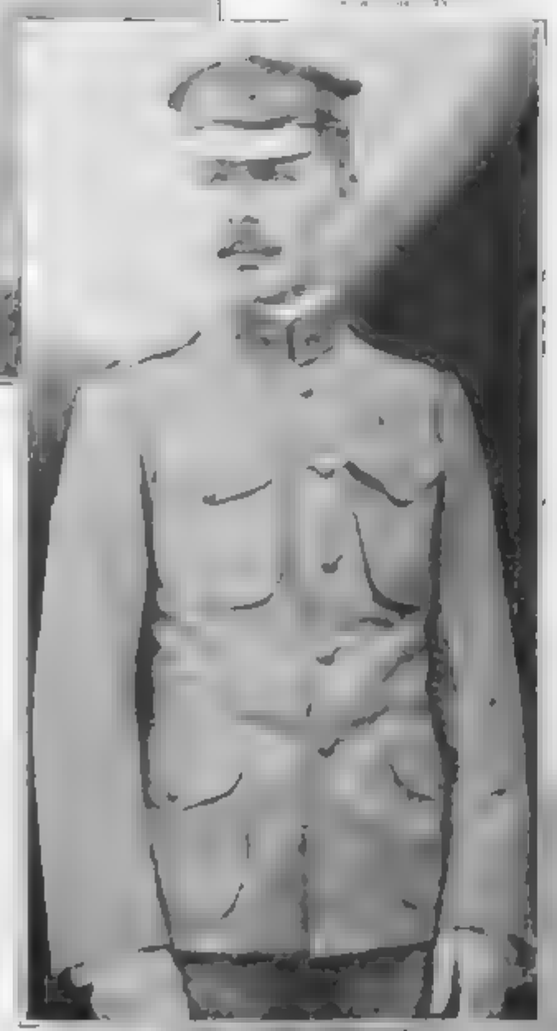
George O. Squier

IN THE photograph at the center of the page is shown one of the strongest features of our aviation program—the man in charge of it, Brigadier General Squier. With the aid of the appropriation recently made by Congress he is preparing his campaign to enter Germany by the air route, and the country is proving to him by money and by men that it is behind him. The Germans, we are told, felt small concern at our entry into the war because they consider ours a nation unprepared and up in the air. If they want to see Americans up in the air they are more than likely to have the opportunity.



Donn Byrne—Himself

By Paul Hervey Fox

BRYAN OSWALD DONN BYRNE was born in —— but nobody knows when he was born. He first saw the light of day in —— but no one knows where he first saw it. Like Homer, Noah and the North Pole he may be a purely imaginary character. However, no one so far has expressed any doubt as to whether he is actually alive.

The picture at the right shows him at his desk—at any rate, at the only desk he truly respects—the open. He is fond of boxing, riding and fencing, of sailing, golfing and shooting. In fact, he prefers universally the ings to the isms.

Trinity College, Dublin, received its education from him, and later he came to America in order that short stories might write him. They have done so ever since. Donn Byrne says that to write his yarns it is always necessary for him to live through the same experiences—after he has written them. So you will naturally find a more detailed biography than this in his work.

Among the things that might be added to this solemn history are the items that he sings in original Gaelic; that he is the father of two children named, respectively, Icha and M'Gumps (more Gaelic?); that he is familiar with German universities; that he is a connoisseur of

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Mariam N. Horwits

THE photograph shown at the bottom of this page is the composite of a leading society woman and war-relief and philanthropic worker; the newly elected mayor of MooreHaven,Florida, the first woman to hold such a position in that state; the successful operator and owner of a thirty-thousand-acre farm on the famous Everglades; and the president of the Moore Haven Vegetable Exchange and Growers' Supply Company. When the picture was taken Mrs. Horwitz was directing the work on her farm from one of the great tractors. In her spare moments she tries to devise ways of meeting the present food problems. Everything considered we are not surprised to learn that Her Honor the Mayoress rises daily at 4:30. Philadelphia is her native city, at that!

Rounding Up Ten Million Investors

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

AT THE very time that an army of a million soldiers is being called to the colors in this country, another and far greater army, that of ten million investors, must be recruited. Out of ten million young men the War Department need at first pick only a small fraction, and a census was all that was needed to produce the raw material. But to make the next Liberty Loan a success not only must the same number of savers be mobilized, but most of them must actually be called into action by a laborious process of education, organization and personal solicitation. And if you say that no willing soul is excluded from the army of investors because of age, sex or physical unfitness, whereas the military must contend with a host of exemptions, I reply that one army has to spring to arms in the next few weeks and the other is given half a year in which to drill.

Without these legions of investors all the loyalty of hundreds of thousands of volunteers, all the vast machinery of conscript armies, and all the frantic, forced production of food and ships and munitions will go for naught. The cry "For your country's sake, hurry up!" might as well be stilled and the unselfish efforts of political and business leaders to prepare the nation for war brought to an end.

For we are having the same experience as every European country. The war is costing more than was expected. The Allies are asking for larger and larger loans, and our own preparations are being extended almost daily. Instead of ten billion dollars a year the bill has quickly mounted to twelve billions, and may go still higher. Yet no one has ever believed that the American people save anything like that amount in one year. We probably do not save half so much; perhaps not more than a third. So where are these mammoth sums to come from?

Not every dollar spent for war is wasted. The soldier fed in camp does not have to be fed at home. But he also stops earning at home, and the great bulk of the money used for war must come from a fund not yet created. In just a few weeks from now another fat installment must be in the hands of the Government. No magician will wave his hand and draw these dizzy billions from the air. Soldiers cannot live on glory, and battleships are not built of empty words. A whole nation has got to save. From that stern conclusion there is not a possibility of escape.

How to Make the Second Loan a Success

THERE are those who dread the gradually approaching readjustment and dislocation of industry, who view with apprehension the diversion of materials and labor, or as the English say, goods and services, from private to public use. But there is one and only one thing to do if you want to restore normal conditions, and that is to save and invest in the successful prosecution of the war. For only a defeat will prevent this country from getting back to normal.

The American people have before them the grim hard fact that they must save from five to eight billion dollars a year more than usual. To do it will take twenty-five to thirty cents a day from each man, woman and child in the country, a tremendous sum when you figure up the millions of children, paupers, dependents, insane, defectives and invalids who earn and save nothing.

We must raise fully as much as England, which means that if our population were the same as England's the next loan would have to be taken by twenty million subscribers. As it is we are floating huge bond issues much closer together than England, and our people are less used to the process.

Who doubts then that to make the next Liberty Loan a success fully ten million subscribers must be rounded up?

Now it is possible that John D. Rockefeller and other wealthy men, along with the banks and big corporations, could take nearly all of the next loan. Mr. Rockefeller subscribed for twenty-five million dollars of the first loan, and will undoubtedly ask for as much of the next. But what could be more intolerable than to have only a few thousand rich individuals, out of one hundred million Americans, behind the loan and thus behind the war?

In a strictly financial sense by a vicious process of bank-loan manipulation it might be possible for Mr. Rockefeller, single-handed, to take almost all of the big bond issue. But to have one man behind the war would be unthinkable, though only a trifle worse than to have it backed by a few thousand. If this is a war for liberty and democracy it must be an investment, in the most literal sense, of the whole people. It must be sold to them, or abandoned as a totally uncalled for and unwarranted proceeding.

But the striking, the significant thing about Mr. Rockefeller's subscription is the manner in which he would have paid for the bonds if they had been allotted to him. Because the Liberty Loan of last spring was oversubscribed Rockefeller received only about one-fifth of what he had asked for. If he had been awarded the full amount he never could have paid for it all at once, and he never had any intention of so paying. Richest man in the country as Mr. Rockefeller is, he has never, in all probability, had anything like twenty-five million dollars in cash; in fact there is good authority for saying that he never keeps more than a few hundred thousand in that form.

Rockefeller receives from time to time enormous sums in interest and dividends, just as ordinary men receive small or moderate sums. And it was his intention to take up his quota in five-million-dollar installments out of the stream of incoming interest and dividends. In other words, even the richest man in the country had to save out of income to pay for his part of the war.

You can't turn resources into money all at once. "You can't subscribe a railroad to a loan," says one of our leading bankers. "You can't subscribe a factory or an oil well. All the savings of the past have already been invested." A time may come when it will be necessary to pawn the savings of the past by some hocus-pocus system of loan banks, but for the present we have to depend on current and future savings, and Rockefeller must do so along with the rest of us.

Now of course Mr. Rockefeller's saving is very different from ours. He is not obliged to cut down on his spending, but merely on his investing—or perhaps he won't be able to give away quite so much as he had intended to. But in just the same way the rest of the American people must divert their incomes into savings, not all at once, but spread out over a period of time as they earn. Four million people are still saving, most of them, to complete their payments for the first Liberty Loan. The second loan will find many of them with uncompleted payments, but the man who saved one dollar a week will now save two dollars a week. Gradually the people will catch up with and anticipate their country's recurring need.

"Let the banks pay for the war. It is their business." Such is the hasty sentiment expressed a thousand times by those who do not know. It is new money, new credit, new wealth—that must pay for the war; and when banks or insurance companies subscribe to Government bonds it means that one class of investments has to be sold to take on another. Not a new dollar is created by this arrangement. Only a shifting takes place, and usually a disturbing one at that. The country gets nowhere except into an endless-chain arrangement. And it is not much better to borrow money at the bank to subscribe to bonds, except for very brief periods of time; for borrowing will result in dangerous expansion. The function of the banks is to help in floating loans, but not to hold them.

Why the Farmer Should Buy Liberty Bonds

THOSE who doubt the country's ability to raise whatever amount may be needed have a pleasant shock awaiting them. That four million persons subscribed to the first Liberty Loan was astounding enough, but there are ten times that many people who receive wages or income of some sort. Out of them a new body of subscribers must be found for the approaching bond issue, and it will consist to no small extent of the farmers, who form one of the largest and, in the aggregate, wealthiest classes in America.

Every conceivable bit of testimony shows the farmers played a most insignificant part in floating the first loan. The same story comes from the statistics of the various Federal Reserve Districts, from men in active charge of the campaign and, most convincing of all, from reports made by more than eight thousand banks, mostly of the smaller caliber, to the American Bankers Association. "To talk Liberty Loan to the average farmer," said one bank officer in despair, "was about as interesting to him as a lecture on physics or therapeutics."

Last spring the farmers were being urged and besought to produce to the utmost of their ability. They were straining every nerve to grow the largest crops on record. They were in the planting season, too busy to think of anything else and financially strained to raise money for seed, machinery, fertilizer and labor at the highest prices on record. Everywhere they were at the peak of the borrowing season, a vast army of debtors rather than creditors. It was no time to bother the farmer, for his hands were full. He felt he was doing his whole duty by his country in raising big crops, and that his liability as a soldier of the soil ceased at that point.

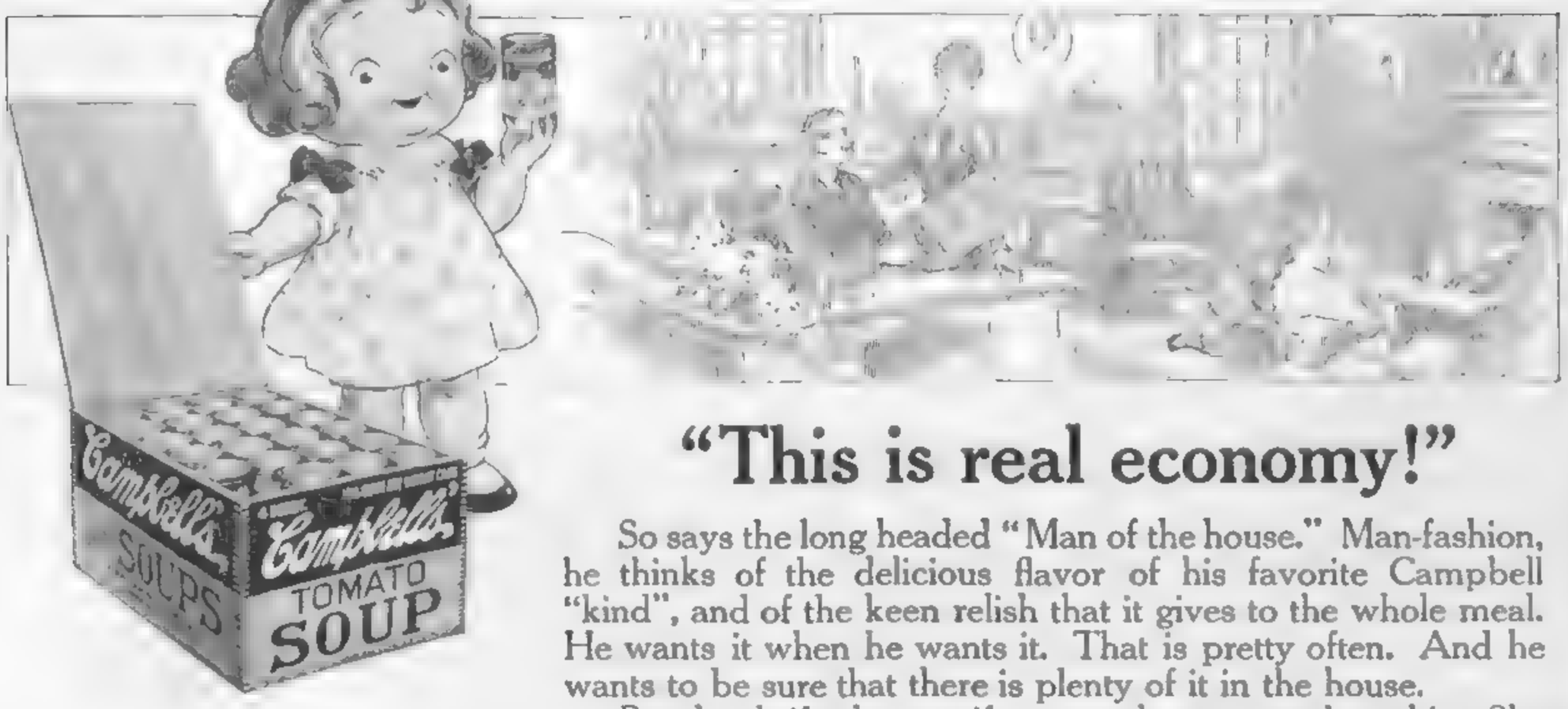
Besides there was no time to get at the farmer, no time for the personal solicitation and the intensive, organized cultivation necessary to reach men who are widely separated, naturally conservative and far removed from direct contact with the war. In many states the mere physical problem of distances between farms was an insuperable obstacle.

In many of the great agricultural sections money rates are exceedingly high, running up to ten per cent. Accustomed to paying these high rates and never having known a Government bond, the

(Continued on Page 30)

Street Demonstrations, Music and Mass Meetings Stir Up That Flush of Enthusiasm Which Is Needed to Sweep Vast Numbers of People Into Action

"With a numerous household to feed,
I am ready to meet every need.
And it can't be denied that the way I provide
Is a case of good judgment indeed."



"This is real economy!"

So says the long headed "Man of the house." Man-fashion, he thinks of the delicious flavor of his favorite Campbell "kind", and of the keen relish that it gives to the whole meal. He wants it when he wants it. That is pretty often. And he wants to be sure that there is plenty of it in the house.

But the thrifty housewife remembers more than this. She knows that this appetizing soup is as wholesome as it is tempting. She thinks of the many different ways in which she can use it to make her daily menu more satisfying and beneficial as well as more attractive.

She knows that the whole question of good living at moderate cost is simplified by

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is economical in every sense of the word.

We use selected vine-ripened tomatoes. And we retain only the pure fruity part and juice—all the *goodness* of the tomato. This amounts to 88 per cent. This is economy at the very start. And you have the benefit of it.

(An eminent authority states that in canned tomatoes only about 45 per cent of the tomato is used; 55 per cent being lost as waste.)

By the Campbell process we also retain not only the agreeable natural flavor of the ripe tomato, but its important dietetic qualities so valuable in promoting health and good digestion. We combine all this with other nourishing ingredients which heighten the delightful zest and at the same time add to the exceptional food-value of this famous soup.

Coming to you completely cooked and prepared, it saves your materials, saves your fuel, lightens your labor cost.

You can serve it with milk added, as a rich Cream of Tomato. Or with the addition of boiled rice or noodles it is in itself a nutritious light repast. Or it may be used to make a pleasing sauce for meat, fish, eggs, spaghetti, etc., and in many other inviting ways.

In fact it is wise economy to order this satisfying soup from your grocer by the dozen or the case now, under the present favorable price conditions, and so make sure of your regular supply.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND WHITE LABEL

Distinction

IN every large city there are several high-class hotels, but there is always *one* with Distinction that stamps it "the finest hotel." Is it because of the distinction of its clientele? Partly—but the real reason lies behind that fact. It is the quality of the Service rendered that attracts patronage which reflects credit upon the hotel.

Chicago's Finest Hotel

is the Hotel of Distinction. The unostentatious refinement of every department, the perfect service, the careful attention given to every item of comfort and convenience have brought to Hotel LaSalle the Distinction it deserves.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath, $2	$2.50 and $3
Room with private bath $3	$3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath, $3, $3.50 and $4	
Room with private bath —	
Single room with double bed	

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
ERNEST J STEVENS
Vice Pres and Mgr

(Continued from Page 28)

farmers were wholly unprepared for a three and one-half per cent security. Then, too, they were prompted by their own bankers to be careful. The country banker was already lending heavily to the farmer and feared that subscriptions to Liberty bonds would mean more bank loans. And in rural communities, especially in the newer sections of the country, where money is scarce, there is always the dread, which city people can never comprehend, that money invested outside the locality will leave it, never to come back.

The country banker had never experienced the sensation of having billions of dollars turned over to the Government. He was afraid of losing deposits. "He did not want to give up his shirt," said one of the big city bankers. "He had no desire to ring his own death knell. He stood in many cases with his knees shaking."

Such an attitude may seem unpatriotic, but is natural and human. It is all very well for a banker in Bridgeport, Connecticut, or Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to say that money paid over to the Government for bonds will come back to his community in war orders; but it is not so easy for the banker in rural districts of typically agricultural states to see how his deposits will return.

"We are seven thousand feet above sea level, at the exact middle of the farthest spot from Germany," writes one country banker. "The farmers here are not interested in Government bonds."

From the center of a great Southwestern state comes this explanation: "It seems all a dream and vision that Germany wants to come here and fight us. The two wealthiest farmers in the village did not subscribe a cent."

But the farmers will subscribe to the loan that is coming in October or November. If it is delayed until he is out of the field, with the crops taken in and sold, there will be a very different story. By that time farmers will have paid off their loans, and with high prices for large crops they will be prosperous and ready to become bond buyers to an extent never before known.

For years the farmer has been one of the best borrowers in the country. He is almost ready to become one of the best investors. It only needs the right amount of push to get him to carry the ball the very short distance over the goal line. With the farmer as flush with money as he ever has been or probably ever will be, at just the right season of the year, and with a realization of the war brought home to him through the machinery of the draft, there is every reason to expect that a new army of Uncle Sam's investors will be mobilized from the farmers this fall.

Though in many sections the German element either actively opposed or refused to subscribe to the first loan, it is by no means unlikely that the new army of investors will be recruited more and more from those of foreign birth and parentage. Offsetting opposition or indifference to the war is the fact that foreigners are far more familiar with Government bonds than are those of native stock.

Cross Currents in Finance

A New York banker went to Hoboken to address a mass meeting of business men, three-quarters of whom were of German descent. After the meeting many of those present crowded round him.

"We are in a very difficult position," said one employer. "We do not know how to show our patriotism."

"Here's a chance," the banker shot back at them; and immediately he began to furnish detailed instructions on how to line up their employees for the purchase of Liberty bonds out of weekly wages. It was all so definite and specific that these hard-headed business men responded at once.

At the Standard Oil works in Bayonne, New Jersey; in small communities in Minnesota; and wherever reports come from, Bohemians purchased bonds freely. One bank that did not sell a single bond to a German-American reported that three-quarters of all its subscriptions had been taken by Bohemians.

In this country of great distances and bewildering variety of conditions there are the most curious contradictions and cross currents in finance. In some places foreigners rushed to invest their money, while in others they drew it from the banks because of a widely prevalent rumor that the bonds would not yield a cent for thirty years. In one town a man appeared with his thousand dollars in two pails full of silver. In other places foreigners withdrew as much as fifty thousand dollars from the savings banks because they heard that the Government was about to conscript their money. What caused this difference between panic and complete confidence who can say? One community fell far below what appeared to be its investment possibilities because of the great number of Dunkers, whose religious scruples prevented them from supporting the war.

Near one large city it was found that farmers had invested more heavily than elsewhere. But the explanation was that professional bond salesmen who worked until late evening in the city had, after ten o'clock at night, spread out, fanlike, from the city and routed the farmers out of bed.

"We started out yesterday morning with the purpose of getting a few," reported a banker in a Far-Western town; "Tom D—— and myself. We got four in the sheriff's office—four hundred dollars. The sheriff said his wife wanted to subscribe, so we got her for one hundred; then we got the Greek that runs the hotel for one hundred; then Monomas, the shoe repairer, born in Turkey but a Greek, for four hundred; his brother took two hundred. Annie McMillan, who runs the lodging house west of the Savoy Hotel, took four hundred. We got this sixteen hundred dollars without having a refusal. The next man had an invalid wife and she would have to have an operation. Speaking locally, people will subscribe, but they must be asked. If it is the same elsewhere as it is here the money can only be obtained by going after it."

Selling Bonds With a Brass Band

You can talk about rates of interest to bankers, financiers, and perhaps to the farmers in sections where money rates are high. But the great mass of wage earners do not care about anything except to know that their money is safe. The Postal-Savings Bank has obtained hundreds of millions of dollars in this country without any publicity of advertising to speak of; and it pays only two and a half per cent. Indeed many foreigners refuse to accept interest on their deposits, fearing some gold-brick scheme. They want their money kept safe and they are suspicious of anything else.

People differ of course in temperament and emotional response, but the appeal that wins most of them to enlist their savings is a combination of patriotism and sound investment. The mine workers were especially quick to respond to this note. In coal mines the workers came up from the pits, crowded round the speakers and subscribed at once, usually more than ninety per cent of them. The shoe factories of New England also made a remarkable showing. These men were shown the seriousness of the war and that their dollars could be made to fight. They were told that they were not asked to make a gift to their country, but that its bonds are the best security in the world—a tax on its present and future resources. Such a presentation as this is sure to get signatures on the dotted line.

A banker in charge of an important committee in the first campaign made up his mind that every workman and servant on his estate should become a subscriber. But he didn't say a word to them. A week before the campaign closed, Mike, the Italian who helps the gardener and gets about sixty-five dollars a month, came to his employer and said:

"I want one of them Liberty bonds. I think the bond is good. I got a little money at home—— And then," he added, "I think I ought to."

Mike had saved ninety dollars in cash, and he took two hundred dollars of the bonds, asking the banker to take the rest of it out of his wages. The chauffeur and the French governess each approached their employer, of their own accord, and said they wanted to subscribe for several hundred dollars. But most surprising was the fact that just two days before subscriptions closed the Finnish cook and two Swedish maids also asked to subscribe. They came of canny races and were by nature accustomed to wait until the last moment to see what would happen.

It was the way the leaven worked that got them all. It was the psychological atmosphere that they couldn't escape. No one approached Mike directly, but he got it all the same from speech making, brass bands, parades and patriotic songs.

There are experts who believe that in the next loan public speakers should lay less emphasis on patriotic duty and more on the strictly financial side. "Do you want to be put into a good thing?" is the way they look at it. There is no doubt that bankers and Wall Street men, doubting the ability of their own members to strike a popular chord, employed too many red-fire stump speakers in the first campaign.

Famous orators got up before mass meetings of thousands and spouted about patriotic duty. But afterward, when members of the audience asked what good it would do to withdraw money from a savings bank to invest in the loan or what danger of a slump in the price of the bond was going to be, the speakers, lacking financial knowledge, were often disconcerted. One shrewd broker arranged to have a great mass meeting addressed by what he afterward described as shouters, but he also had circulating throughout the room during the speeches no less than sixteen financial experts who quietly answered the technical questions.

But the main point is that street demonstrations, music and great mass meetings do stir up that flush of enthusiasm which is needed to sweep vast numbers of people into action. Perhaps the motive of those who go to a meeting is no more exalted than to see members of the home guard in their new uniforms. But the results are testified to by speakers who tell how, after they had left a meeting, men came up to them and said: "I've subscribed for one thousand dollars and thought that was enough. Now I'll take five thousand."

It is seriously stated that the result of every meeting at which people were urged to buy Liberty bonds could be figured like the rise of temperature on a thermometer. Given enough time and effort, any community can be roused.

Perhaps one of the most effective of all measures to be taken is the employment of existing group organization and of the forces of group rivalry and competition. Several of the cities that made a surprisingly good showing in the first loan were driven on by a fear of being outdistanced by their rivals.

Where the raw materials of organization exist to any extent there it is easy to marshal great numbers of investors. Reports to the American Bankers Association show to what a remarkable extent Liberty bonds were sold in the cities and large towns, and how few relatively were sold in the strictly rural districts and very small villages. The larger the place the easier it is to get an organization together hastily. Not only do four or five banks work together better than two, but in the large places there are factories, big department stores and other institutions to start the ball rolling.

The Value of a Bond in Hand

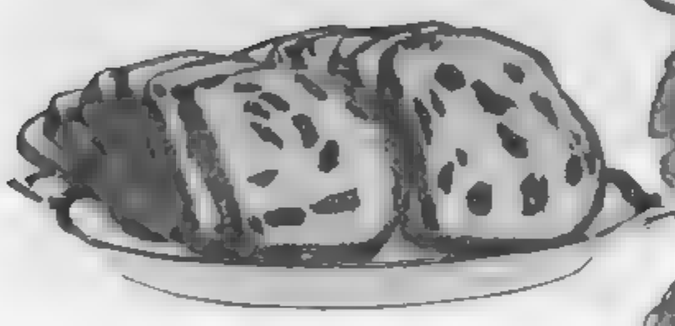
"Americans are naturally joiners," is the way one banker expresses a common conviction. Every business organization, lodge, church, club and union will be gone after with a fine-tooth comb. The main appeal will be made to people through the business, social or religious organizations they belong to. The idea is first to reach the manufacturers' association, then the officers of every company, and next a mass meeting in each factory. Finally maximum results are to be had only by inducing the sales department to beat out the production department, and vice versa.

Perhaps the greatest improvement that will be made in the next loan will be the employment of professional bond salesmen for organization purposes. There are thousands of these trained experts operating from all the larger cities, and they were used mostly in the last campaign to solicit individual subscriptions. Their talent was largely wasted, for it was discovered that direct solicitation could be handled just as effectively by amateurs.

In the next few months the bond salesmen, who are the regular, professional soldiers of finance, will be sent into small communities to organize and arouse local committees. They will direct the process of education, form bond clubs, speak at noonday meetings and stick to one particular community until the local organization has gotten past its first stage of apathy and indifference and its inevitable local jealousies. Marshaled for the duration of the war, the bond salesmen will form the basis of a permanent organization that will immensely simplify the task of floating each succeeding loan.

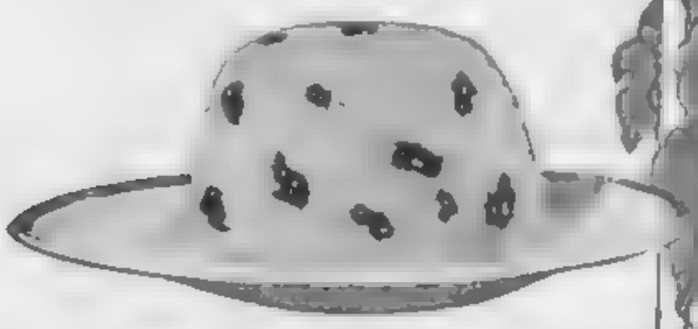
(Concluded on Page 33)

California Raisin Pie



Sun-Maid Raisin Bread

Three cups flour; 1 ts. salt; 3 scant ts. baking powder; 1½ large spoons sugar. Sift well together. One-half package SUN-MAID Seeded Raisins; 1½ cups milk. Bake 50 minutes. Will make 1 loaf of bread. Two tbs. butter and 1 beaten egg may be worked in to make the bread richer.



Raisin-Rice Mold

One half cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins; 1 cup rice; 1 ts. salt; 1 ts. butter. Wash the rice through several waters; have 4 quarts of boiling water, add rice slowly and boil hard 25 minutes in uncovered vessel. Blanch and sprinkle with salt. Put into mold of bowl which has been brushed with butter; press down and set in vessel of hot water until ready to use. Turn out on flat dish, garnish with raisins which have been steamed until plump.

Raisin Pie

One cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins; 1 cup water; 1 tbs. cornstarch; 1 tbs. sugar; 1 level ts. salt. Wash the raisins, put in sauce pan with cold water, bring slowly to a boil; add sugar, salt and cornstarch, which has been mixed with a little cold water; boil 3 minutes; pour in pie tin which has been lined with crust, while hot; cover, brush top with cold milk.

Here's Real Raisin Pie

—at your Restaurant or at Home

It's called "*California* Raisin Pie." It's made with Sun-Maid Raisins. You who haven't tried it don't know how good a raisin pie can be. Its lusciousness is due to Sun-Maid Raisins, and a special recipe.

Ask for it down town, at lunch rooms, restaurants and hotels. Ask your wife to buy it from her pie baker, or bake one at home according to the recipe below. All good grocers sell Sun-Maid Raisins in pound packages.

Raisin Pie—the energy dessert—is ideal for light lunches.

Mother, Serve This Raisin Bread

—Your Dealer Has It

California Raisin Bread is famous for its flavor because it's made with *big*, plump, tender Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins.

The big bakers in your town are supplying this bread to retail grocers and bread shops. The sale of Sun-Maid Raisins for California Raisin Bread alone has more than doubled five times in two years. That shows how people like *good* raisin bread.

Ask your dealer to send a loaf today. Serve, and see what your folks say. If your dealer can't supply it bake a loaf at home. A home recipe is printed in the column to the left.

The Ready Energy in Raisins

Here's how raisins win a place in *the honor roll of foods.*

Most foods require *hours of digestion* before the body gets the good. Not so raisins Raisins are 76% carbohydrate, which has been converted by the sun's rays into fruit sugar, a predigested, energy-producing food.

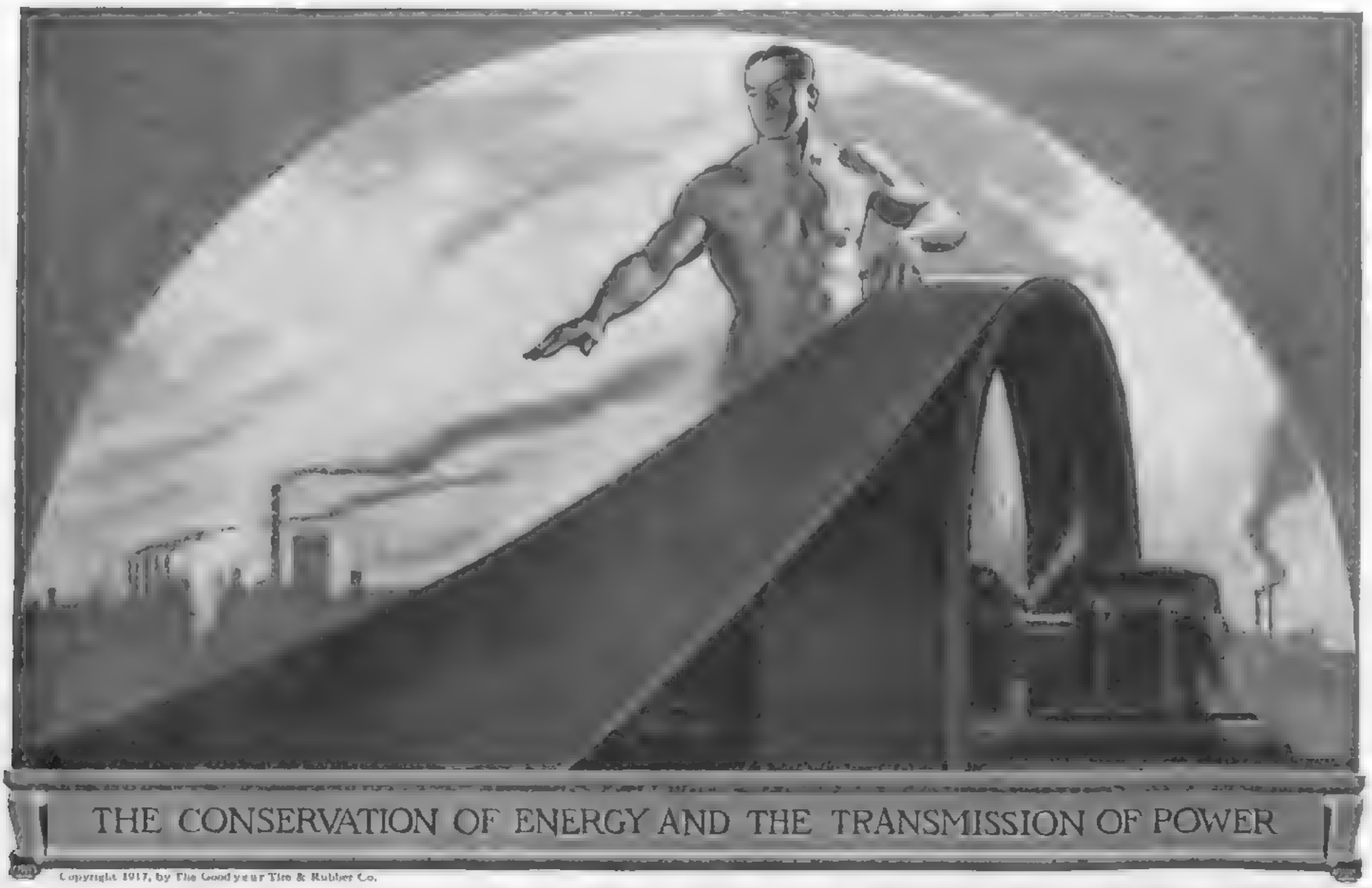
What better food for *business* men and women—and for little tots who play hard?

Raisins are not only both good and good *for* you, but are *economical.* Serve them in your home at least once daily.

Always ask for Sun-Maid Raisins for home use. Three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted); Seedless (without a seed); Clusters (on the stem).

We'll send free to any address our beautifully illustrated recipe book containing *the recipe for California Raisin Pie*, as well as for scores of other tempting raisin foods.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership, 8,000 Growers
Fresno, California



THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

These Belts Are Far Better Than "Good Enough"

If Blue Streak Belts merely gave ordinary satisfaction, they would not now be transmitting power for every tensely productive industry in the nation.

But they give more than ordinary satisfaction.

They have enlightened belting theory and improved belting practice, both of which were too long contented with the seeming "good enough."

* * *

In the transmission of power, years passed before men grew actively dissatisfied with what they had.

Originally some belts were made of raw-hide. But they slipped and stretched inordinately.

So they were replaced with carefully selected leather heavily tanned. Layers of it were glued or riveted together as greater strength was demanded.

Much of the original belting was made of canvas, a number of plies being cemented together with rubber gum.

But some of these belts were so heavy that they wasted power through sheer weight.

Others wore out too soon because mere cement could not hold the plies together.

All of the early belts stretched, slipped, wasted power, and caused frequent shut-downs and delays.

Yet for a long time men thought them good enough.

* * *

The triumphs of fine steel over crude iron, of adaptable concrete over awkward granite, of woven cloth over skins, of harnessed Power over horse and ox —all these are silent admonitions to surpass the "good enough."

Blue Streak Belts do surpass it.

* * *

They save from 8 to 20 per cent more power in transmission than was ever thought possible with the more primitive belts.

Their friction surface grips the pulleys and cuts down the slippage losses.

Their special-weave duck, extraordinarily light and tremendously strong, reduces weight to a minimum and increases strength amazingly.

Their superior friction, especially compounded and forced into the plies under enormous pressure, unites the plies inseparably yet flexibly.

In consequence these belts last amazingly long and adapt themselves to the pulley with power-saving ease.

* * *

Blue Streak Belts are constructed to surpass the one-time "good enough" and they have surpassed it.

Their price is higher than that of inferior belting, but their cost is lower.

Per dollar of price they give longer, better, more continuous service.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

· BELTING · HOSE · PACKING · VALVES ·

GOODYEAR

AKRON

(Concluded from Page 30)

It may seem like coming down to earth with a thud, but there is a petty though curiously interesting obstacle in the way of the next loan's being the greatest possible success: Millions of people will be roused to subscribe, but when they plunk down their hard-earned money in the flush of enthusiasm there will be nothing tangible to give them in return for it.

It is always hard to sell goods if the buyer cannot see them, and it takes months for an investor to get actual physical delivery of his Liberty bond. People come with their money and receive nothing but a penciled memorandum. Even fifty dollars means a lot to most people, and a penciled receipt means very little. From small banks all over the country comes the request that for future loans bonds be provided ahead of time so they can be sold over the counter. It is difficult for the country banker to sell futures. Many people never saw a bond, and they don't understand the buying of them for future delivery.

Thousands of subscriptions were lost in the last few days of the first loan because the banks were so overworked that they simply could not handle the applications and fill out the elaborate subscription blanks. If they had had bonds already engraved in fifty-dollar amounts—or, better yet, for ten dollars—they could have sold them in vast numbers without trouble.

So it is urged that the Treasury Department cut the red tape and do away with the petty, legalistic, officialdom difficulties that prevent the engraving beforehand of quantities of bonds for fifty dollars and even ten dollars. There is not the slightest doubt that if such bonds were put on sale in every bank and post office the postal purchases would exceed by many hundreds of millions of dollars the amount that can or will be obtained in other ways. It is the simple, the obvious thing to do; but I doubt if it can or will be done.

Small bonds sold over the counter like cigars will raise the money, but will entail endless trouble in years to come. Bankers fear that such bonds would quickly be used as money, accepted by the grocer, like a ten-dollar bill. This is something the European countries have had to fight against, for it contains the seeds of dangerous money inflation. It is the broad and easy path to destruction. This country has had one experience with greenbacks and does not want another on a larger scale.

England's Savings Certificates

But there are more immediate and pressing objections to the very small bond. If millions of people, unaccustomed to investments, having no bank connection and with no safe place to keep valuable papers, were suddenly to become the owners of tens of millions of these securities, there would be a really serious amount of loss and destruction of such instruments. At least such would be the case if the bonds were in coupon form; and if they were registered the Government and the banks would be saddled with intolerable expense in sending out vast quantities of tiny checks. Then, too, what use would people have for seventeen cents every six months! Such minute sums would be lost or at least wasted. The whole American people would be swamped in fractions too petty for anything but annoyance. The whole instinct of thrift and investment might well be endangered by the diminutive trivialities of its results.

A number of leading bankers began actively in July of this year to investigate the war-savings associations of England to see if that method of collecting small savings could be adapted to American conditions. Basil Blackett, of the British Treasury, who handled the whole problem in England and who was a member of the French Financial Commission that visited the United States about two years ago, was brought over for consultation.

War-savings certificates appear to have none of the drawbacks of the infant bond. They do away entirely with the necessity of having an enormous mass of coupons. Besides, they help the owner to save not only the principal but the interest. The idea as applied to this country would be to sell, either direct at post offices or through local war-savings associations, certificates for, say, eight dollars and three cents, which, at the end of five years, would amount to ten dollars. This would be at four and one-half per cent compound interest; or the interest might be placed at five per cent, as in England.

Nearly twenty-seven million certificates had been sold in England up to June 16, 1917, for a total of about four hundred million dollars. Though there were several different units offered, more than twenty-five million were for the popular sum of fifteen shillings sixpence, about three dollars and seventy-two cents, these to be cashed in five years later at one pound. The certificates can also be cashed at any time on short notice, with a certain loss of interest. Not more than five hundred certificates can be sold to any one person. They cannot be transferred from one person to another except by going to the post office and getting permission from the authorities. This prevents their use as money.

The discount idea as applied to small investors is exceedingly valuable and should be extended on a large scale. For years it has been advantageously employed by the building-and-loan associations. But the use of these savings certificates in England, besides doing away with the enormous bookkeeping and expense involved in handling millions and millions of coupons or checks, has done more than anything else perhaps to make people save. Essential to the idea is the formation of the local war-savings association. This is not an affair of bankers and financiers, but usually of employers of labor, heads of labor unions, school officials and clergymen.

Making the Little Fellow Save

It is all very well to provide a suitable investment for the little fellow, but you have got to get him to save first. You can't get people to buy the smallest, most ingenious and attractive investment in the world unless first they save the money. It has been found in England that the way to make people both save and invest is to form a local association within some closely related group—such as a school, church, labor union or factory. Especially effective have been the schools and churches.

Most extraordinary has been the rise in the amount saved and invested since the formation of local associations. It needed the element of rivalry and of the example set by one's fellows to do the trick.

"I am not going to save if Jim, who works at the next desk, keeps on spending as usual," is the way the active head of one of the Federal Reserve Banks expressed it. "If he appears in a new suit of clothes I shall want one also. They can preach saving and investment from the White House and pulpit for years without any result unless the public opinion of the particular unit in which each citizen moves is brought to bear. We shan't make any headway until we get the force of opinion in local organizations at work."

The man who buys a savings certificate does not actually get a bond, but merely a little booklet that looks like a savings-bank deposit book and can be carried in the smallest pocket. It is cheap to produce, there is no interest to figure for either the owner or the Government, and if the book is lost the owner merely goes to the post office where his name is registered for another one.

Another suggestion to take care of the somewhat larger investors, those who have from fifty dollars up but no place in which to keep their bonds, has in view the adoption of the English inscribed stock. Government bonds are sold for any amount, the name of the owner registered with the Government and the interest sent to him regularly. But he never receives any bond or evidence of his ownership except a receipt, the loss of which is of no moment. He can transfer his ownership only by going to the Bank of England with the purchaser or by sending an attorney. This method saves the Government all printing expense and absolutely does away with the trouble of finding a safe place to keep one's bond. But it is doubtful whether Americans would take to such a form of investment without long education; as indeed it is doubtful whether any new methods can be adopted in time for the next loan.

Improbable as it is that bonds of smaller denominations than fifty dollars will be available in the next loan or that sentiment can be worked up in favor of the war-savings certificates, it is extremely likely that a tremendous drive will be made for an even greater use than before of the partial-payment plan. This is the only other method of reaching the small investor. Statistics gathered by the American Bankers Association and independently by Mr. John Muir, a broker who has long urged this system of investment, both show that the bulk of the four million subscribers to the Liberty Loan made their purchases on the partial-payment plan. Most of those who bought a fifty-dollar bond paid one dollar down and one dollar a week for a year.

Though bonds were sold on a partial-payment plan by banks, brokers and even by gas and electric companies to their customers, the great bulk sold in this way were disposed of by employers to employees. Of the 69,874 employees of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation 65,961 subscribed on the partial-payment plan. Between one and two hundred corporations, firms and institutions, employing over half a million help, induced forty-seven per cent of them to subscribe by weekly payments. From the reports of eight thousand banks it is known that 1,703,827 subscribers took bonds either from the banks themselves or from their employers, all on partial payments.

These figures are incomplete and involve duplication. But they show that immense sums can be raised by this method. Money raised in this way is a clear gain. It represents new capital and new savings for the most part and does not cause financial disturbances or force withdrawals from the savings banks.

Though great things are rightly expected of the partial-payment plan, arguments for its exclusive use may easily be carried too far. Though there has been no objection to the selling of bonds to employees, yet there is a paternalistic quality about this proceeding that is not altogether desirable. It gives employers a certain power over their help, and of course ownership of the bonds rests with the employer until the last payment has been made—often for a full year. Besides, there is the same old objection to this method, namely, that the investor has nothing to show but a receipt. Under the savings-certificate plan he does not get a bond, but at least he gets something that looks like a savings-bank book.

Besides, any financing scheme that fails to include as a major feature the post offices of the country seems to be lacking in the greatest possible effectiveness. Of course Americans are not accustomed to go to their post offices for so many purposes as Europeans are; and yet here is a vast agency in which the people have confidence and which, in the opinion of nearly all authorities, ought to be employed, along with the school system, to help float the next loan. There should be some form of bond or certificate for sale at the post office.

The Partial-Payment Plan

Firm believers in the partial-payment plan do not see any necessity for bonds smaller than fifty dollars or for war-savings certificates. They say the man who cannot save a dollar a week ought not to invest money anyway; that we are not a people accustomed to saving pennies and buying certificates for two or three dollars.

"Why go to the bottom of the stocking except as a last resort?" asks one of them. "We are a big people, used to doing things in a big way. We have been big spenders. Let us be big savers. The idea of thrift with a Frenchman is symbolized in a sou, with an Englishman in a penny or at most a shilling, and with a Scotchman in a bawbee or at most a groat. You know of the Scotchman who went to London and wrote to his friend: 'Sandy, this is an awfu' prodigal place. I hadna been here two days before bang went saxpence.'

"I am a Scotchman myself, but I say that in this country the dollar is the unit. We talk in dollars, and our idea of thrift is different from the European idea, which is mere hoarding."

Yet most of the experts believe that even one dollar a week for a year is a great many times too big to meet the requirements of the small saver. Besides, it is argued that people should be able to invest sums from three to ten dollars when they have them on hand without having to obligate themselves to make payments for a whole year. But the other side of the argument is that many people will always buy the smallest article on sale, even though they can afford a larger one. Just as many people, it is urged, will buy one-hundred-dollar bonds as fifty-dollar bonds if there are only the one-hundred-dollar ones for sale. But if you offer the fifty-dollar variety they will instinctively take the smaller unit. There is simply not enough available information or experience as yet to decide which of these two views is the more nearly true.

Boy Ahoy!

THE heart of American boyhood goes out to the men of our Navy. Every red-blooded youngster wants to think, act and look like a real little sailor.

When *your* boy goes to be outfitted sailorwise, see that he's shown the Blue Serge Navy Suit illustrated above. It's a full-blooded member of the family of

Sampeck Clothes
The Standard of America

The name "*Sampeck*" on *any* boy's garment means reliability and individuality

The most progressive dealer in your city can show you a complete line of *Sampeck Clothes* for *Boys* and *Juveniles*. Otherwise write us for the nearest shop that *can*.

Samuel W. Peck & Co.
816 818 Broadway
New York

Taking the Vaudeville Out of a Retail Business—By Everett Rhodes Castle

ON A BRIGHT sunshiny morning in October, 1915, the active head of a large department store sat at his desk in the executive office and fingered a sheaf of terse typed reports. Opposite his desk, facing a long table and matching the cool gray of the carpet, was a gray-stone fireplace. In the chimney was set a large single slab of stone. On that stone was chiseled this challenge: "Difficulties are things that show what men are."

The gaze of the executive traveled from the typed reports to the graven challenge and back to the reports. Then he pressed a button under the desk.

"Will you ask Mr. Courtney to step in," he directed his secretary. Mr. Courtney was the merchandise manager of the store.

"I have just been reviewing our overhead," the executive said, after the merchandise manager had arrived.

"Yes?" said Courtney, and waited.

"I see that we have been able to cut the costs of the delivery system nearly thirty thousand dollars during the year past, under this new system of using light and heavy trucks."

"That is splendid and I ——"

"I also notice," the executive interrupted, "that, even with the addition of three hundred new charge accounts, our credit department shows no increase in the cost of operation."

"Yes, Bigelow certainly has been on his toes. I think his department is really one of the most efficient in the house and ——"

Again the president interrupted as though continuing a train of thought.

"I am also very gratified to see that, despite the general use of trading stamps and special premiums by several competing houses, we have been more than able to hold our own."

"Yes, sir."

Being a wise as well as capable man, the merchandise manager waited for what was coming, without making any further suggestions or comments.

"Last year we delivered in the neighborhood of nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of packages at a cost of a trifle over one hundred thousand dollars. Our credit-department figures show that ten cents would be a fair amount for each individual charge made. This would include long-overdue accounts, noncollectable accounts and the expense of operating a credit department in a store of this size. If we gave trading stamps three per cent would be an average percentage of cost. Another section of this report that interests me is this four-thousand-dollar charge for entertainments of various sorts in our auditorium—lectures, concerts, story-telling in our play rooms, and so forth."

Realizing a Dream in the Basement

"But surely," interrupted the manager, "you don't believe for one moment that all the money or any part of it has been spent foolishly? Why, every progressive store in the country has gone in for this broader kind of service—people want service just as much as they want merchandise."

"But they pay for it."

"Sure, but they are glad to do it, they demand it. The store that fails in service fails everywhere."

"But," persisted the president, "we could sell merchandise a good deal lower if those extra frills were all eliminated."

"Yes."

The president leaned forward over the desk and tapped his green crayon pencil on the glass of the desk.

"Fifty years ago, when this business was founded, it was particularly as large as the whole section is now. We maintained no delivery system; we never had to give Mrs. Jones a trading stamp or a special discount of any sort. A charge was the exception and not the rule. Times have changed, Courtney. Don't mistake me, I am heart and soul for service. I am a keen believer in giving people what they want, whether it be an afternoon concert by an artist at a cost of a hundred dollars, a story-teller for the children at two hundred dollars a week, or a yard of calico. But I am also against the ever-increasing cost of doing business. During my entire mercantile career I have wanted to sell merchandise at the price of merchandise and, Courtney, competition or no competition, mercantile vaudeville or not, by the great horned spoon, I am going to do it!"

"But great heavens, man, it's business suicide!"

"Just a minute, until I have explained myself. How much business are we doing in the basement?"

"One hundred thousand dollars—possibly one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

"It's a general stock, lower in price than the stocks carried upstairs?"

"Yes."

"Courtney, I am going to realize a dream with that basement—I am going back fifty years. I am going to give the women—the majority, who want all the things that go with modern merchandising—seven floors to shop on. In the basement I am going to open a store for the women who are willing to pay cash, carry their packages home, forget about the concerts, and get the maximum amount of merchandise for every cent they spend."

The merchandise manager looked at his superior and thought of the complications arising from this plan, but his superior was looking at that challenge graven in the fireplace.

Paying for Service on the Side

And so, on the first day of February, four months later, this young-old idea was given to the public. These were four busy months for the president, for Courtney and for the basement buyers. Conference after conference took place in the executive offices. Buyers, service superintendent, Courtney, advertising chief, all were agreed that it couldn't be done and were ready to say so—only to be faced by that challenge of stone and a short, telling argument that convinced all but a very small minority, who discreetly remained silent.

Out of these conferences and twenty years of dreaming came the six principles by which the store was to be governed. I give them to you as they were given to the public:

I. A basement store where everything will be priced at spot cash.

II. A basement store where the prices will not include deliveries, charges, or C. O. D.'s.

III. A basement store where nothing can be exchanged or returned after forty-eight hours.

IV. A basement store where all merchandise must be priced less than the same merchandise in any other stores that may in the future adopt these principles.

V. A basement store where no misstatement of any kind, either by salespeople, by placard or by advertising, will be allowed.

VI. A basement store where cash rewards of one dollar are offered to all of the people of the city for the first report of any misstatement of facts, of any exaggeration of values in advertising or on placards, or of any goods not lower in price or better in value than can be found elsewhere.

How this last principle did draw fire!

"It can't be done," cried the buyers, who discovered that they must bear the cost of the reward if they failed to make their merchandise sufficiently low.

"It can't be done," exclaimed nearly every merchant who heard of the project. "The claims will bankrupt them."

To all appeals to modify or eliminate this last principle the executive office turned a deaf ear.

"We shall stand or fall, no matter how radical our reductions may be; unless we have something about this store to distinguish it from the others we fail before we start."

"How about me?" wailed the rug and furniture buyer. "How about my customers—have they got to carry home under their arms a nine-by-twelve-foot rug or a telephone stand?"

"Yes, and how about me?" added the ready-to-wear buyer. "Somebody is always wanting a suit sent right out, special delivery."

"What are you guys yelling about?" interrupted the specialty man. "Here I am, always offering specials, selling to a lot of women who don't expect to buy, who don't even have the money, but have the article sent out C. O. D."

But all three were pacified when told that Mrs. Jones could buy a rug and have it sent home, that Mrs. Brown could have her dress in time for the matinée, that Mrs. Smith could pick out anything she desired and have it sent C. O. D.—only they must pay for the service, pay the exact cost in each case.

Figuring on a basis of nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of packages a year, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, it was determined that ten cents would be the charge made in the case of a customer who wished a package delivered. This one charge, however, would also cover any other purchases she might make on the same day at other departments. Ten cents was also the charge made in cases where merchandise was charged or sent collect on delivery. Special deliveries depended upon the location of the delivery.

The price of every article in the store was placed in the hands of the customer. If she found an article in other departments priced as low as in the basement, all she had to do was to make out a claim slip at the information desk, which would be immediately passed upon by the adjuster. If merchandise from other stores was to be compared, twenty-four hours were needed for investigation. Then, if the claim was just, the reward was paid and the merchandise reduced to a price lower than that offered by the competing merchant.

In advertisements prepared for the opening, people demanding rewards were asked to remember the following items: That you cannot compare remnants with full pieces, odd lots with full lines, broken-size ranges with complete ones, soiled merchandise with fresh.

In cases where merchandise was compared with that in stores giving trading stamps, prices in the basement store must be at least five cents lower on each dollar. And then, just before the opening, every buyer took an automatic reduction of ten per cent, to cover the savings effected by the elimination of "things that the average woman is inclined to think she receives for nothing."

Where Prices Never Go Up

Another feature that was determined on was the elimination of special prices. Like Mark Twain's thermometer that never varied except to go lower, prices in the basement store could not vary except to go lower. Because it was a radical departure in storekeeping, it was determined that nothing about this store within a store would be bound by tradition. The advertising, instead of quoting a collection of prices showing the savings—though this was done occasionally—read after this fashion:

"The people of this city are expending upward of three-quarters of a million dollars a year for their living expenses. How much goes to paying Jones' bad charge account or for the cost of delivering a spool of silk to Mrs. Brown?"

And again:

"Many merchants claim their prices are the lowest in our community, but our basement store guarantees it."

The flood of claims that had been predicted failed to materialize. One of the first claimants was a woman who brought in a child's red felt slipper. She made out a claim slip and took it over to the shoe buyer together with the slipper.

"I purchased these slippers of such and such a company," she told him. "The pair cost eighty-five cents. Yesterday I saw the same slipper here marked at eighty-nine cents."

The buyer got out his slippers and compared them carefully with the others. As far as appearances went the two were the same. But he knew that the buyer for the other company could not sell that slipper—and have it carry its share of the heavy overhead—for eighty-five cents. A closer examination showed that the binding was very poorly sewed. Then with his knife the buyer pared away part of the sole of the eighty-five-cent slipper and discovered that, instead of soft leather, the sole was made of an imitation fabric akin to canvas. Then he cut the sole of his slipper and showed the woman that it was made of real leather.

"Well, what do you think of that!" said the woman; "and I would never have noticed the difference. Please give me a pair of your slippers!"

There were other claims, but far from the deluge the majority of buyers and rival tradesmen had predicted; there were even less than Mr. Calhoun, the president, had expected. In starting, he had estimated that it would probably cost five hundred dollars a month to pay for such reports as were found to be true.

Mrs. Sharpeyes Wins a Dollar

"It will be the cheapest form of advertising we could have," he told the section heads.

But, like a great many theories that have been discounted by men who knew every rock and submerged snag in their particular river of business, the one-dollar-reward idea cost less than fifty dollars the first month—a month when the eyes of the entire city of considerably over five hundred thousand people had been challenged to find lower prices elsewhere. It also proved the fallacy of Courtney's idea that they would be flooded with unjust claims which if rejected would cost the store a customer, not only downstairs but in the entire establishment above.

During the year and seven months that this new idea in modern merchandising has been in progress ninety-five per cent of the claims have been paid. During these same nineteen months the claims for rewards for misstatements have cost the house but an average of four dollars a week. In fact, I have it on the word of the merchandise manager, many rewards that were not real claims were paid just for the advertising value that would eventually accrue.

The following stories selected at random show just how seriously the women of the city took the one-dollar-reward signs that greeted their eyes at every turn in the basement:

Mrs. William G. Sharpeyes was paid one dollar because she discovered that her grocer, who closed at noon each Wednesday, sold, for that morning only, a certain shoe polish at seven and a half cents a box. It was a regular ten-cent article, costing seventy-five cents a dozen wholesale, which the basement shoe man was selling at eight cents a box, day in and day out. The reward was promptly paid and the shoe man reduced his polish to seven cents a box.

Mrs. Constant Shopper came in one morning with little Miss Shopper to see some children's gingham dresses advertised at fifty-nine cents. "All models in all sizes," the advertisement read, but Mrs. Shopper, after a twenty-minute plunge through several dress-laden tables, discovered that one particular model was missing in size eight. Naturally, it was just the model she wanted—none of the others approached it.

"I demand a one-dollar reward," she told the floor manager a few moments later.

The floor man obtained a claim slip, had her fill it out, verified the fact that size eight really was missing, and a few minutes later she received the reward. But Mrs. Shopper, with her dollar safely clutched in her hand, returned to the department and bought three other styles that she discovered after all would do.

Shortly before this article was written a letter was received from a woman, living in a small town twenty miles away, stating

(Continued on Page 37)

ACHIEVEMENT

Twenty-five years ago the General Electric Company was founded.

Since then, electricity has sent its thrill through the whole structure of life.

Eager to turn wheels, to lift and carry, to banish dark, to gather heat, to hurl voices and thoughts across space, to give the world new tools for its work—electricity has bent to man's will.

Throughout this period the General Electric Company has held the great responsibilities and high ideals of leadership.

It has set free the spirit of research.

It has given tangible form to invention, in apparatus of infinite precision and gigantic power.

And it has gone forth, co-operating with every industry, to command this unseen force and fetch it far to serve all people.

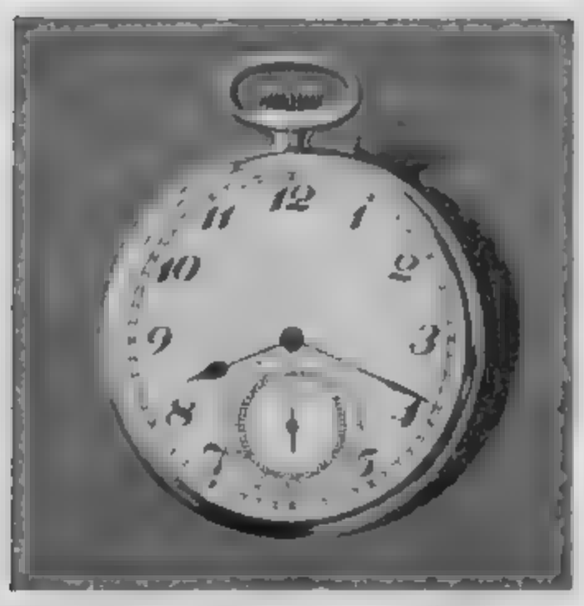
By the achievements which this company has already recorded may best be judged the greater ends its future shall attain, the deeper mysteries it yet shall solve in electrifying more and more of the world's work.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Elgin Streamline

$50

In Solid Gold ★★



The $50 Streamline comes to your Jeweler complete in Solid Gold case and individual presentation box. The movement is the 17-jewel G. M. Wheeler model, with 17 Jewels and 5 Adjustments ★ ★ ★ The same watch in 14 Karat Gold Filled, complete at $35 ★ ★ ★

The Streamline Series of Watches

for men brings the Elgin Company into the limelight as designers of *complete* watches.

For fifty years this great organization has designed and built watch *movements* of world-famous excellence. Now it is designing both movement and case as a complete unit, under the sweeping Elgin guarantee.

The Streamline is a man's watch, dressed in a style that will last—perfect balance, perfect harmony of case and movement.

The design is notable for its smoothly flowing lines. The "close up" view at the left shows how the bow flows into the pendant, and the pendant into the curve of the case. The clear, spacious dial is equally distinctive.

Your Jeweler will take pride in showing you this new $50 Streamline and the $25 Streamline previously announced, also Elgin Bracelet Watches for women. Illustrated folders on request.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, U.S.A.
Designers and Producers

(Continued from Page 34)

that the writer had purchased a small leather purse for fifty-nine cents in the basement store shortly after the opening over a year ago, but the previous week, while shopping in another store in the city, she had discovered the same purse marked at forty-nine cents. The claim was unjust, but the woman was paid.

Never was four dollars a week better spent. How that challenge—one dollar reward if the merchandise in this store is not lower in price than elsewhere—did ring out from every street car and newspaper.

"This is a new kind of store," Calhoun told the basement buyers. "We are not bound by tradition—just because a thing has been done one way for twenty or fifty years has no influence here. Make your displays original and have something about your department that will make it different!"

Heretofore, Simpkins, the shoe buyer, had felt, in common with all the Simpkinses of the merchandise world, that the only way to sell low-priced shoes was to throw them out in a vast pile that resembled nothing quite so much as a rather gruesome view of the trenches. Under the stimulation of the different-idea program, Simpkins had the tables cleared. Then he arranged just enough tables to care for shoes of the same length on one table. Each table was in turn neatly divided with strips to allow a space for the different widths from AA to E. Each division was plainly marked. Each table was plainly labeled with the size it contained and the price. Only one pair of each style was displayed in each width. The remainder were kept in boxes neatly arranged under the table. As soon as a pair was sold it was replaced from stock.

Serve-Self Soda Fountains

Much the same idea was carried out in the waist section. The waists were kept in boxes neatly arranged, according to price and material, on a table in the center of which was a display stand showing one of the best models at that particular price. This plan saved many a dollar by keeping the merchandise fresh, and the shopper felt that, even at eighty-nine cents, a lingerie waist was much more desirable taken fresh and clean from a box than when plucked from a huge pile that had been worried and picked over.

And so on down the entire line, even in the curtain section. Instead of a lacy collection of fabrics that were known to be curtains only because of a price ticket, a swinging series of imitation windows was arranged that showed the prospective purchaser just how each particular curtain would look in her own home.

But taking the vaudeville out of merchandise was more of a problem to the soda-fountain-and-candy man. He couldn't run down to New York and make a special purchase at a low price because some manufacturer happened to need ready money. He had to purchase ice cream, sirups and fresh fruits in the open market, along with the proprietor of every drug and confectionery store. At this time many of the larger soda fountains were attracting patrons by the aid of a young lady who played a violin, and sometimes by another who played the piano. Even eliminating the musical feature would not lower the overhead charges enough to permit sodas and candies to be sold lower in the basement store than elsewhere, at a profit. And business must, of course, be run for profit.

The soda space was fairly large, with nearly thirty tables scattered about. To give quick service a half dozen girls were needed to carry orders from the fountain. Here was the only point of overhead which could be cut down sufficiently to allow a profit for the department. And so the carry-home-your-cash-purchase idea was brought forward to compete with the vaudeville entertainments of the other soda emporiums. A serve-self soda fountain was inaugurated. Mrs. Jones, feeling the need of a refreshing drink, instead of sinking limply into a chair and ordering a Lovers' Delight, walked up to the fountain, obtained a small tray from a side table and watched the girl prepare her order. When it was safely on her tray Mrs. Jones walked to a cashier and paid the amount marked on her slip and took her seat at one of the small tables.

How did this arrangement compare with the attractions offered by the other soda fountains? The best answer would be a visit to the fountain itself, where one could see the women and girls lined up waiting to buy sodas at four cents instead of at five, and caramel nut sundaes at eight cents instead of at ten. The prices of more expensive dishes were cut accordingly, fifteen-cent dishes to twelve cents, and so forth. The idea worked out so well that light lunches were added to the menu, with coffee and milk at four cents, sandwiches at five cents, pie at four cents, and other easily prepared dishes. Patrons were asked to remember that everything they bought must be at a price lower than elsewhere or a reward was forthcoming. In one month this department alone did over four thousand dollars' worth of business, mostly in four-cent and eight-cent sales.

"But wait until this idea starts to decrease the sales in the upstairs store!" prophesied many a seasoned merchant. "How can you talk of eliminating the extra costs of doing business in one small part of the store and yet have them all operating in the larger end of the establishment?"

But sales didn't decrease any place. The woman who wanted a new hat charged, a package delivered, who liked a store where she might hear a concert of really good music after shopping, continued to patronize the upper floors to an extent that promised to show a gratifying gain for the year. Yet this same woman, when she wanted something that she felt should be purchased for as little as possible, visited the basement store.

The new venture also brought another class of people that would not ordinarily visit a store which did not court a bargain or a popular-price trade. Though the comparison is faulty in many ways, the two classes of traders somewhat resemble the first-cabin and the steerage passengers of a large steamship. Both are given the same ride, but one sacrifices many little things that the other enjoys, yet each receives the same mileage, without getting in each other's way. In other words, a bargain and popular-price trade is conducted in one section of the store without sacrificing the business that does not care to shop among a bargain crowd or where the merchandise is not of the most expensive kind.

"It gets them coming and going," said Courtney, after the first three months of the campaign.

Shut your eyes and see if you cannot visualize this picture! A mother with a little girl of six enters the children's-clothing section of an average store. She is a poor woman who has scrimped and saved in order that the child may have a new coat to wear to school. Timidly she passes down the aisle to where a saleswoman is standing beside a counter of small dresses.

The woman is not accustomed to buying coats. As she hesitates the girl straightens up and says:

"Something for you?"

"Yes, a child's coat," she tells the girl.

Then one after another the customer is bombarded with these questions:

"What price? What materials? What style? What size?"

Now the woman doesn't know what price except that she can pay only five dollars. Material, style—she has no definite ideas about them, so she hesitates. The child is six. The salesgirl leads the woman to a large table piled with coats, selects one, picks it up and, with a quick movement, places it on the table before the woman. There it lies, a meaningless piece of fabric.

Bargains in the Basement

"That," says the girl, "is a nice little coat for two dollars and forty-five cents."

The woman looks at the coat, trying perhaps to visualize her child in it. Then the salesgirl reaches into the pile again and brings forth another coat.

"Here," she says, "is a better coat for four dollars and ninety-five cents."

A minute later, seeing that her customer apparently still hesitates, she places another coat before her.

"Of course this is very much better and prettier—at seven dollars."

And the woman, torn between a desire to buy the prettiest and most desirable and the knowledge that she can afford to spend only five dollars, does either of two things—buys the coat she cannot afford at seven dollars or the cheapest coat at two dollars and forty-five cents.

The coat at seven dollars, though a good one in every respect, is not suited by the softness of fabric for hard wear. The coat at two dollars and forty-five cents is equally a poor buy, because, though a fair coat for

Overwhelmingly Preferred

If it were possible to take a vote on the most popular face powder in the world, the winner would be

Henry Tetlow's

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

For the Complexion

made in the United States and used by women of good taste throughout the world.

European women buy over one million boxes of SWAN DOWN annually in preference to powders made abroad. Think it over! Druggists for more than half a century have recommended it. It is economical and is as pleasant on the neck and arms as on the face.

Five shades—white, flesh, pink, cream and brunette It isn't expensive.

HENRY TETLOW CO

Established 1849

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HUMPHREY AUTOMATIC Gas Water Heater

Hot water on tap—day and night, winter and summer—for every need—for every emergency—and all at the mere turn of a hot water faucet.

This is the hot water service furnished you by the Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater. It's the kind that you want—and that you can have.

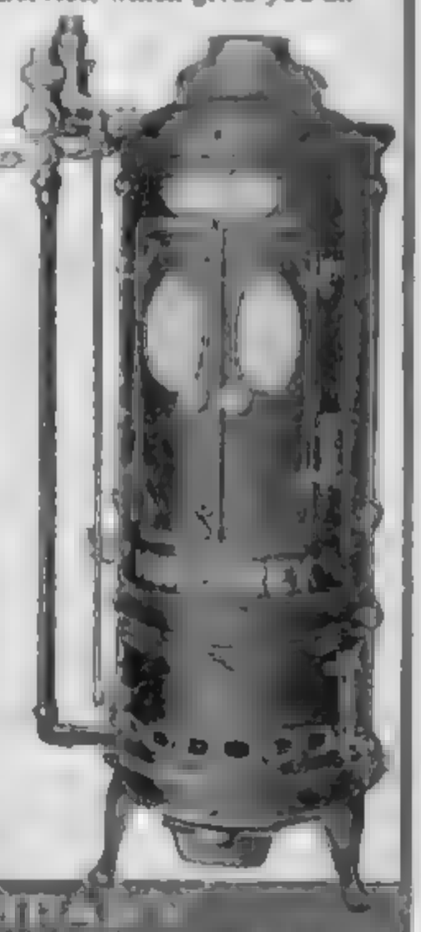
Don't put it off any longer. See your Gas Company or Plumber, or write us regarding this wonderful Hot Water Service, which gives you all the hot water you want at the rate of

Only 1 Cent for 10 Gallons

Investigate! A Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater will add immeasurably to the comfort of your family.

The Humphrey is installed in the basement—out of the way. It is simply connected to the gas and water pipes. The tiny gas pilot light is lit—then all is ready—the heater requiring no more care or attention.

No time wasted waiting for hot water—no fuel wasted keeping water hot. Turn any hot water faucet in the house and out pours a steaming stream of hot water. Shut off the water and you shut off the gas—saving fuel expense.



"Hot Water Like Magic" FREE!

Send for this book, which explains the different patented features which make the HUMPHREY the preferred Hot Water Heater. Book also contains interesting facts regarding Humphrey Hot Water Service and the low maintenance cost. Send postal for free book.

HUMPHREY Automatic Gas Water Heater Week Sept. 8th to 15th

During this week dealers throughout the country will offer special inducements in prices and terms on Humphrey Heaters. Write us for name of your nearest dealer

ON the Battlefield—In the Preservation of Law and Order—The Protection of Home and Country—Whenever and Wherever Armies or Individuals Have Had to Enforce Right with Might—COLT'S FIREARMS have been creating, building and maintaining a reputation for merit, efficiency and reliability that has resulted in a position of unquestioned superiority.

You make no mistake when you follow the Government's example and adopt COLT'S for YOUR Firearm needs

CATALOG NO. 85 MAILED FREE ON REQUEST

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

For constant hard work—where you must be SURE of a spark every time—use SPLITDORF Plugs—the imported India ruby mica insulation cannot be harmed by hard usage. It cannot chip or crack—and it is always leak-proof.

Sure and Easy Starting

is assured on medium and large size stationary and marine engines with SUMTER Plugoscillators and on tractors, trucks and heavyest duty motors with SUMTER Starter-Couplings. Your manufacturer will give you the equipment if you INSIST.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

SPLITDORF
SPARK PLUGS

the money, the workmanship and fabric will not give the necessary wear. In either case, the house is going to lose a customer. The salesgirl had an opportunity, aside from her duty toward the house, to do that woman a service. The coat at four dollars and ninety-five cents was a practical garment of closely woven material, suited to just the kind of service the child would give it. If that salesgirl had only taken enough interest to make a few inquiries! But this incident would not have happened in this new kind of store. It would have taken place much after this fashion:

The woman would have been met halfway down the aisle by the girl, who would smile and say "Good morning," or "Good afternoon."

The customer would undoubtedly acknowledge the greeting and say:

"I would like to see some coats for my little girl."

"Just starting to school?" the girl would hazard.

"Yes." It was her first year, and her mother wanted her to have the best she could afford.

"Well, of course you will want something that will wear well." And she would bring out the coat at four dollars and ninety-five cents, then with a few words to the child she would try the coat on, give it a little pat here and there, and step away.

No longer was that coat a meaningless piece of cloth. It immediately became a pretty little garment that seemed to fit that mental picture the mother had seen as she worked to save the five dollars. Then the girl would try on both the two-dollar-and-forty-five-cent coat and the seven-dollar one, explaining frankly the advantages and disadvantages of buying either. In both of these cases the girl acquired a customer; but which, think you, rendered the greatest service to her employers?

These instances characterized the service rendered in the basement store in all departments—a spirit of service that went beyond merely selling merchandise. In no case was a clerk allowed to greet the customer with "Something for you" or "Want something?" It was service that cost comparatively nothing and yielded returns that only those experienced in handling department-store help and merchandise could appreciate.

But to buy the lowest priced merchandise in town does not satisfy the average woman unless she is constantly made to realize that these prices are possible only because the store itself is different. A good illustration of this is the way the women of the city began to distinguish this store from the other stores that angled for large volumes of business by advertising special purchases, huge reductions and the like.

The Man Who Looks for Trouble

"Have you shopped in the basement store?" one woman might ask another.

"Oh, yes. That is the place where they offer one dollar reward every time their merchandise is not priced lower than somebody else's, isn't it?" Or—

"Oh, yes, that is where you must pay cash for everything."

With the basement idea well inculcated into the shopping populace, statements of comparative prices were discontinued. A test was made with a large offering of fancy linens, no mention being made of their former prices. The largest returns the linen section had ever before received in one day—twenty-one hundred dollars—were proof that the people had come to believe that basement prices really were lower.

Another tradition, dear to the mercantile world, was shattered by the total absence of specials for one day, of sales of any kind or of prices marked down for a short time. Tell the average large-department-store executive, or the smallest country-store dealer, that a business could be a success financially and also show a decided growth without giving customers a single price marked special or a single sale of any kind, and both men would probably consider it merely a mercantile dream. But it is an absolute reality, and the gain in gross sales last year was over one hundred per cent.

Taking the vaudeville out of this particular business created a position new to the average store—the "crabby customer" he was called by the different departments. On the pay roll he was listed as an investigation manager. He was formerly a newspaper man of decided ability, who had to retire, from the strenuous life of getting out home editions, because of his health. He is responsible to no one but the executive office. Briefly, his position is that of a critical customer. For instance, he walks through the wash-goods section and stops for a moment to examine a display of white voile at twenty-one cents a yard. Carelessly appraising the quality, he comes upon a small series of bunched threads. He calls the wash-goods buyer.

"These are the voiles you advertised this morning at twenty-one cents a yard, aren't they, Shearer?"

"Yes," Shearer tells him.

"You didn't say they were seconds in your ad!"

"Well—they aren't."

"What is this?" pointing to the bunched threads.

"That, oh, that is a slight misweave that probably doesn't occur once in every ten yards of material."

"Change the sign to read 'Seconds,' and I will have the advertisement changed in the evening paper."

And the buyer changes the sign.

Monthly Efficiency Banquets

Or again, perhaps the investigation manager reads in the evening advertisement that all the latest phonograph selections are on sale in the record department at nine cents for the small five-inch size and at twenty-three cents for a larger size. Later he stops at the phonograph counter and asks the girl in attendance to play one of the newest popular airs.

"Oh, we haven't that," says the girl.

"But the advertisement promised all the latest selections?"

"Yes, but we haven't that one," she says.

After that the word "all" was modified.

In short, the crabby customer is the keeper of the faith, and the buyers know that he is absolutely fair and has no ulterior motive in view when he asks that this display be changed or that statement be corrected to prevent any misinterpretation by a customer.

From time to time other innovations have been introduced—one is a monthly efficiency banquet. Not an uncommon thing in any efficient big institution, you say, but there is an Ethiopian in this woodpile. Besides a brisk round-table discussion of methods of improving the service and the display of merchandise, each man is asked to make some suggestion about eliminating superfluous costs—and not in his own department either, because the average store-department head can see waste in other departments long before he can see it in his own. And just before the meeting is adjourned the sales manager brings forward a large blackboard and gives them a rousing sales talk.

The writer attended one of these meetings shortly before this article was written. And this is what the blackboard showed—the new idea in merchandising had produced the following amount of business, facts that will appeal to the hard-headed man of business.

First. It showed that prospective total sales for May had been placed at over ninety thousand dollars—the month before, April, the store had exceeded its set figures by two thousand dollars, having taken in eighty-three thousand dollars.

Second. It showed that from figures based on the first year's sales fully seventy thousand dollars had been saved to the people of the city by the elimination of trading stamps, deliveries, charge accounts and so forth.

The people assembled for the purpose of finding ways and means of increasing business, and incidentally profits, cheered the second statement just as much as they cheered the first. And just before the meeting adjourned everybody sang the national anthem and, amidst the cheering, the room was darkened and a stereopticon flashed the new store motto:

"Difficulties are things that show what men are."

ON behalf of eleven thousand fine hatters who deal in Stetson hats we extend an invitation to all good dressers to inspect the new Fall Styles.

Stetson dealers are men of taste and hat-experience. They offer wide ranges of Stetson styles to choose from. It should be easy for you to find the right hat this season.

A man without more than one side to his nature is hard to find—one side of yours will be suited with a soft hat, another with a derby. Better have both.

Note the brisk spirit of the new Stetson Velour and particularly the finish and trim which have made Stetsons supreme among Velour hats.

Stetson regulation army hats are famous. Officers and men in all services are wearing them. For durability and appearance they have never been matched.

It is possible to illustrate only one of many Stetson styles here—we have chosen the STETSONIAN—the feature hat—an especial favorite of young men.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

STETSON HATS

A NEW FIRE WARNING!

Their hands empty, their eyes full of horror, these strong men cringe before fire. Just one Pyrene, filled with Pyrene liquid, could save them. An empty Pyrene, however, would not, for an empty Pyrene cannot quell fire.

Be warned. Keep every Pyrene in your home, on your automobile, or in your factory, filled to capacity, and for added safety keep an extra quart on hand for each extinguisher.

Be absolutely sure that the liquid is Pyrene. Scorn substitutes. They may rust, corrode and ruin the mechanism.

Pyrene liquid is astonishingly quick to kill fire; is especially sure and swift on highly inflammable materials. It won't injure any material—not even fine silks. It is dependable; never deteriorates. At 50 degrees below zero it will not freeze.

Refilling Pyrene is just a moment's work. Do it yourself—unscrew the cap and fill like a bottle.

Today test your Pyrenes. Test too all other extinguishers at least once a year.

Pyrene liquid is ready for you at hardware and auto supply dealers in convenient cans—quart, $1.50; gallon, $5.00; drum, $30.00. If your dealer hasn't Pyrene liquid, write us direct.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company, New York City
Fire Hose—Chemical Engines—Safety and Waste Cans

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

KEEP ALL PYRENES FULL AND AN EXTRA QUART ON HAND

CAPPY RICKS TAKES ON THE KAISER

(Continued from Page 11)

as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper hanger with the itch. He was obsessed with a fear that the bond issue would be undersubscribed by about a billion and a half and result in the United States of America being accorded a hearty Teutonic horse laugh. Consequently he made five separate subscriptions on his own account, and just before the lists closed on the last day he was again overcome with apprehension and subscribed for an additional ten thousand dollars' worth for his grandson! When the result of the Liberty-bond campaign was made known he almost wept with joy and gave a wonderful dinner to his corps of salesmen, after which he went down to his ranch to rest for a week and see what Sam Daniels was up to.

The morning he returned to town, prepared to leap, heart and soul, into the hundred-million-dollar Red Cross drive, he had a visit from his port captain, Michael J. Murphy.

"Well, sir," Murphy announced, "I've cleaned up all the little details in my department, your new port captain is on the job, and I'm about to go over to the naval training station at Goat Island and hold up my hand again. But before I go, sir, I want to express to you something of what I feel for what you've done for me and mine."

"Tut, tut. Not another peep out of you, sir!" Cappy commanded. To be thanked for anything always made him feel uncomfortable. "What branch of the service do you hope to get into, Mike?"

"I want to get aboard a destroyer, sir, though they're the divil an' all to live aboard. They offer the best chance for action. Patrolling the submarine zone, you know."

"Gosh," Cappy groaned; "everybody's got submarines on the brain, and I'm tagging along with the rest. Mike, I swear I can't sleep nights, thinking of this war. It breaks my heart to realize I'm out of it. And because I'm a shipping man, naturally my fool brain runs to submarines and how to control them. Mike, I have a great yearning to sink a submarine; the screams of those scoundrels aboard her would be music to my ears."

"It's a serious problem," Murphy declared soberly; "but I'm hoping our Yankee ingenuity will solve it."

"Well, we haven't done it to date, and in the meantime all the nut inventors in the world are sending their nut ideas in to the National Council of Defense. Of course I have a bright idea too. I'm a great hand at hatching cute schemes, you know. However, I differ from the average submarine nut in this—that I want to try out my theory in practice before submitting it to an expectant world. Still, I'd need you to help me; and now that you're going into the navy I suppose I'll have to forget it."

"I seem to remember a scheme of yours that resulted in the capture of a submarine last year," Murphy reminded the old man. "That was a bully scheme, and I'm willing to wager that the head which produced it can produce another just as good. Tell me your plan for eliminating submarines, Mr. Ricks."

"My scheme doesn't contemplate a continuous performance," Cappy hastened to explain, "but it might work out once or twice—and in this great international emergency anything is worth trying once. I could demonstrate my theory in about two months—with your help."

"Then," declared Michael J. Murphy, "I'll wait until you give the demonstration before enlisting in the navy."

"Bully for you, Mike! I'll declare Terry Reardon in on the experiment also, for the reason that one of the ingredients required is a chief engineer with courage to spare. Now then, for my scheme: Do you know the Costa Rica?"

"That old steamer that used to run to Panama for the Pacific Mail?"

"The same."

"What about her?"

"She's in the bone yard—laid up for keeps, Mike. Her plates are so thin and soft the least jar would punch a hole in her; she's wracked and strained from fifty years of service; her engines are worn out, her boilers are burned out, her gear is antiquated, and even in these times of abnormal freight rates she's too far gone to patch up and keep running. They kicked her up in the mud of Oakland Inner Harbor yesterday, and there she'll be stripped of everything of value and left to rot. My plan, Mike, is to buy the old Costa Rica for a couple of thousand dollars, turn Terence Reardon and his gang loose on her engines and boilers for a couple of weeks and take the old coffin out for one final voyage. She can make eight or nine knots in good weather, and if she's torpedoed the loss is trifling. Will you run the risk and take her out for me, Mike?"

"Yes, sir. What for?"

"As a decoy."

"I don't understand."

"We'll put a hand-picked crew aboard her, Mike; we'll arm her fore and aft with six-inch guns, which we can readily get from the navy now that it's the fashion to arm merchantmen; and then go cruising in the submarine zone. You can pick up a few old navy men for a gun crew and train some of the Costa Rica's crew, can't you?"

"If we can get somebody to give me the range and manage to get the gun loaded somehow, I'll do the gun pointing; with half a chance I'll guarantee results."

"And that is exactly what I plan to give you—half a chance," Cappy declared enthusiastically. "The Costa Rica isn't worth two hoots in a hollow, but she still looks enough like a steamer to attract submarines; and during this fine summer weather we can chance a final voyage with the old wreck."

"Where do you get this 'we' stuff, Mr. Ricks?" Mike Murphy queried bluntly. "You're not figuring on going to sea in that coffin, are you?"

"I most certainly am so figuring. I take my fun where I find it, Mike, and if I'm to plan and pay for this experiment—then, by gravy, I'm going to be on deck to watch it work out if it's the last act of my sinful career."

"But if they fire on us you may be killed with shrapnel."

"We'll be firin' back at 'em, won't we? And if I'm killed in action, won't that be a fitting finish for a Ricks?"

"We may be afloat in an open boat for a week. I don't want you to die of exposure, sir."

"Forget it, Mike! I've been charged off to profit and loss for so many years it makes me ill to think of them. And remember, my dear Mike,

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

Don't argue with me, Mike. My mind is quite made up. I'm going into action in this war, for, as I said before, I'll try anything once—particularly when it isn't very expensive and I can afford the luxury. We're going to buy the Costa Rica, take her into the submarine zone and lose her, but, by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, we'll take a submarine with us!"

"Not if the German sees us first."

Cappy leaned forward and laid his index finger impressively on Michael J. Murphy's knee. "That's the only way we can hope to win," he declared. "We must make certain the submarine sees us first. Mike, a German is a rabid disciple of law and order; anything out of the usual run of things upsets him terribly; he never makes allowance for the unexpected or for the other fellow's point of view. To be more exact, Mike, I figure that German psychology is the only kind of psychology a German can understand. And to tell you the truth, Mike," he added musingly, "there are blamed few people who can understand mine."

Michael J. Murphy nodded a vigorous indorsement to this last remark, and Cappy went on: "Do you think any proud and arrogant skipper of a German submarine would ever suspect an American citizen of such a harebrained scheme as the sending out of a rusty, creaking old rattletrap of a steamer that can't get out of her own way, for the avowed purpose of destroying him and his sub? No, sir! His microphones will tell him, while he is still totally submerged, that his approaching prey is a slow

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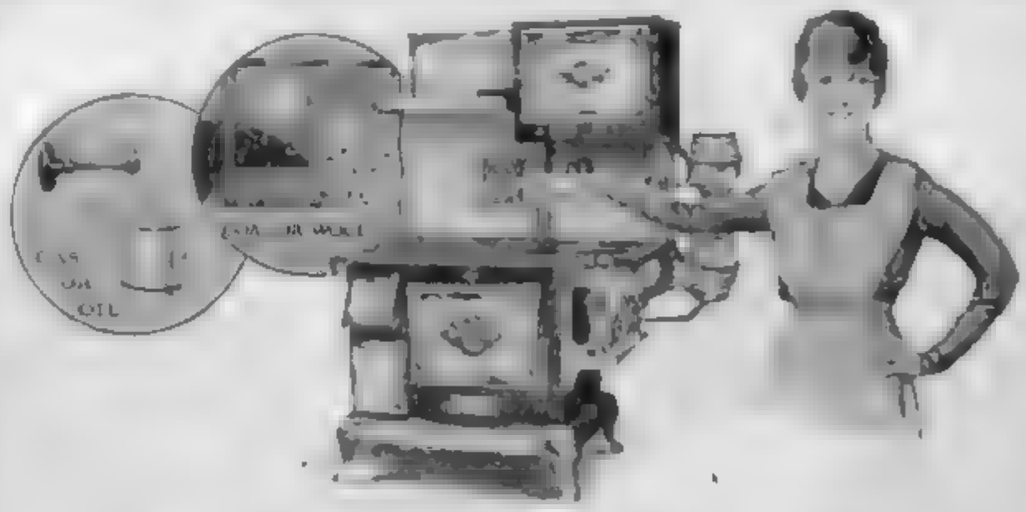

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poke and cannot possibly outrun him; then he'll come up, take a look and clinch his conclusions—after which he will attack."

"True for you, sir. He'll launch his torpedo and dive before I can get a shot at him or correct my range to hit him; then the torpedo will hit us and we'll go up like a shower of mush—probably with half a dozen men killed and nothing accomplished in the way of a return swat."

"That was the program a few months ago," Cappy retorted triumphantly. "Have you noticed, however, that since merchantmen have been armed the submarines are more and more prone, when attacking in daylight, to pursue a steamer at a reasonable distance and rake her with shell fire? If a vessel is fired on and her skipper, looking back, notes the position of the submarine and realizes that he cannot possibly outrun her and that she outranges him, what does he do, Mike?"

"He does the sensible thing. Heaves to to avoid loss of life, gets his men into the boats and abandons his ship to the Hun."

"Precisely! And if the Hun thinks he is not likely to be disturbed for a couple of hours, what does he do?"

"Why," said Murphy, "he comes aboard, removes all the stores he can—particularly engine oil—and strips the vessel of all her brass, copper and bronze fittings. These metals are very scarce in Germany and they need all they can get in the manufacture of munitions."

"Correct! And we must bear in mind, Mike, the fact that a German is naturally thrifty; if he can sink a ship with shell fire or bombs set in her bilges he will not waste on her a torpedo that costs from ten to twenty thousand dollars. Now, will he?"

"Well, I wouldn't, Mr. Ricks."

"Then my plan is absurdly simple. We merely provide a gorgeous opportunity for the enemy; we inculcate in him the idea that he is about to pick a soft one—then: Alas, poor Yorick!"

Michael J. Murphy rose and put on his hat. "Where are you going, Mike?" Cappy demanded.

"I'm going up to the navy yard at Mare Island," the port captain declared, "to see if I cannot pick up a couple of six-inch rifles of the model they used when I was in the navy. They're obsolete now, but I understand them—and while I'm getting the guns I'll pick up four or five old navy men. Leave it to me, Mr. Ricks."

"We'll give 'em hell!" shouted Cappy.

"We will!" quoth Michael J. Murphy with conviction.

IV

TWO weeks later the old Costa Rica, looking somewhat youthful in a new coat of black paint and with a huge American flag painted on each topside, slipped quietly out of San Francisco in ballast and for the last time turned her nose toward Panama. In the brief period given him in which to overhaul her interior, Terence P. Reardon had accomplished wonders, and an hour after Mike Murphy had taken his bearings from Point San Pedro and laid out his course the chief came into the chart room to announce that the old girl was doing eight knots and, barring unexpected bad weather, would continue to do it without falling to pieces. "If I could have spint two t'ousand dollars more on her," Terence declared, "I believe I could get another knot out av her. Time was whin she could do sixteen."

Cappy Ricks, enjoying his afternoon cigar in the snug chart room, snorted vigorously. "I don't very often take a notion to throw my money into the sea, Terence," he reminded his port engineer, "but when I do get that reckless I limit myself to twenty thousand dollars, and that, in round figures, is what this old ruin will stand me about the time the torpedo blows you up on top of the fiddley. However, that is a trifling investment if we succeed in destroying a late-type German submarine with a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of torpedoes aboard. As a sporting proposition it's somewhat more expensive than golf, but the excitement makes up for the added cost."

"The old box is alive with rats and bedbugs," Murphy complained.

"If they annoy you, Mike, my boy, comfort yourself with the thought that they're all going to be drowned," Cappy replied gayly.

Slowly the old packet wallowed down the coast, the while her crew, under Mike Murphy's supervision, built gun platforms fore and aft. Following their completion, the two six-inch guns Cappy had succeeded in getting from the navy were lifted out of the hold with the aid of the cargo winch and placed in position, one forward and the other aft. Thereupon the mate took charge of the Costa Rica, while Mike Murphy drilled his crew in range finding and celerity in loading the piece. Pointing the gun was entirely up to Murphy and, needless to state, the task was in capable hands, as was frequently demonstrated during target practice as they loafed down the coast.

Upon arrival at Panama the Costa Rica's bunkers were replenished and an extra supply of sacked coal was piled on deck, for with her patched-up boilers the old steamer was a hog on fuel. Then the mechanics and carpenters and all men not vitally needed aboard for the remainder of the voyage were put ashore and furnished with transportation back to San Francisco by the regular Pacific Mail liner. Next, the name on the bows of the Costa Rica was painted out, the name boards at each end of her bridge removed and the raised-letter record of her identity and home port chipped off her stern; following which Cappy Ricks, Terence P. Reardon and Michael J. Murphy commended their souls to their Creator, and the Costa Rica slipped leisurely through the ditch and out into the Caribbean Sea.

Fourteen days later Mike Murphy dropped round to Cappy Ricks' cabin. "We're in the danger zone, sir," he announced. "And from now on we're liable to meet one of the larger type of U-boats that operate a couple of thousand miles from the base of Zeebrugge."

"Very well," Cappy replied calmly "Whether torpedoed or shelled, your instructions are the same. Forbid the wireless operator to send out a call for help, heave to immediately and get the men into the boats and away from the ship. Terry Reardon will remain on duty in the engine room, provided it isn't wrecked by a torpedo and the engine-room crew killed; you and your gun crew will remain aboard and hide in the forecastle if it's action front and in the auxiliary steering gear house if the action is aft. I will relieve the quartermaster, take charge of the wheel and direct the action. If I see that there isn't going to be any action we'll put on life preservers, jump overboard and be picked up by our men in the boats. However, something tells me, Mike, that we're going to have a crack at —"

At that very instant something rapped the Costa Rica terrifically on the starboard side amidships and tore through her with a grinding, wrenching noise, followed by an explosion.

"There's the crack you were speaking of, sir," Murphy yelled and started for the door. Cappy Ricks grasped him frantically by the arm. "Was that a shell or a torpedo?" he cried. His voice, thin and shrill with age, quavered now with excitement.

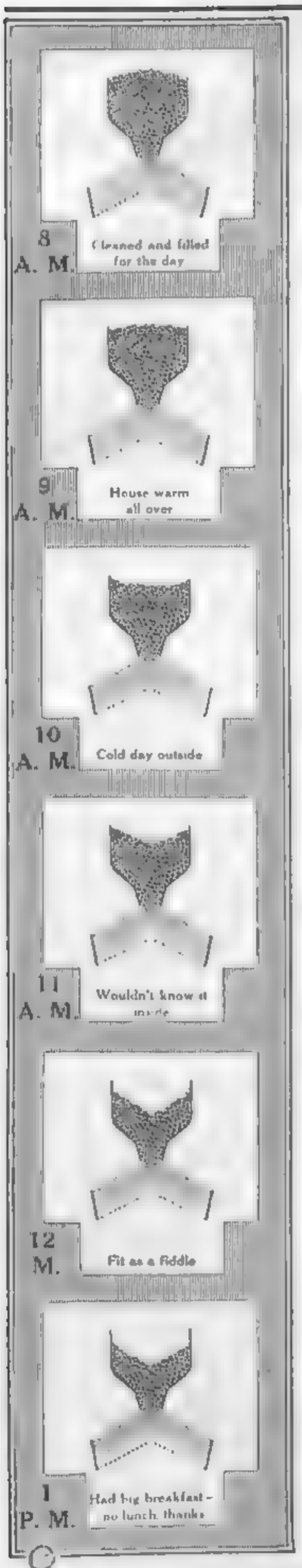
"It was a shell," Murphy answered. "Went through the second cabin."

"Then that German belongs to Alden P. Ricks," Cappy declared, and scurried for the pilot house. "Out and into the lifeboats!" he ordered the quartermaster, and shoved him away from the wheel. "Set her over to slow speed ahead," he called to the mate, who was standing stupidly, gazing at the white puffs of smoke that marked the position of the submarine two miles off the starboard bow. The mate came to life, jammed over the handle of the marine telegraph and, under an order bellowed to him by Mike Murphy from the main deck, abandoned the bridge for the boat deck, there to superintend the task of getting the men away from the ship.

His first thrill of excitement having subsided, Cappy carefully drew the little half curtains on the pilot-house window, leaving a small slit through which he could observe the submarine without being observed himself, for it was no part of his plan to disclose to the enemy the fact that the ship was not entirely deserted—and that the submarine commander should jump to the conclusion that she was deserted by all hands was precisely the condition that Cappy desired to bring about.

Down in the engine room the indomitable Terence Reardon, with one hand on the throttle and one eye on the steam gauge, put the Costa Rica under a dead-slow bell; she seemed scarcely to move, yet she had sufficient steerage way to enable Cappy to keep her pointed in the general

(Concluded on Page 45)



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Everybody out but the Spencer
3 P. M.
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4 P. M.
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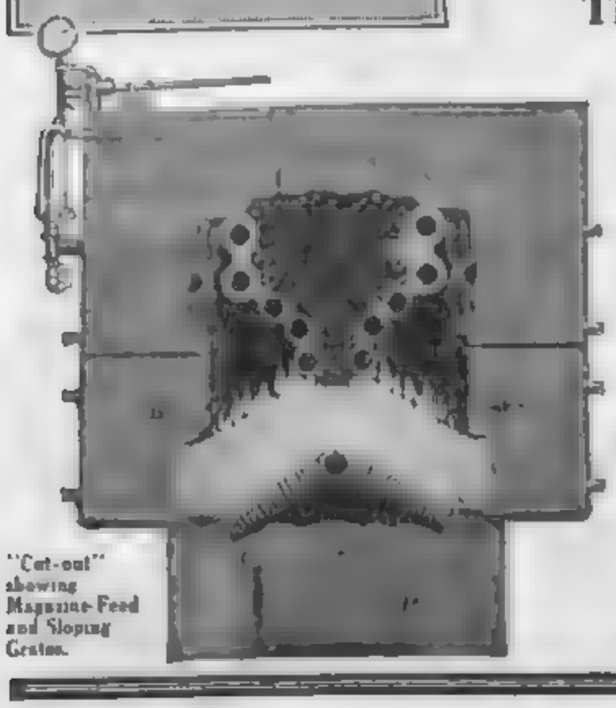

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Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles, and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make **United States Tires** *Supreme.*

(Concluded from Page 42)

direction of the submarine, the commander of which, seeing the crew of the Costa Rica scurrying for the boats, contented himself with sending over half a dozen shrapnel for the purpose of hurrying them along; then he ceased firing, and when the boats pulled out from the ship in tow of a motor lifeboat and his powerful glasses showed neither guns nor sign of life upon the Costa Rica's decks, he did exactly what Cappy Ricks figured he would do.

He circled warily round his prize, but the absence of frantic wireless calls for help lulled his suspicions, and presently he bore down upon her, hove to two cable lengths abreast the wallowing hulk and watched her fully five minutes for a possible trap, for the absence of any name puzzled him. His suspicions subsided at length, however, the hatch in her turtle deck slid back and men appeared, dragging up a small collapsible boat.

Slowly, slowly—so gradually that it seemed the old vessel was merely drifting, Cappy brought the Costa Rica round until her bow pointed toward the submarine. Mike Murphy, standing just inside the forecastle door, kept his glance on the slit in the curtains on the pilot-house window—and presently Cappy motioned violently to him.

"To the gun!" ordered the captain. Followed by his gun crew he dashed out of the forecastle and up the companion ladder to the forecastle head. A jerk at a lever connecting a cunningly constructed set of controls, and the false topsides on the forecastle head flopped to the deck, revealing Mike Murphy's six-inch gun. Cappy saw him deflect the gun while another man traversed it; for five seconds his eyes pressed the sight, and when the gun remained motionless Cappy knew that the hull of the submarine was looming fairly on the intersection of the cross wires in the sight. The range was point-blank!

Quick as were Murphy and his crew, however, the gun crew of the submarine was quicker. Before the Costa Rica's gun was properly laid, a shrapnel from the submarine flew a foot over the heads of the Murphyites and burst fifty yards beyond the ship. "Ah, missed!" breathed Michael J.—and raised his hand. The gunner released the firing pin and the six-inch projectile with which the gun had been loaded for two days crashed into the submarine at her water line.

A terrific explosion followed the shot. Cappy Ricks, gazing popeyed with horror, saw the submarine disintegrate and disappear in a huge waterspout; when the water settled only a vast and widening smear of heavy fuel oil showed where she had been.

From the forecastle head Michael Murphy yelled to Cappy Ricks. "Well, are you satisfied, sir?" On his part, Cappy, jubilant, even in the instant when he knew thirty new faces were already whining round the devil, dashed out on the bridge, seized the whistle cord and swung on it. A sad, nautical sob from the Costa Rica's siren answered him, and ten seconds later Terence Reardon whistled up the bridge. Cappy let go the whistle cord and took up the speaking tube. "Hello," he piped.

"What the divil do ye mean be blowin' that whistle?" roared Terence, thinking he was addressing the mate. "Wit' me alone in the engine room how d'ye expect me to keep shteam up on this ould hooker wit' you blowin' it off in the whistle! Take shame to yourself!"

"Mike sunk the submarine! Mike sunk the submarine!" Cappy shrilled over and over again. "Come up, Terence, and see the oil. See the oil, Terence, see the oil! Mike sunk the submarine, Mike sunk it. Bully for Mike! Oh, bully! Bully! Bully! Mike sunk it, but I schemed it. Come up, Terence, I'm going to faint."

And then, with shrill yips of delirious delight he slid down the companion to the main deck, to be gathered in Michael J. Murphy's arms and hugged and passed to the gun crew, who hoisted him to their shoulders and paraded joyously and blasphemously round the deck.

"I told you he wouldn't use a torpedo if he could do the trick with shells," Cappy shouted. "I told you he'd board us if we didn't wireless for help. Ha, ha, ha! Tehee!" And he burst into shrill cachinnations. "I outthought the scoundrel—goin' to get a patent on my idea—turn it over to the Government—oh, Mike! Oh, Terence! Get the steward back aboard. We must have some liquor. They used to serve grog in the old navy after a victory, didn't they? Yi-yi-yi! Oh, mamma!"

Terence P. Reardon came up and proffered his greasy paw, the while his quizzical glance swept the oily sea. "Well, sor," he remarked philosophically, "what wit' bein' a Christian I'm a little bit sorry the Dutchman lost, but back av that agin I'm a little bit glad we won. Michael, do you get those blackguards o' mine down below as quick as ye can, or we'll be all day gettin' shteam up agin in this ould brute av a ship."

▼

TWO days passed uneventfully; then shortly before sunset on the third day the lookout reported a periscope about a thousand yards distant and three points off the port bow. Cappy Ricks' old knees promptly commenced to knock together with excitement.

"Here's where Terence gets that torpedo if he doesn't come up out of the engine room," Mike Murphy remarked laconically, and promptly whistled Terence on the engine-room speaking tube. "Come up or be blown up," he yelled.

"Divil a fear! We're comin'," Terence replied.

The chief and his crew had just reached the deck when the black shining turtleback of the submarine broke water.

"They have to come to the surface to discharge a torpedo," Murphy explained to Cappy Ricks.

"Great Godfrey! Here it comes!" shrilled Cappy, and watched, fascinated, the wake of the torpedo as it raced toward them. Just as Terence Reardon and his engine crew came panting up on the bridge the old Costa Rica walked into it. "Me ingine room! I knew it!" cried Terence. Then the explosion came.

From where he lay on his back, half stunned, Cappy Ricks saw water and wreckage fly high in the air. The Costa Rica shivered. So did Cappy. Then the débris descended, and Cappy, choked with salt water, dimly realized that Terence Reardon had him in his arms and was carrying him down to the boat deck, where the motor lifeboat swung wide in the davits.

"Here, take the boss from me," Terence commanded, and passed Cappy to a negro fireman, who carried the old man forward and laid him on a pile of blankets, previously placed there for just such an emergency.

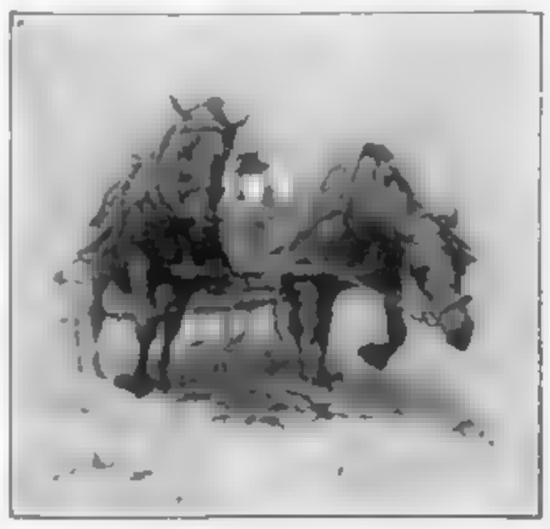
Then the lifeboat commenced to drop away from the towering black topside and Cappy was aware of Michael J. Murphy's face—white, anxious, terrified—gazing down at him from the ship's rail.

"I'm just suffering from the shock," Cappy called. "Mike, you 'tend to business. Remember what I told you and tell the crew to keep their mouths shut. He'll do the natural thing and walk into your hand."

Murphy, reassured, waved his hand, and with his gun crew fled aft to the little house that protected the auxiliary steering gear from the weather, where they concealed themselves. In the meantime the other lifeboats had been lowered away; the painter from the third boat was passed to the second, which in turn passed its painter to the motor boat, and the ship's company hauled clear of the shattered, sinking ship. The Costa Rica was going down by the head, and Cappy, curious as any human being, sat up to watch his decoy disappear.

The submarine steamed up to them. "What vessel is that?" her commander shouted from the conning tower in excellent English.

"The American steamer Soak-it-to-'em, of Rotten Row," Cappy Ricks replied, "carrying a cargo of post holes to Walla Walla. She has three decks and no bottom."



"How do you spell the name?" the German bawled.

"Can't hear you," Cappy fibbed. Then, *sotto voce*, to Mr. Reardon: "Kick her ahead, Terry."

"How do you spell the name?" the submarine captain repeated.

Cappy jibbered something unintelligible, and Mr. Reardon added to the puzzle by bellowing the information that the *p* was silent, as in pneumonia. All this time the motor boat was putting distance between itself and the submarine, and the disgusted German, as a last resort, steamed away and circled round the rapidly lifting stern of the doomed Costa Rica, confident that there he would find the record of her identity and home port—information which, in his methodical German way, he desired to include in his official report to the Admiralty. And while he ratched slowly past, striving to find with his binoculars that which was not, Michael J. Murphy and his bully boys came aft with a rush, tore aside the tarpaulin that screened the stern gun and expeditiously opened fire. To Cappy Ricks' horror Murphy's first shot was a clean miss, and instantly the big sub started to submerge with a hoarse sucking sound that brought despair to Cappy Ricks' heart. She was halfway under before Murphy's gun was reloaded, but quite calmly the gun was traversed and deflected until the black stern flashed across the intersection of the wires in the sight; then Murphy's hand dropped and the gun roared.

"That'll do nicely, lads," he told his crew. "Tore the stern off her that time; and from this dive she'll not come up. Cappy Ricks was right. He banked on human nature, and if curiosity isn't a human trait then I'm a Chinaman. Overboard with you, and away before the old girl goes under or we'll be sucked down in the vortex."

And overboard they went, to be picked up five minutes later by Terence and Cappy in the motor lifeboat. "You were right, Mr. Ricks," cried Murphy as he scrambled into the boat. "Curiosity killed the cat!"

"Yes, and it's blamed near killed me," Cappy declared feebly. "Some of that débris came down and hit me a slap on the dome —— Jerusalem! There goes my decoy—peace to her bones!"

The Costa Rica dove to the Port of Missing Ships. Michael J. Murphy, however, did not turn to see her disappear; he was gazing, instead, at a thin red trickle that came from under Cappy's cap band and was running down his wizened neck. "Mr. Ricks," he said anxiously, "you're wounded."

Cappy rubbed the sore spot, and when he withdrew his fingers they were bloody.

"By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet!" he gasped wonderingly. "You're right, Mike. I've been wounded in action with the enemies of my country! So help me, Mike. I've actually lived to shed my blood for the Stars and Stripes, like any other Ricks."

He gazed wonderingly at Mike Murphy. "Now I can die happy," he murmured. "I've done my bit."

"Yes, begorra," rumbled Terence P. Reardon, "an' if I have my way about it ye're honorably discharged from the service this minute, Misther Ricks. I'll gallivant no more wit' you in ye're ould breadbaskets av shteamers. 'Tis highly dangerous an' no business for a man av family."

Mike Murphy grinned at his colleague. "For all that, Terence," he declared, "you must admit that Mr. Ricks' scheme for destroying submarines is the only practical one yet devised."

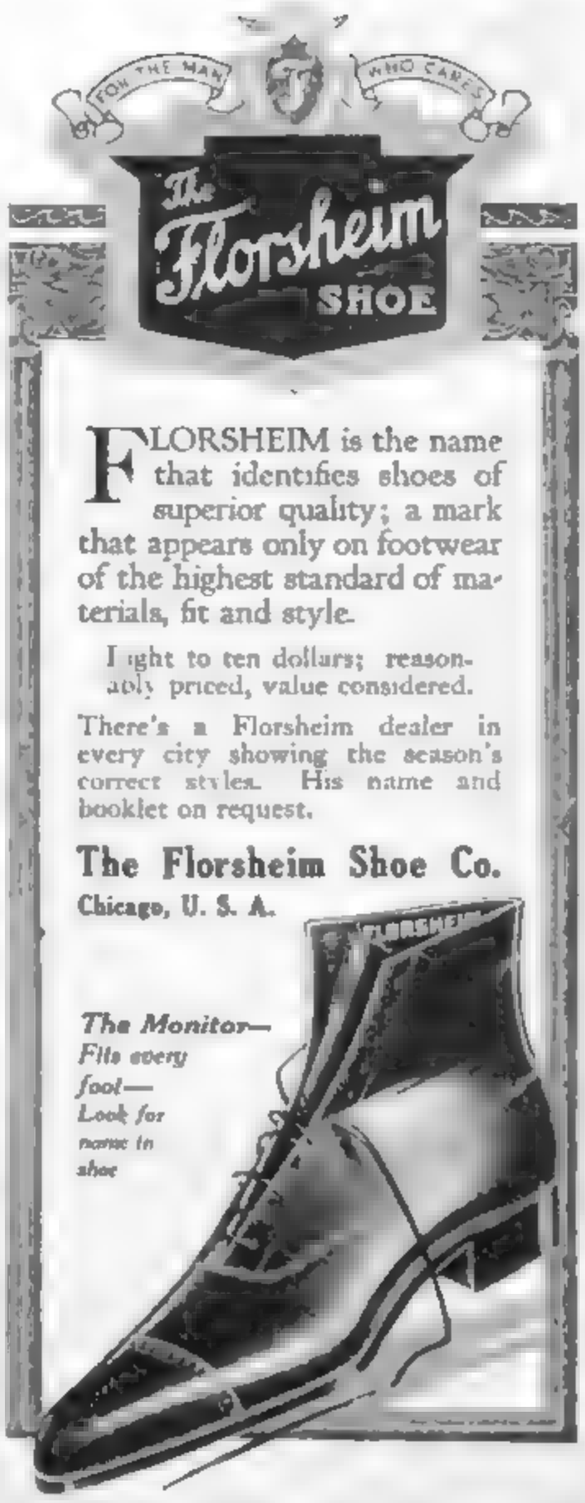
"Thrue for ye, Michael. But shtill, like all fine invintions, the idjea has its dhrawbacks. Now if we could only be sure av a continyous supply av ould ships for use as decoys ——"

"I see a smudge of smoke," cried Cappy Ricks.

Mike Murphy followed the old man's pointing finger. "There's only one kind of boat makes a smudge like that," he declared; "and it's a destroyer. Safe and well out of a glorious adventure. Faith, we're the lucky divils; and by this and by that, I'll enlist aboard that destroyer, now that I'm here on the job."

"Do—an' good luck to you!" murmured Terence.

"Amen," said Cappy Ricks, and fingered his trifling but honorable wound. "Gosh!" he murmured. "If Skinner could only know a thrill like this!"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CAN'T RUST

THE DECISION

By ARTHUR CRABB

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

AT LUNCHTIME Ladd was three down and the prospect wasn't good.

The boy was going great guns, and fight as he would the older man could hardly keep pace with the brilliancy of his opponent. For three days at Fox Chase, and elsewhere for several weeks before, no one had been able to stop his victorious career. The gallery rushed into the clubhouse and all was confusion. Such golf had never been played before at Fox Chase except perhaps when the professionals were there; but that was entirely different.

At two o'clock they started out again. The Greens Committee had men out with ropes; the crowd was getting too large to be handled otherwise. Two hours later they passed the clubhouse. A reporter rushed to the telephone and sent the news to town for the evening paper: "Ladd one down at the thirteenth."

"The old boy's certainly fighting," he said to a passer-by as he ran out to the fourteenth tee.

"The kid's going to break, sure!" answered the other.

They had already driven—the boy far down the course, the other far, but not so far. The older man played a brassy; the boy, an iron. Again the older man played, and ran the ball up to the hole and ten feet beyond; the boy putted and stopped six inches to one side.

Mary Nash Swam Well—Quite as Well as the Numerous Small Boys

The crowd pushed close to see better.

"Doesn't look much like cracking, eh?" said the reporter.

"Wait! Watch this." Ladd sank the putt. "What did I tell you?"

The boy showed his disappointment. Those putts had been going down one after the other all day.

And then the boy did crack; it came fair and true on the fifteenth green. His ball was not more than two feet from the cup; Ladd's, fifteen feet away. Yet again his ball dropped in and the boy missed.

And so the match ended. To be sure, it was only all even and three to go; yet not one of those hundreds but knew that it was all over.

The reporter shut the door of the telephone booth.

"Ladd two up—last five holes; Ladd four, three, five, three, four; Scott four, four, sixteenth pick up, three, five—some match? I should say yes—do the kid good too."

Ladd walked through the crowd, nodding to the many who congratulated him, signed his caddie check and went to the locker room. A dozen of his clubmates followed him, gathering round his locker.

"Nice work, Hughy, old boy; you done noble!"

"You certainly had the putts running proper."

"A credit to my long years of instruction."

They didn't take it seriously—it was an old story. Ladd, the best golfer among them, had won before and had won in much the same way. He'd kept his head down, and he'd hit the putts fair and given them a chance; and he never quit. What more could mortal golfer do? Had he lost, it would have been much the same.

"Hard luck! Some kid that!"—or something of the sort.

The boy, in another part of the locker room, was trying as hard as he could to make no excuses. He smiled and kept his head up. He is a nice boy and will go far, if he keeps straight—as we hope he will.

Ladd dressed and went out on the piazza. The crowd was less, but he still had many hands to shake. But he passed on and went out under the trees, where a woman with two small children was sitting on a bench. As he approached the two youngsters ran to him.

"Did yer beat 'im, Uncle Hugh?" the girl cried.

"Sure, he beat 'im! Didn't you?"

The boy, older, was proud of his knowledge, but wished his sister to be doubly reprimanded.

"Did you beat him bad?"

"No, indeed; it was awfully close."

"Good for you, Hughy!" This from the mother.

He sat down beside her.

"My, it's hot! Where's Bill?"

"Out playing, of course. I'm surprised he gave up the afternoon to watch you. He asked me before he started how late we could have dinner."

It was June and the days were long. Hugh laughed.

"I suppose that means dinner about nine."

"Oh, not so bad as that; but pretty nearly, I'm afraid. Shall we wait here for him?"

"No; let's go up. Is your car here?"

"Yes; I'll get it. How about something to drink?"

"Oh, don't mind; we'll get something at the house."

A voice came from the piazza: "Oh, Hugh! Come get your cup; they're giving them away."

"You get it for me, Fred."

"Nope; got to make a nice little speech."

Hugh rose. "Nothing for it, I guess. Hey, kids, like some lemonade?"

"I'd rather have a big glass of sa'sp'rilla."

"I want lemonade."

"All right. I'll send it along if you're very good."

Hugh went in and got his cup.

"Tell 'em about being awfully lucky, Hughy."

"Tell 'em how proud you are that you were victorious, even if ——"

"Oh, shut up, Jonesy! Can't you see he's going to make a real speech?"

But he didn't. He took his huge cup, looked at it rather ruefully, dropped in into the flannel bag, tucked it under his arm, thanked the honorable chairman of the Greens Committee and went his way.

This was to his motor, in which he placed Helen Ladd and her two children. They admired the new cup.

"Give it to me, Uncle Hugh!" cried small Louise.

"Ask your mother," he told her.

"Why, of course not, Louise," the mother answered.

But he did, nevertheless. At any rate they, the big man and the little girl, found a place for it and admired it proudly. Mrs. Ladd was not enthusiastic.

"Bill's only golf virtue is that he doesn't win cups—at least, not many. They're simply horrible to keep clean; and, Hugh, they're not beautiful, are they?"

Hugh took an unholy delight in inflicting them on his sister-in-law. However, this, like many of its predecessors, remained—the question of ownership uncertain.

The children were put to bed. Elizabeth Noyes, who lived just across the lawn and a step down the lane, came tripping radiantly across the grass; a slender girl, blond and very beautiful, most people thought. Her coming was a matter of course. She always came on Saturday evening. Helen always hoped that Hugh would marry her, but she was afraid he never would until it was too late to be worth while anyway. She suspected Elizabeth of being quite willing.

"Darn that Wood woman!" she thought many a time.

Eventually William arrived. They dined and played bridge, and Hugh took Elizabeth home, as he did week after week. Elizabeth looked into her glass a little longer than usual that night.

"Thirty-three—getting on. Hugh must be thirty-eight—no, not quite; nearer thirty-seven."

No mistake—they were getting on. But if it couldn't be, it couldn't, and that was the end of it; but it would be so nice and comfortable.

The next day Hugh played golf. He always played after a tournament—the joy of just hitting 'em without caring where they went was a relief after studying every shot through a long tournament. And he could talk and listen to the others. The strain was off.

Late that afternoon he sat on the clubhouse piazza. Fred Taylor and Jones, the club comedian, were with him.

"Going to Shinnecock this year, Hugh?" Taylor asked.

"I haven't made up my mind; I've been thinking of something farther north. I'm going to take July; Bill gets August this year."

"Why not come to Kittibunk? Ever been there?"

"Yes, indeed; but not for three or four years."

"The course is really pretty good now. Johnny Hayes will be there in July, and Ham Titus and Henry will be there most of the time."

"How's the hotel?"

"Just the same; the food is better, if anything."

"Ice cream Wednesdays and Sundays." This from Jones.

"We'll guarantee you at least one square meal a day, and a bed, in case of need."

Later it was so decided. Hugh made his plans to spend July at Kittibunk.

From the club he went to the Noyes', picked up Elizabeth, and later his brother and sister-in-law, and they went to the Mills' to supper. This, too, was a matter of course. All four and certain others always went to the Mills' for Sunday supper.

Monday at eight o'clock Hugh sat down at his desk. For two hours he read mail and dictated letters. At ten o'clock he went to a directors' meeting. At twelve he went to a committee meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. At one he went to lunch at the Downtown Club and talked business with Graves, Simpson, Sam Hughes and his brother William. At three o'clock he stood before the huge structure that housed Hugh Ladd & Sons Company. You couldn't see it at all from Canal Street; the front, new and shiny, with its glazed terra-cotta and big windows, was impressive, but behind that building were others, older and very dull. Three of them had once been thought imposing when, one by one, William Ladd had added them to the four smaller ones that his father, Hugh, had built—built way back in 1840, when he moved from Cooper Street.

Huge motor trucks came down Canal Street and went through the arch to the loading platforms. A locomotive, clanging its bell, slowly pushed half a dozen freight cars under another arch up toward Orchard Street. This was the afternoon shift. A line of empties was waiting to be taken away. Hugh Ladd & Sons Company dealt in provisions. No need to say, when you looked at the great building and knew of the others hidden behind it, that the dealings were in great quantities—wholesale, it is called. Of course there were stories, and well-founded stories, too, that Hugh Ladd & Sons Company owned almost all, if not all, the stock in the great stores of the Kenny-Wall Company, which sold groceries.

Hugh Ladd, the grandson of the Ladd of 1840, gazed for many minutes at the buildings, at the dozens of huge motors, at the puffing engine. He was something of a dreamer, this youth of thirty-seven. His eyes took in all the activity before him; yet there was a dreamy look in them. He walked along to Orchard Street. A saloon was on the corner; next to it two old houses—one with a make-shift show window exposing old tools, worn clothing, a new revolver or two, and a tray of cheap jewelry. The other was empty; the sign that once told that it was for sale or rent had lost its bright lettering, and would before long fall into the area unless someone plucked up courage and, hoping against hope that it might be sold, nailed it up again. And then a lumberyard—a small, no-account lumberyard, pushed very close to the grave by its huge competitors in the less densely populated districts. An old shanty beside the great gate was ready to stop work and close its battered shutters if the old man inside would only let it.

But Hugh saw none of this; he had seen it so often that he need not look again to know each rotten board, each crumbling brick. The time had come when this block must pass; when the old man in the shanty, the Jew in the pawnshop, the German in the saloon, must gather together their worldly goods and move off, out of the way of progress.

And progress was Hugh Ladd & Sons Company. Progress had preëmpted the other side of the warehouse. There was no way to go but south, across Orchard Street, and the time had come. Hugh, through his half-closed eyes, saw, rising story upon story, a structure beautiful, massive, impressive. It was not to be now, but in a year or two; and the way must be made clear before progress, coming perhaps from the other side, made it impossible.

The vision faded; there came a look in his eyes that, if you had been quite close, you might have thought was sadness. But how could such as he be sad? And yet it was sadness, for—what was it all for? For his nephew, the third Hugh Ladd? Or perhaps a charity or a dozen charities, or a public library like Carnegie's? Hugh shrugged his shoulders and walked back to his office.

(Continued on Page 49

Raynster

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Raynster is a new name in the rain-coat world. A name backed by a line of highest quality storm-coats. To make these coats easily identified each bears the Raynster label. Raynsters have come to lighten rain-darkened days. They have come to bring you comfort and protection. They have come to give men, women and children storm-coats to fit every individual need.

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United States Rubber Company

Clothing Division, New York and Boston

NASH

We Have Backed Our Judgment With a $37,000,000 Order for Nash Cars

When we, the Nash distributors, assembled in July for our three-day Convention at the factory we had our first glimpse of the new Nash car.

It surpassed even our expectations as to what C. W. Nash and his organization of picked automobile experts would be able to produce.

So we backed our judgment with money. On the spot we demanded and signed orders for 37,000,000 dollars' worth of these cars—more than The Nash Motors Company had originally planned to build during the coming year. This necessitated a big production increase.

In our opinion the new Nash car, which will be formally announced next week in this publication, creates a class and sets a new standard of motor car construction and value.

We will exhibit and sell the new Nash car through our dealers in practically every city in the United States starting September 15th.

Dealers interested in securing territory may obtain information by writing the nearest distributor listed below.

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Chicago Branch — 2258 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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Milwaukee Branch — 457–9 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.
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Northeastern Illinois and northwestern Indiana.

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State of Indiana, except northwest corner.

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H. B. White, President
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C. P. ROCKWELL, Inc. — Boston, Mass.
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Eastern New York including Metropolitan district and Long Island, northern New Jersey and western Connecticut.

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H. S. and G. Dowling, Distributors
Western North Carolina and the State of South Carolina.

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H. Rottersmann, President
Eastern Missouri and southern Illinois.

COLORADO-NASH MOTOR SALES CO. — Denver, Colo.
A. W. Spinney, President; F. H. Gleason, Secy.; D. F. Minor, Treas.
State of Colorado and southern two-thirds of Wyoming and northern part of New Mexico.

CHILCOTT-NASH MOTOR CO. — Seattle, Wash.
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H. L. Miller, General Manager
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F. E. McLarty, Manager
Northern Texas and southern New Mexico, comprising Dallas and El Paso Territories.

(Continued from Page 46)

At four o'clock he drove to the club. Two college boys were playing tennis. He watched them for a while and then went to the pool, swam about in the cool water, dressed in flannels and went up to dinner. After dinner he sat on the piazza looking over the valley. At half past eight he drove up to see Fred Taylor.

"I want you to get the options on the block across Orchard Street from our place and let me have the figures. Yes; clear through the block."

"It's as good as that, is it, Hugh?" Taylor exclaimed.

"Yes; I'm afraid it's as good as that, or better—damn it!"

And Freddie, the kind-hearted genial Freddie, who struggled hard to take proper care of five little Taylors and a Mother Taylor, felt just a little bit sorry for the great man.

"And," he thought when Hugh was gone, "with all the years he has left, what will it come to and what will he do with it all?"

Hugh went back to the club. He strolled into the billiard room; no one was there except some boys, having a hilarious game of pool. The piazza was deserted. In the living room two or three club habitués, old men in easy chairs, were reading magazines. He went on into the writing room; it was quite empty. He sat down at a desk and took from his pocket a letter. It was a long letter in a very masterful feminine hand. He read it through—read it as though this were the second or even the third reading. Then he wrote:

Dear Clara: As usual I am at the club. As usual I came out from town with all my worldly goods and am living in my share of twenty or thirty large luxuriously furnished rooms, and alone in two rather small ones, the same two, on the third floor. As usual the same old crowd is here—the same old wrecks who complain about the tables d'hôte, and wander aimlessly about hoping that something will turn up to brighten their sordid existence. Later on, when families go away for the summer, the husbands will drift in to stay from Monday nights to Friday mornings.

Luckily I'm not about very much in the evenings unless something special is going on, like a bridge game. To-morrow night we are to have one, and the stakes will be so high that I shall wonder whether two of the men are playing for sociability and love of the game, or for profit, which, of course, will to a large extent take the pleasure out of it for me. Almost always I win. I kept track of it for a while and sent a check to a home for old ladies, to ease my conscience. Lucky in cards, and so on, you know; here, at least, is some proof of the adage.

But, as I say, I'm not here a great deal in the evenings. Bill and Helen take good care of me, and there are others who tolerate my poor wits for the sake of cheering my weary soul. That, of course, isn't true—the weary soul part—I was trying to appear sad, but I cannot hope to impress you that way; you know me quite too well.

I have decided to go to Kittibunk for July; this year it's Bill's turn to take August. As a matter of fact, August is usually a better month here than July. So, if you happen to be writing in July, which you will if you write to me every six weeks according to schedule, try addressing it to the Kittibunk House.

Will you be somewhere near by, up or down the coast? You are such a flyabout I never know where you are most likely to be. How about the Harrisons—are they still steadies of yours? If they are I suppose that means at least a month on the banks of the *magnifique rivière*—what's its name—Matticoe?—that's near it, I'm sure. Some day it will dry up completely when no one is looking, and then what will the Harrisons do?

I had another vision to-day; and as you know I am always depressed for a day or two after I have one of them. This one I am afraid is nearly a reality. Things are booming so with the Ladd boys that it is hard to keep up. We are going to build another warehouse, as large as or larger than all the others put together. Just what for I don't know. Heaven knows we've troubles enough now, without adding to them. But, in a way, it's the only serious pursuit I have; so I suppose it is good for me. Bill sails along, his dear old lovable self, bringing cargo after cargo to port and expecting me to pass them along to the unsuspecting public. But enough of shop. Sometimes I wish you were a fortune hunter—if you are, I'm afraid I can qualify.

I wonder sometimes whether you are as happy as your letters sound. I have just read again the one that drifted in Friday night. I hope you are. You know that, just as you know that I wish I could make you happier. I think a great deal, trying to discover something that I can do; but I am always unsuccessful. A book now and again, a flower or two when the means of delivery are practical, and that is all. You know how much I wish that I could do more.

It is very sweet of you, and very kind, to tell me that I am not to go on believing that I can never marry any woman but you; that I must not think of you that way any more. But you have been telling me that for a long time—nearly fifteen years, isn't it? And somehow it doesn't make any difference. I warn you that I shall take you at your word; if some gay widow or blushing schoolgirl comes along and catches my eye I shall have no compunction about forgetting you—but they don't catch my eye, that way at least. Helen still has hopes for me, even tries to be the wily matchmaker on occasion; but I am afraid there is little hope. The hope that some day you will change your mind is the only hope I have. You understand, of course, that I am proposing to you again. And if you do change your mind, telegraph—don't write.

He wrote on till very late.

During the last week in June, with Fred Taylor, Hugh left for Kittibunk. It took two days to reach Boston where they spent a day, and another day to the little village in Maine that for three months took on all the airs of a real summer resort. Fortunately for Kittibunk its advantages were of the simpler sort, and its people, even its summer people, were simple folk. No gorgeous palace paraded under the name of cottage. No yachts came into its bay to dwarf the little sailboats that anchored in Clark's Cove. Few cocktails were shaken within its precincts and cigarettes were male accomplishments.

Some day Kittibunk may descend to fashion, but it had not descended on the day when Hugh and Taylor greeted the five little Taylors and Mother Taylor on the lawn of their tiny cottage; a cottage so small that people often wondered how the big Taylors and all the little Taylors could possibly get into it, until Mrs. Taylor showed them how large the loft really was and how there was room for at least two and perhaps three more, especially if they were boys.

The next morning, with the oldest Taylor boy—he was twelve only last week—Hugh walked down the village street to Clark's, next to the shipyard where not so many years ago the Clarks had built huge schooners that sailed to every corner of the globe. But now the present Clark built catboats and in his odd moments fashioned canoes.

From him Hugh purchased all right and title in a catboat for the month of July, and a canoe, for without a canoe one must swim to his boat if he wishes to sail at Kittibunk, for that proud village boasts but one small landing where you may take people aboard, but where you are not allowed to remain, except for the briefest possible moment.

They sailed it, the boy proudly, out into the cove and moored her to the buoy Clark had told them of. Then they paddled over to the bathing beach and Hugh engaged a bathhouse. A few minutes later they emerged in bathing suits and walked through the sand down to the beach. It was early and only a few children were there before them.

On one side some boys larger than the rest were throwing a ball about with a girl. Hugh watched them as he lay on the warm sand; watched their bare arms and legs, already tanned dark by the sun, their active bodies supple with youth; listened to their laughter. He watched the girl too. How skillfully she caught the ball and threw it—quite as skillfully as any of the boys and much more gracefully. Presently the oldest Taylor boy, faithful to his older friend as long as he could be, ran and joined them. In a little while Mrs. Taylor, accompanied by three little Taylors, appeared and sat down beside him.

"Oh, Hugh! I Must Have Time to Think; I Can't Decide So Quickly"

Then Freddy himself and Titus; then others, until there was a large group.

Hugh had forgotten the ball players—he was talking to Titus and Mrs. Titus—when the avalanche descended. At least a thousand boys, ranging from medium size to a very little larger, came racing toward them, and, stopping suddenly in their midst, became five very quiet and unoffending youths.

Hugh grabbed the innocent oldest Taylor boy and was about to pummel him with tragic fierceness when he quite unexpectedly discovered that the girl had come, too, and that he was about to place the oldest Taylor boy directly in her lap.

"Look out!" the culprit screamed. "Mary hasn't done anything."

Mary hadn't and the oldest Taylor boy escaped.

Then Mrs. Taylor introduced him. He was quite surprised to find that Mary wasn't a child; indeed, she was quite grown up—twenty at least, Hugh thought. Mary was really twenty-five.

"You throw wonderfully, for a girl," he told her.

"My one and only accomplishment; and there is so little chance to do it."

Then they all went into the water.

Mary Nash's statement that ball playing was her only accomplishment was at least an exaggeration. She swam well—quite as well as the numerous small boys that were constantly about her. Hugh did not notice this. He saw her swimming, as a matter of course; but the only thing that made an impression upon him that morning was that she was quite as unconscious of herself as any of the much-mentioned small boys. Her bathing dress was never thought of; it was never necessary for her to give her suit a useless pull or two, as though to indicate to any who might be looking that she would like to cover up her knees, even if she couldn't.

She played with the smallest-but-one Taylor boy just exactly as she would have played with him had no one been within a thousand miles.

When she came from the bathhouse in her white skirt and waist, and black stockings and white buckskin shoes, Hugh really looked at her for the first time. In a casual way he thought she was a very nice-looking girl.

More or less as a large family they walked back to the canoes and paddled home. The oldest Taylor boy stuck to Hugh. Hugh had often wondered whether Clara Wood'ason would be anything like that. The boy was light, like Clara, but freckled, and had something of a pug nose and was entirely frank. Clara never had had a freckle, had a rather long and very straight nose, and if she was frank she became so after circuitous wanderings before she reached the point. Fifteen years of constancy had never overcome Clara Wood's meditative caution.

"Goin' sailing 'safternoon, Uncle Hugh?"

How many children he was uncle to, simply as a form of address between the formal Mr. Ladd and not sufficiently respectful Hugh!

"Sure am, sonny!"

"Umph!" Frankness could not permit too much hesitation. "You're not going alone, are you?"

"No, indeed; I thought of inviting"—Hugh looked round for impossible people—"the minister and Mrs. Skroggs"—Mrs. Skroggs kept a needle-and-thread store in the village—"and your dad, and maybe your mother and Miss Smith"—Miss Smith thought boys impossible—"and Miss Nash."

"Say, you're jokin', aren't you?"

"And I thought of asking Bill and Benny, and maybe a couple of other boys."

"Why don't you take Bill and Benny and me, and maybe dad? Mother can't go; she's going over to Mrs. Jones'. I guess dad'll go, and Mary will; Mary always takes us sailing."

"Can Mary sail?"

"Bet she can! She sailed all the way to Portland and back one time."

"Well, son, you fix it up. You ask 'em all for me and be round about half past two."

Bill and Benny and the oldest Taylor boy, and his dad and Mary Nash did go.

Part of the time Mary sailed the boat. To sail a catboat, even a rather large catboat blessed with a wheel instead of a tiller and having a real cabin, isn't much of an undertaking; but Mary sailed it just as you or I walk along a village street, quite unconscious that we are walking.

She jibed once and she ran up a small creek and out again, for the tide was high; and she laughed with the three small boys; and she smiled knowingly at the oldest Taylor boy's father; and she did a lot of other things very simply and very sweetly.

But Hugh—thick-skinned old bachelor whose love had been laid at Clara Wood's feet fifteen years before—saw only that she was a wholesome sort of girl. He did not know that Bill and Benny were her brothers, though this fact later on did force itself upon him. He did not notice her wonderful black hair and her brown eyes, or the sweetness of her mouth and the whiteness of her small even teeth, or the beauty of her skin—brown, but not so brown but that there was a bit of color in her cheeks.

Hugh dined at the hotel that night and after dinner he walked alone to the post office. There is no doubt that somewhere, below the surface of dull scientific probabilities and outside the ken of wise philosophers, there is sometimes plain ordinary luck. Mary suddenly remembered that she needed some postage stamps. Thus, she met Hugh. They walked back together till they came to Mary's gate.

"If you'll come in I'll show you the family—it's quite a sight."

It was indeed quite a sight. Bill and Benny he was quite able to place now, but Tom and Bancroft were entire strangers. He thought he had seen Wuzzy and Sam before.

"Sorry I can't show you the whole collection, but Jack won't be up till next week. There's a father and mother round somewhere."

"Gone over to Taylor's," volunteered Wuzzy, so-called because his name was Abercrombie, useless for all practical purposes.

In a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Nash returned. The three small Nashes she sent to bed with some accustomed difficulty. Then Mrs. Nash moved half a dozen chairs, arranged the center table, turned down the corners of most of the rugs, and came out on the piazza and met Hugh.

Mr. Nash had known Hugh's father and knew of Hugh himself—spoke of his golf; that led to golf in the future, which turned out to be the next morning, with Mary and Taylor.

That led to dinner the day after, and sailing and more golf, and auction; and after a week Hugh began to notice Mary. He noticed that she played golf well, much better than lots of women he knew who were very serious about it. She played bridge with a most amusing wit and a very apologetic manner, which Hugh thought quite becoming under the circumstances.

Besides this, he noticed that she was quite in charge of the household. Domestically it ran itself; the guiding hand and mind of Mrs. Nash being concealed from his uneducated eye. But the boys were Mary's. Adviser, mentor, counselor, friend—she was all in one.

Thus, two weeks passed. Then Mary went away. It was a very casual going on a Saturday morning to Pine Beach, to spend Sunday with the Gridleys. Of course there was a dance Saturday night—there are always dances Saturday nights; and she was coming home Monday morning. What could be simpler? On his way to the golf club Hugh saw the train stop at the Kittibunk Station and go on again. He was too far away to see who got on, but he remembered that it was Mary's train.

He played rather poorly that morning; somehow or other he couldn't putt. Of course, he hadn't been able to putt lots of times before, but he couldn't recall its ever being so bad as this. Somehow or other, when he was running up a long one from the edge of the green, and his putter was just at the required height behind the ball, he would forget all about the cup; when he was hitting them hard off the tee or through the green, it didn't happen, but on those putts, when the hole should be just so far away in his mind's eye and the roll was just a little bit to the left, and the club must swing down toward the ball and keep on exactly the same way after it had struck it, without his head moving the least bit—just then the hole went dancing off and the club wiggled round, and he looked up just before he heard the click of the club head and the ball went off in a half-hearted fashion, about half as far as it should, or way beyond and way off on the right.

When that happens, ye of little knowledge of the grand game of golf, you're off your game. Perhaps you were up too late last night, or your digestion is a little bit wrong, or you've something on your mind that's disturbing.

Hugh left the golf club and drove to the bathing beach. Usually he went across the river in a canoe. He himself was surprised when he reached the bathhouse in his car. He remembered that something seemed wrong when he turned across the bridge in the village. That was it, of course; but the oldest Taylor boy and Benny and Mary could get across in their own canoes. He looked about for Mary—she hadn't come yet. Then he remembered and laughed to himself. He hurried into his bathing suit and into the water. Usually he sat on the sand and talked; to-day he looked about and saw there wasn't anyone to talk to—he wondered where everyone was. He swam out and out, farther than he had ever been before. He looked round and saw the surfboat coming after him. Hugh knew he was in for it.

"Sorry, Tim," he said to the rower; "I didn't realize, and I won't do it again." Swimming far out was taboo at Kittibunk.

He swam in again and walked through the waves to the beach. He wanted a smoke—he remembered that he hadn't smoked since just after breakfast. Mrs. Taylor always kept his pipe and pouch and matches for him; Mrs. Taylor wasn't bathing that summer. Of course he'd forgotten to give them to her; he'd go and get them and come back. But he didn't. He walked up the bathhouse steps and went straight to the shower. Then he dressed, and the first thing he knew was sitting on the rail waiting for the others to come out.

Then he remembered and walked down to where Mrs. Taylor and all the rest were; and when they went in to dress he drove back to the hotel. There was no one about the piazza; he walked inside—there was no one there. Of course it wasn't time yet. Then the oldest Taylor boy rushed past him shouting that they were all going to the movies that afternoon with Mrs. Nash.

Hugh had dinner—the Kittibunk House dined at one o'clock. Dinner that day wasn't so good as usual and he was quickly through. He looked at the old clock in the hall, with its long slow-moving pendulum; only half past one! He hunted up his newspaper; there wasn't anything in it.

He walked down to the landing and looked at his catboat. He'd get the oldest Taylor boy and sail up to Middleville. No, he couldn't do that; the oldest Taylor boy was going to the movies. He wondered whether Taylor and Jones would play golf. Then he remembered that Jones was playing with Middleton, and he couldn't stand Middleton. Middleton always knew just why he missed every stroke. Taylor was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Taylor; he spent nearly every afternoon with her. He decided he wouldn't sail alone. He walked up the path toward the hotel; just as he reached the steps someone called his name.

"Telephone—for Mr. Ladd!"

What luck! Knight and Gregory, the professionals from Surrey, were to have played Jimmy Kane and McWilliams, the pro, at Middleville; and Kane had sprained his wrist at the last minute and they wanted Ladd to come and take his place. Fahnestock, the chairman at Middleville, was talking. Hugh knew Arthur Knight well; the professionals were of the best. Of course he would. He would be at the club at half past two. He knew the Middleville course well. When Hugh drove up to the clubhouse there were several hundred people sitting on the piazza and walking about on the grass. He smiled. Five years before ten people were a large gallery; now there must be five hundred at least.

Before the match was over there were several hundred more. But Hugh didn't see them. The joy of the game was in his heart; the love of contest. Arthur Knight saw the expression in his eyes he'd seen there so many times before. "The old boy's out to win," he thought; "he's not like this often these days." The jovial simple Hugh was gone, true enough.

That morning, the game being in the family, so to speak, that little distraction in the corner of his brain, of which he was quite unconscious, had been too much for him. Then that uneasiness, becoming greater, though he was still unconscious of it, roused the elemental man. In his frame of mind another man would have gotten drunk, or shot a policeman, or hunted up some old enemy and given him a licking, or called a loan on a man who couldn't meet it—all depending on the other man's station in life.

Hugh was cross and unhappy, though he didn't know it, and the fight in him, the craving to take it out on someone, was strong; and so a different Hugh from the one of the morning—Knight knew it, and said to Fahnestock:

"There's blood in Ladd's eye; he'll bear watching. He's a devil when he's in the frame of mind he's in now."

The spectators wondered. Many knew him; others whispered: "Who is he? Isn't he wonderful!"

They came to the long fifth; neither side had won a hole. Hugh's ball lay twenty yards beyond the others. He spoke to McWilliams, who nodded his head and played a spoon short of the brook. The others followed suit. Hugh's driver flashed—the ball came up from its perfect lie and flying low, went straight for the pond at the right, and then began to hook. The ground was hard, the wind behind. Those who knew stood with bated breaths. He couldn't carry it, of course; but would it bound over onto the green where the brook was narrow, just at the left of the pond? It did, and it rolled on and on till it stopped a dozen feet from the hole. Three mashie shots to the green and three putts; one missed by a hair, and Hugh had two for the hole—but the first one dropped into the cup. A three!

No one had ever heard of a three on the fifth before. Then followed hole after hole, halved. Then Knight holed a long putt on the twelfth for a three, and Gregory another on the thirteenth; but they were both short on the fifteenth and lost it. And McWilliams got a two at the short sixteenth, and the next was halved. One up and one to go. Four drives; four irons; all were on the large green but McWilliams. He ran up ten feet from the hole. Hugh was away; a long, long putt over a bit of a hump, then down to the left—a hard putt.

"Unless he's short, it's all over," thought Gregory. "Maybe he'll play the green too fast, comin' down as he is."

Hugh was squatting behind the ball; he fixed in his eye a point on the hump. He glanced at the ball, then at the little black spot on the hump, back and forth; then at his putter, and then again at the ball, and back went the putter head and down, down, down—a click and the ball was off. A little later Hugh raised his eyes. The ball went an inch or two to the right of the black spot and slowed down as it went up the slope, up to the top, and then on again; and then it began to curve to the left, toward the hole, slower and slower. It looked for a minute as though it might go in, but it slipped by and stopped two feet below. Hugh lifted it, and Knight putted and missed; and Hugh knocked his ball away; and Gregory, being up for sure, was way over; and McWilliams putted and got the four. Hugh smiled—his long putt wasted? He knew—they all knew—a ten-foot putt that isn't needed is very different from one that is.

But out of the crowd came Fahnestock's voice:

"Mr. Ladd, you have that putt for a seventy-one—two better than the record."

Hugh smiled and shook his head; he felt ashamed of himself. He had been a grouch all the afternoon. He couldn't remember saying a word. What on earth was the matter?

Suddenly he seemed to awake—to see the crowd, to hear the chatter of the women, the comments of the men. He had played best of all; it was over, and how useless it was! He felt a sort of sinking sensation about his heart; now that it was over, what was there left to do? Nothing, of course, but to dress and go back to the hotel.

They walked through the crowd to the locker room. A little later Knight called to him:

"I say, Hugh, can't you stay over for dinner?"

"Sorry, old man, but I can't; I'd like to." And then: "Oh, yes, I can; I forgot. I'd like to very much."

That night Hugh and the Knights came back to the club to a dance. Hugh didn't dance; he had stopped when the waltz went out of fashion. So he sat and watched the others—young girls and young men, with a few children and one or two older couples. They were very graceful, some of them. There was one girl, tall and slender, with black hair, dancing with a man who, Hugh thought, could well be a professional dancer, so graceful was he, whom his eyes followed round and round the room. She was very close to her partner; every little while she looked up at him, and Hugh thought she looked very fond of him. Perhaps they were lovers.

Then, for the first time, Hugh thought of Mary Nash as being loved. He suddenly remembered that she, too, was at a dance. Was she being held so close by some man who looked like a professional dancer? Hugh didn't like the man he had been watching. Of course Mary wouldn't dance like that, and of course she wouldn't dance with a man like that; she was dancing with nice wholesome college boys. But Mary was twenty-five—that was a little old for college boys. Well, ex-college boys, then, up for their two-week vacations. But this other man—there had been lots of men like him at college. This line of thought became unpleasant and he went out on the veranda. Mrs. Knight was there and he sat down beside her. They had talked for only a minute when the man Hugh thought might be a professional dancer came up to them.

"Hello, Edith! Like to dance?"

"Of course, Tom."

She introduced Hugh, and the music started again.

"I must be going," Hugh said; and, thanking her, and looking up her husband, he went.

That night it rained; after Hugh was in bed he heard it beating against the window. It was still raining when he awoke the next morning. It was dismal. If it had not been Sunday someone would have asked him to play bridge. He tried to read, but that was quite impossible; perhaps it was because children kept interrupting him; perhaps because all the books and magazines seemed dull and insipid. *(Concluded on Page 52)*

Music in Nature

"AND dear, because the garden is so lovely today, I have moved the Vocalion close to the window where we can look out as we play for I want you always to associate the Beauties of Music and the Beauties of Nature. The flowers, the birds, the wind all woo us and hear, you will find in music, too—and if you seek Nature in Music and Music in Nature your life will be happier for the search.

"There is nothing artificial or crude in Nature, and I think that is why I chose the Vocalion from among all the other phonographs, because of its simple refinement **and because it voices the *Real* in *Music* with nothing artificial added.**

"When the Vocalion tells you of the wind, it speaks in the real and pure tones of violins and 'cellos. When bird-notes are sung by flutes or by high silvery soprano voices—the Vocalion tones are as clear and as vibrant as they. If the triangle brings the tinkle of the fountain, its dainty bell-like notes come as sweetly from the Vocalion as from the real instrument itself.

"All of our garden is here in this beautiful phonograph, my Sweet, if only we listen."

Expressing Our Musical Thoughts

Would you not like to sit down by your window or by your fire, and as your mind frames the unutterable thoughts that music inspires, *express* yourself in the music, any music that the spirit of twilight's witching hour may conjure? To listen for awhile, mayhap, and then as your dreams take shape, to mould the music to your mood.

This unique and lasting fascination the Vocalion gives you through its wonderful tone-control, the Graduola. Most important of all phonograph improvements, the Graduola entitles you to take a part in the music, to shade and color the tones as you will, the effect just as personal as your own spirit has interpretation to every performance. This privilege is the crowning touch that makes the Aeolian Vocalion a genuine musical instrument instead of merely a phonograph.

The Aeolian Company is the phonograph made by the Aeolian Company, largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world. Obtainable in many models priced from $100 to $350. Styles without Graduola, $35 to $75. Beautiful Art Styles at moderate additional cost.

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"The Phonograph made by a Great Music House"

THE AEOLIAN-VOCALION

(Concluded from Page 50)

At half past ten he put on a raincoat and started off toward the lighthouse. At the end of two or three miles the sun came out and his coat was insufferably hot; so he turned back and left it at the hotel. Then he went out to his catboat and pumped it out, and hoisted the sail to dry. Then he started to paddle over to the bathing beach, and remembered the oldest Taylor boy; so he paddled back to the landing and waited for him. But the oldest Taylor boy did not come. Hugh saw that both Taylor canoes were gone. He saw Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and took them across. The bathing wasn't very good.

After dinner he hunted up the oldest Taylor boy and Benny, and, between them, they found three or four others and sailed down to Middleville and had ice cream and cakes, at two cents each, as a special treat; and the oldest Taylor boy told Hugh he was to come back for supper. Hugh went, and came back to the hotel at nine o'clock. Hugh went to his room and tried to read; but again the book was dull, and he put out his light at half past nine. Kittibunk was a rotten place! But Mary would be home the next day, which would help a little.

When he awoke the next morning it was hardly light; his watch said it was only four o'clock. But he was wide awake—more sleep was quite impossible. He stood looking at the ocean in the dull light. The sky was pink; it would be a fine day. He put on a bathrobe and slippers, and went down to the office. A time-table was framed on the wall. The morning train left Pine Beach at eight-four. Sixty miles. Three hours—two hours. He went upstairs and dressed; then climbed out the office window, for they always locked the door and put the key away. Luckily a window in the garage was open.

At quarter of five he went down the village street, turned across the bridge and into the highway. No motor or cart was in the way. The smooth gravel road lay before him; the air was cool; the sun did not shine in his eyes. Twenty-five miles an hour—it seemed a snail's pace. Slowly the dial turned—thirty, thirty-five, forty. The big car sped along to Melrose, where a milk cart blocked the way; then to Spotswood, Elmhurst. Twenty miles it is from Elmhurst to Pine Beach, a fine wide road.

Oh, Hugh! To tell this of you—you, the careful driver; you, who uphold speed laws, who counsel moderation in all things! Twenty miles in twenty minutes! No, not so bad as that; but how near to that it was! And all for no reason whatever. You had plenty of time. It was only quarter before seven when you drove up the street in Pine Beach and stopped before the little lunchroom, and had your eggs and coffee. It was only half past seven when you telephoned Mary Nash, and you were at the Gridleys long before eight o'clock.

It was very comfortable, having her there beside you, wasn't it? Of course she telephoned that she wouldn't be on the train; that she was coming with Mr. Ladd in his motor. And how long was it before you reached Elmhurst? Two hours, do you say? And wasn't it at Elmhurst that you had the great idea? Of course, the gasoline made you think of it. When the tank was filled you said: "Now we can go anywhere, can't we?"

And then, with her, you called up Mrs. Nash on the telephone again and said you were taking Mary to Mount Willard, and that if it was all right you would be home for dinner. Of course you know Mrs. Nash said it was all right; but you don't know that she turned to her husband and said: "I wonder, Will!" And that all Will did was to put his arm round her and kiss her, and say: "It's bound to come sometime, old lady!"

So they went to Mount Willard and had lunch at the hotel, and started on again at two o'clock. It was after five when they crossed the bridge over the stream in the meadows just outside Kittibunk and Mary saw the pond lilies. They stopped and looked at them; and then they saw an old flat-bottomed boat on the bank. They stole the boat and Mary gathered a lot of the flowers. They were on the bank when Mary slipped. She was leaning over the water, washing the long stems; and the water was very shallow and Mary would probably not have fallen in anyway; but she did reach for Hugh. She remembered that afterward, even if Hugh did catch her first. It all happened very quickly. She was in his arms and he was holding her very tight and was kissing her. It was a long time before she realized that. Then she sprang away from him. When she saw his face she knew that it was all right; Hugh hadn't just kissed her. But she would not come to him again.

"Oh, Hugh!" she cried. "I must have time to think; I can't decide so quickly. Why, I've never thought of such a thing!"

Mary was a woman; so it must be that Mary had thought of exactly such a thing; she had thought of it very seriously when Hugh came for her at Pine Beach. But perhaps Mary hadn't thought whether or not she loved him. Modest maids never think of such things till they are asked to.

They gathered up the lilies and drove home. "When are you going to tell me?" Hugh asked.

"Oh, not for a long, long time!" she said.

"A year?"

"Perhaps."

"A month?"

"Perhaps"—a little doubtfully.

"A week?"

She shook her head.

"To-night?"

"Oh, Hugh!" They were at her door.

"I'll come for you at eight to-night."

But Benny was there then, lifting her suitcase from the car, and Wuzzy, gathering up the water lilies; so she could not answer. But a moment or two later he asked the question again with his eyes, over Mrs. Nash's shoulder and—she nodded her head. Hugh drove to the garage and walked back to the hotel. His box was full of mail. He put it in his pocket and went to his room.

He stood for a long time looking toward the ocean, but he wasn't thinking of the ocean. Finally he looked at his watch. It was quarter before seven. He threw off his coat and knickerbockers, managed some kind of bath and rushed into his white flannels and jacket. Then he searched through the pockets of his discarded coat for his pipe and change, and the things a man always moves from one coat to another, and found his mail.

He was about to throw it on the bed when he saw there was a telegram among the letters. He tore it open.

He turned deathly white. Slowly he sank to his knees beside the bed, his head across his arms. For a moment he lay there. Then he rose, and again he stood before the window looking at the ever-moving ocean. For five, ten, fifteen minutes he stayed there. The telegram lay on the floor, its words staring up at him:

"I am at the Harrisons', at Matticoke. I have changed my mind.

"CLARA."

Yes; Clara had changed her mind. Fifteen years of patient waiting—and the reward had come.

"I am afraid . . . the hope that some day you will change your mind is the only hope I have. You understand, of course, that I am proposing to you again. If you do change your mind, telegraph—don't write."

He had written that; written it six weeks before. And she had telegraphed. He had told her to telegraph, and she had, after all these years.

What was he to do? Could he tell her now, tell her that he loved another woman, younger and fairer than she? Did he love Mary? Was there any question of that? Had he loved Mary before five o'clock that afternoon? He had been true to Clara Wood for fifteen years. For all that time he had offered her all he had to offer, and at last she had accepted.

But what of Mary? Suppose he went to her and she said "No!" Then he could go back to Clara; go back to her with a lie, with his heart as black as night. Perhaps Mary didn't care; then he could tell Clara and let her decide. But Mary did care; her eyes had told him at the lily pond that she loved him—she loved him when he came to her at Pine Beach.

Then a curious recollection came to him of a story he had read. What train of thought recalled it he could not have told. It was by Mark Twain, he thought; a story of adventure, intrigue, with all sorts of ramifications and complications. The tangle seemed impossible of unraveling; and he, intensely interested, wondered how on earth the author could straighten everything out when the story stopped. Mark—if it was Mark—said the job was too much for him; he'd gotten them into the mess; let someone else get them out. The idea, strange as it was, made him smile even then. If only someone would help him!

He knew how he wanted to decide, and that very fact made him afraid to decide. Could he tell what was right? Clara Wood had been driven from his mind, unknown to him till that afternoon, by Mary Nash.

He had asked two women to marry him and both had said yes. But had Mary said yes? Again he thought of the one way out—that Mary might that night say no, and he would go his way. Yes, go his way to Clara, leaving Mary behind.

"No," he muttered; "I want no way out. There is a right way, and I'll find it!"

But the time for finding it was short. He looked off toward the west. The setting sun shone on his face—a face white and drawn, which had, but a short hour before, been brown and calm. He had been very happy; and now ——

Just as the last tiny speck of the red globe sank below the horizon a smile moved his lips, and his two arms went up above his head, and his eyes turned up to the sky as though he were looking heaven in the face. There was only one way—so help him God!—and that way was his.

The Harrisons had given a dinner. The men were sitting about the table, smoking. The women were on the piazza—they, too, smoking and sipping liqueurs. Their bare arms and necks were dazzlingly white. Some of them wore huge earrings. One was covered with diamonds; another lay sprawling in a chair, showing the charm of more than mere ankle; a third was telling a story she hadn t dared to tell at dinner—her husband was such a prude.

A maid came in with a telegram on a tray, for Miss Wood. Clara took it and went to the window. Her cigarette hung downward from her lips, a thin wisp of smoke curling upward into her nose and eyes. She read the telegram.

"Just my damn' luck!" she muttered. "I've been a fool; I ought to have taken him long ago. I wonder who got him—the widow or the schoolgirl."

Then she tore the paper into very small pieces, and put half of them into a jardinière and half into her empty coffee cup.

"No bad news, Clara?"

"No; only the Chisholms have had to go back to town."

"Then you will stay on with us, won't you?"

"Of course, dear—if you want me."

"You know we do."

Clara knew it was a lie; but what did it matter?—she had nowhere else to go. She had called for help because she needed it—badly—and she had called too late.

And, as she sat there calling herself a fool, Hugh Ladd was sitting on the rocks at Kittibunk with Mary Nash knowing that his decision had been right; yet not knowing all that made it so.

BENJAMIN McNEIL MURDOCK

(Continued from Page 16)

"I don't want no neuraligy to strike into that jaw o' yourn. I want you at school as a proof to the great Indian herb remedy. Now, my Christian frien's, the price o' this suvverin cure fer sufferin' is fifety cents, but on this occasion ——"

He watched Ben making his way through the crowd with the bottle of medicine clasped to his bosom.

"The price o' this mirac'lous med'cine to-night is a quarter of a dollar. Thank you, partner! Here we are! Who's next?"

And Ben stumbled off down the road toward his home, in the dark, like a sleepwalker, while all Wauchock behind him reached out its hands for that "mirac'lous" herb remedy.

It was a very dazed-looking boy who returned to the Murdock kitchen, carrying a bottle of patent medicine instead of a jug of kerosene. And at his mother's cry of "What you got there? Where's the coal oil?" he put the bottle on the kitchen table, sat down unsteadily and dropped forward, his head on his arms, in a sleep from which she could not wake him. She put him to bed, scolding him distractedly.

He woke up in the morning clear-minded, but with no recollection of what had happened after the man had offered to cure his toothache. No one suspected that he had been hypnotized. When Wauchock found that its herb remedy was no cure for anything—not even for thirst—they supposed that Ben, being a plumb idiot, had allowed the faker to persuade him that his toothache was better when it wasn't. Moreover, the toothache returned, and his mother had to take him to the dentist in Centerbrook to have the tooth out. His reputation as the village idiot was entirely established by the incident. He supported it in confirmatory silence.

And yet, something had changed in him. As soon as he woke up that morning he said to his mother: "I want to go to school." She took him to the dentist instead. A few days later he went to his father and said surely: "I want to go to school."

He had never been sent to school—and the authorities had not insisted that he should be sent—because it was understood that he was too dumb to learn. His father had given him that reputation; he wanted the boy at home to watch the cows. The father himself was queer. He had not been quite right since he had fallen from a load of hay, struck his head, and been unconscious for three days "right smack in the middle o' the best hayin' weather."

He replied now: "School nuthin'! Might's well send those calfs to school!"

The boy went back to his work, and nothing more was said about school. But the incident of Heins and the sickle followed; and that night, milking in the stable, Ben took up a pitchfork and said menacingly to his father: "You lemme go to school er I'll tell 'at you're stealin' things 'an hidin' 'em in the hayloft!"

He has explained, relating the incident: "I don't know what had come over me. I don't know how I knew what he'd been doing. I just said it—and then I felt as if I'd known it all along. I remember he looked at me as though I'd tried to stab him with the fork, and he dropped the milk pail and ran out of the stable."

He was allowed to go to school. And very little good it seemed to do him. He was incurably dull at his books, though he was permitted to labor over them at home as much as he pleased. His father never interfered with him in any way; they hardly spoke. What his mother thought of it I do not know; Murdock has never talked of her. To the neighbors she seems to have been merely a lean, hard-faced, meager woman who struggled through a life of unceasing but inefficient drudgery, handicapped by the stupidity and shiftlessness of her men folk.

Of Ben Murdock at the village school I have found only one anecdote; and I got that from Sheriff Steiner in talking with him about the murder case. It appears that Steiner was rather a bully in his school days, and he picked on Benny as a proper butt, until one day, in the winter, Ben said to him: "You hit me again an' I'll tell 'em you're wearin' yer sister's made-over underclothes."

As the sheriff says: "It knocked me all of a heap. I'd 'a' died rather 'n have anyone know it. You know the way a boy feels 'bout things like that. Well, I let Benny alone after that, you bet!"

And of this incident I could get no explanation. Murdock did not remember it. He did not remember that Steiner had picked on him. He believed that the sheriff was confusing him with some other boy.

What he did remember was this: When he began to study arithmetic he was unknowingly rather a mathematical prodigy, like the famous Gauss and the more famous Ampère. He used to do a problem by first putting down the answer and then working back to the solution. How he knew the answers he cannot now explain. "I lost the trick after a while," he says. "At first I could do it sometimes, and then sometimes I couldn't. And then I lost it altogether. I can still add up a column of figures by running my eye up it and keeping my mind a blank. The figures add

(Concluded on Page 55)

Williams' Shaving Cream

If you like your shaving soap in cream form, get the big, generous Williams' tube. Then you are buying a 77-year-old product in cream form—one that hosts of men are turning to because they like the form and know the quality. Then you're getting a lather that no beard ever bullied and one that leaves the skin refreshed and soothed.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid
and in round cakes

Send 12c in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4c in stamps for any one.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

A Mint of Mileage in Firestone Tires

FIRESTONE Tires are like coin of the realm in three things: The materials are as good as can possibly be used; the values are exactly as represented and they are stamped with authority.

Fix it definitely in your mind: Firestone gives Most Miles per Dollar. The latest example of this well established reputation is the Firestone Cord Tire. It demonstrates economy in its highest sense and in every possible form.

You have, first, longer wear measured in miles covered by the steadfast, durable tread. You get a sense of security which makes every Firestone user a Firestone enthusiast.

Economy in fuel. Here again is a vital factor of saving with Firestone Cord equipment. The vital, vibrant tread carries your car ahead on the least possible fuel. It gives many a long, power-saving coast.

Responsive and full of vim and go, this equipment is ideal for resilient, easy riding.

Motorists all over the world know that Firestone building, whether in Cord or Fabric Tires, is their best dependence on any road, in all seasons. A satisfied majority of motorists is daily proving it by experience. You should not miss the benefits. Your dealer and the Firestone Branch join to serve you quickly, reliably and at lowest possible cost.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO Branches and Dealers Everywhere

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themselves for me if I don't interfere with them. That's how I came to be a bookkeeper."

He lost for a time even that small remnant of his ability as a calculating boy, during his years at the Centerbrook school. And he lost it as the result of a whipping that the teacher gave him. It seems that the class had been set an unusually difficult problem to do at home, and Ben arrived with the correct answer for it. He was sent to the blackboard to write out his solution, and there was nothing correct in his demonstration except the final line. The teacher accused him of having found the example and its answer in some book of arithmetic, and Ben in self-defense had to explain that he had just guessed it.

"Well," the teacher said sarcastically, "let us see you guessing. Turn your back to the board. Now, tell me what are the three figures I've written on it!"

Ben stood a moment, staring at the grinning class. The sympathetic face of a little girl in a back row caught his eye. And suddenly he gave the figures correctly.

"You're cheating!" the teacher cried. "You saw them reflected somewhere."

"No, I didn't," Ben pleaded. "I guessed them!"

"Very good," the teacher said. "Keep your eyes on the floor and guess these!"

But by this time the boy was so bewildered and the class was in such an uproar that he could not have guessed his own name. He named three figures at random. Not one of them was right.

"Hold out your hand!" the teacher ordered.

When school was dismissed and Ben started, swollen-eyed, on his walk over the mountain to Wauchock he was waylaid by the little girl from the back row.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I got scared."

That did not mean anything to him. He hurried away, shamefaced, without answering her.

And for the rest of his career in school he avoided guessing. As a career it was neither long nor brilliant. At the end of his second term he went to work in Simpson's grocery, because he had no money to buy clothes that were fit to wear to school. He never got back to a classroom. Neither did he ever return to his home. He was given a bedroom over the shop, and he ate with the grocer's family, but he lived very much to himself, taking long walks in the evening and spending his Sundays alone on the country roads. He was a slow, silent, methodical young man. At first he worked as a delivery boy and general help. Then he was taken behind the counter, and there he found himself a lightning calculator again, and he was given the accounts to keep.

He remained in that position more than a year. And he does not seem to have visited his home at all during that time. I do not know why. He does not speak of his relations with his people. But it is apparent that he was pursued by a guilty consciousness of his father's kleptomania, and that the thought of it made him morbid, solitary and afraid of impending disgrace.

I infer this from the fact that he admits he left Centerbrook because of a dream in which his father, having been arrested for stealing, was tried in the schoolhouse yard, after dark, on a platform under the flare of innumerable grinning kerosene torches. Before all the evidence was in, it was he himself who was being tried, by the mathematics teacher; he was condemned to have his teeth pulled out; and he woke in a clammy fright, haunted by the fear that his father's thefts would be discovered and he would be discharged from the grocery.

He left Centerbrook in answer to a want advertisement for a bookkeeper, in a New York newspaper. He went to work for the Perry-Felton Company, and for ten years nothing happened to him more exciting than a raise of salary. He made no friends. He had no companions. For a time he lived in a boarding house, and then, in answer to another advertisement, he took a room in a flat with a childless German couple who spoke almost no English. He remained with them as long as he remained in New York. He talked to no one. He says he had an unpleasant feeling that people were never sincere; they said all sorts of things that they did not really think; you could see it in their eyes. He preferred to read, and he read chiefly newspapers. Then he developed a curious hobby that led him to read science.

One of the clerks at Perry-Felton's brought a popular wire puzzle to the office, and after everyone else had failed to do it Murdock solved it almost at a glance. The clerk, piqued, brought another next day. It was more difficult, but Murdock unraveled it quickly enough. All the clerks joined in the game, and Murdock began to buy puzzles in order to study them secretly in his rooms, so as to be ready if the clerks produced them. It developed into a hobby with him. He became so expert that the whole staff gossiped about it. One day the office manager—having watched him do a Chinese puzzle that was supposed to be practically insolvable—said: "Well, I know one puzzle you'll never find an answer to. I'll bring it to you." And next morning he arrived with a book called The Sphinx's Riddle and laid it on Murdock's desk.

It was a volume from a popular science series, that stated, in a simple way, the mystery of the origin of life in terms of evolution. It gave Benjamin McNeil Murdock his start. Scientific books began to take the place of puzzles on his bureau. In a few months he was buying bookcases. He carried books to his office and read at his luncheon. He read till all hours of the night. Even on his Sunday walking trips up the Hudson he carried a volume in his pocket and read under the trees.

The funeral of his parents, and the murder trial that followed, made only a momentary interruption in his routine. After it was all over he returned to his office tragically depressed but freer in his mind because the apprehension of disgrace had been removed by his father's death. He had saved twenty-one hundred dollars. He owned a farm. He began to figure on how much it would cost him to live in the country; what was the best rate of interest he could get on a safe investment if he withdrew his money from the savings bank and bought bonds; and what were the possibilities of scientific farming if he took it up.

Turning these things over in his mind he was walking back from his office one August evening about half past six when he passed the restaurant windows of a Fifth Avenue hotel and saw a young woman dining there with an elderly man, behind the flowers of the window-sill boxes. The window was open, and she looked up as Murdock glanced at her. Their eyes met. His was an absent-minded glance, and he had passed on before it occurred to him that she had seemed to recognize him. He decided that she had been looking at someone else on the street. Nevertheless, at the corner, instead of continuing on his way to his room, he turned quite automatically down the side street and walked along that front of the hotel to the side entrance.

He believes now that he had unconsciously recognized her, and that this recognition drew him into the hotel. He admits that nothing of the sort was in his conscious thoughts. It was a warm evening, and he was tired walking. He had planned to have his dinner in the cheap restaurant near his room, where he always dined; but that restaurant was small and smelly, and the hotel dining room had looked invitingly airy and cool. He bought a newspaper and entered the hotel.

He was not so shabby as usual; he had just bought himself a summer suit—at a reduced price because it was late in the season. But the head waiter was not to be deceived by new ready-made clothes. He seated Murdock at the least desirable table in the room, far from the windows, near the pantry door, with his back to the girl whom he had seen from the street. And Murdock did not turn round for a second look at her. He occupied himself with his newspaper, and particularly with the stock reports, which he had begun to study in his search for a good investment. He remembers that when his beefsteak arrived he was convinced that he ought to buy Bethlehem Steel. He does not remember when he got the idea.

The girl from the window, leaving the dining room, paused at the door to look back at him, but he did not see her. She even returned, on the pretext of having forgotten her gloves, and stared at him as she came in, and glanced back over her shoulder as she went out; but he continued absorbed in his newspaper. After she had disappeared he looked up quickly, as if someone had spoken to him; and he gazed round him, bewildered, at the tables near. No one was even noticing him. He paid his check and wandered out. And next day he drew two thousand dollars of his savings from the bank and bought Bethlehem Steel.

Throughout that fall and winter the war orders from abroad kept his steel stocks rising, and he followed them cautiously, gambling on a margin, halving his winnings, and adding a thousand dollars at a time to his savings account. By the following May he had thirty thousand dollars in sight, and this, he figured, was enough for him to live on. He sold all his stocks. He resigned his position at Perry-Felton's. He packed his books in barrels and all his clothes in his suitcase. And telling his landlady that he was going on a holiday he walked out of the apartment house at eight o'clock at night—empty-handed but with five hundred dollars in his pocket—and turned toward the Hudson River and the Jersey ferry.

By ten o'clock he was passing the City Hall in Newark. By midnight he was lying under a tree beside the Seven Bridges Road, as happy as a country dog that had escaped to the open fields. He sat up to see the dawn, and he remained gazing about him for at least an hour, his knees drawn up to his chin and his arms clasped about them, in the attitude in which he used to sit in his father's pasture lot watching the cows. He had a curious feeling. He felt as if he had been imprisoned among people for all these years, and had at last escaped to the trees and weeds and grasses that were his proper equals and companions.

He made his breakfast of rolls and milk in Springfield, and swinging along the road to the Washington Valley, with his hat in his hand and his coat over his shoulder, about half past eight he saw a large automobile approaching. It slowed down. It stopped before him. He saw that the girl who was driving it was smiling at him.

"You don't remember me?" she said.

No; he didn't. But he continued to look at her, without surprise, feeling friendly and unpuzzled.

She asked: "Did you buy Bethlehem Steel?"

He came to the side of the machine, gazing at her with a deep-eyed, hypnotized interest.

"How did you know about that?"

She continued to smile down at him. "Don't you remember? You saw me dining at the window, and you came into the hotel, but you didn't look at me."

Some recollection of the incident returned to him dimly while he studied her. She was bareheaded, and the morning sun shone full in her face. It seemed to him that he had known her—somewhere. "Of course!" he said. "I didn't recognize you."

"You don't recognize me yet," she replied.

No; he couldn't really say that he did.

She explained: "I don't think you ever knew my name."

"No?" He could not place her.

"Do you remember," she helped him, "once when you were whipped, in school, for guessing the figures on the blackboard?"

He blinked at her. She waited, confidently. "Was that you?" he asked. "At the back of the room?"

She nodded, enjoying it, as soberly mischievous as a child with some little mystification of its own.

"And I spoke to you, afterward, on your way home."

"I remember." His own expression had become boyish and frank and friendly. "Did you tell me what the figures were—the first time?"

"Yes. And then I got frightened and couldn't tell you what the second ones were. That's what I tried to explain to you—afterward."

"I remember," he said. "I didn't understand. I thought I'd just guessed them." And then, after a long, smiling pause of thoughtful silence, he added: "And that's where I got the idea of buying Bethlehem Steel, is it?"

He was talking to her now as if their meeting were quite natural and commonplace—as if they were in a dream in which the impossible could happen as a matter of course.

She had that air herself. "I tried awfully hard in the hotel to make you turn round and look at me," she confessed. "I even came back into the dining room, but you never noticed. Father had been buying steel, and when I saw that you were looking at the stock quotations I tried to give you a tip."

"I made thirty thousand dollars on it."

"And you're coming back to Wauchock?"

"Yes. Did you suggest that to me too?"

"No." She opened the car door to him. "But when I woke this morning I had a funny feeling that you were on your way. I thought I might meet you."

He climbed in, quite unconsciously, and sat beside her. "I've left the city. I'm coming out here to farm."

"On the old place?"

"Yes." He felt that somehow, unknown to him, he had known her all his life—that, indeed, she was the only person he had ever really known. "It's queer," he said, "that I don't remember your name."

"No," she assured him. "I don't think you ever knew it. The first time I saw you you were having your toothache cured by that Buffalo Bill man who sold the patent medicine. Then you came to school at Wauchock, but I don't think you ever noticed me. And then we moved to Centerbrook, and I didn't see you again till you came to school there. I'm Ruth Young."

He did not remember ever having heard the name before. "It doesn't matter," he said.

He was gazing at her in a way that he had never looked at anyone in his life before. During all those years of silence and solitariness at Wauchock, at Centerbrook, in New York, he had never spoken to anyone as he was speaking to her, or found anyone who could meet his eyes in complete and friendly sincerity as she met them. And the strange thing was that now it seemed as if she had shared in all those years, as an invisible companion who had suddenly appeared to him, who was sitting beside him and smiling at him, as she had in some way been watching him and smiling at him, unseen, always, even from his boyhood.

Perhaps it was the thought of what had kept him solitary that made him ask: "Did you know about my father?"

And it was certainly the tone in which he asked it that made her, for the first time, glance away from him as she replied: "Yes. There was a lot of gossip about it."

He said: "I'm glad."

She understood; he was glad that there was not even this secret concealed from her; that she knew it, and was not ashamed of him. She put out her hand to him, blindly, to reassure him. He took it as simply as she gave it. She settled back in the seat with a little trembling sigh. There were tears in her eyes, but she gazed through them, smiling, at the long, empty road and the long, empty past.

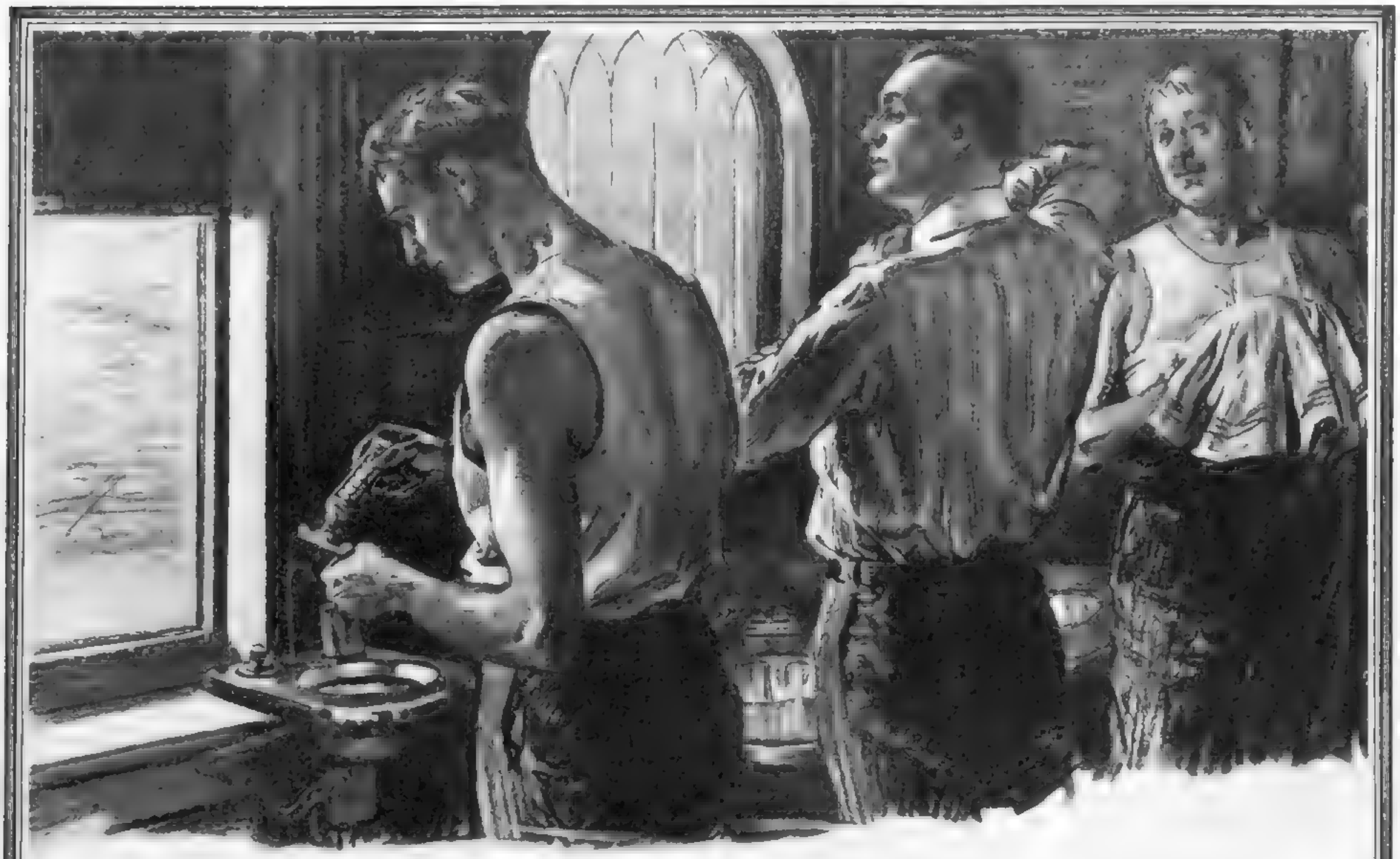
"I've motored by your house," she said, "but it was always closed."

He had lifted her hand and bent down to it and put his cheek against it, with his face averted. She slipped her fingers out of his and turned his head to her and held him so, looking at him, all smiling tears and tenderness, with eyes that at once searched him and accepted him and surrendered to him. Suddenly, as if he were unable to bear it, he bowed forward with his face in his hands. She patted his head, weeping happily and distractedly stroking his hair.

"Isn't it strange," she said, "the first time I saw you, alone, on that platform, under the torchlight, I had almost the same feeling for you? It was always you. I knew you'd come. I told you those figures on the blackboard just as if I were talking to myself, and I knew you'd hear. I wasn't worried because you were away so long. And I brought you into the hotel and told you to buy the stock. And then I began to worry because I hadn't been able to make you look round. And father's dead. And I've been so lonely. I began to be afraid. I was so happy when I woke this morning and knew you were coming." She even laughed brokenly. "Get your coat and hat. I want to see our—— I want to see the house."

And that is their story. I don't know what to make of it, any more than I know what to make of Murdock's disproof of the mechanistic theory and his belief that the plants themselves have a creative intelligence and some sort of dumb world-soul of their own. But I know this: Hearing those two, watching them, seeing the deep and smiling trust of their way of looking at each other while they spoke and listened—and remembering that weedy life of poverty and ignorance and murder and kleptomania from which he came—I felt that I could believe any miracle of the immortal spirit, any mysticism of the creative intelligence, any hope of the transcending soul.

Science can say what it pleases of Benjamin McNeil Murdock. He is, to me, his own disproof of a dead mechanical world and the philosophy of the microscope.



Watching Him Use Pebeco Won't Save *Your* Teeth

There are just two ways to avoid a toothless old age. One way is to take proper care of your teeth.

The other way is to die young.

Picture in your mind the old man (or woman) that will some day be all that's left of what you are now. Is it a hale, chipper, happy, jolly old person that you see—one able to chew up a lamb chop or bite nutriment out of a beefsteak?

Or do you see a sad-looking old person—forced to subsist on mush and milk because the teeth for chewing better food are gone?

That is why teeth are important.

With sound teeth you can eat the food you crave and need. With poor teeth, or no teeth, your diet is—*must be*—pap.

So teeth are important, and a little knowledge of how to protect them, though it sounds like dull reading, is knowledge worth having.

You brush your teeth for two reasons—to make them look and feel clean, and to prevent certain invisible forces from hastening their decay.

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TOOTH PASTE

If you have only the temporary cleansing of your teeth to consider, you can pick a dentifrice blindfold, and get good results. But you cannot blindfold yourself and be sure of picking a dentifrice that will combat the unseen causes of tooth decay. For that is a matter of science.

Pebeco polishes your teeth and sweetens your breath—as a matter of course. Its *real* work is to counteract what we call "Acid-Mouth."

"Acid-Mouth" is a short, quick term for describing a condition which works ceaselessly to destroy the protecting enamel of your teeth

You can't *taste* "Acid-Mouth." But there is one test that will indicate the acidity of your mouth, and that is with a test paper.

Trial Tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers Mailed Free

We send you several little blue test papers. Moisten one with your tongue. If it dries out a pinkish color, it indicates the presence of acid. Then scrub your teeth with Pebeco Tooth Paste from the Trial Tube. Make a test with another paper and it remains blue. You get no acid reaction.

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Pebeco is sold by practically all druggists. It costs a little more—be prepared for that. The tube is unusually large though. Pebeco is not really an expensive dentifrice. Any dentist you ask will endorse its efficiency

WHERE ROLLS THE HUDSON

By ENOS A. MILLS

MANY people feel that New York City is money mad, and that Wall Street is an insidious submarine ever attacking the industry of the nation. But Manhattan, which the thrifty Dutch originally purchased for some twenty-three dollars, is a busy hive with millions of safe and sane people in it. Just now Father Knickerbocker is conducting a great work for safety first and saner living in the Greatest Park in the World.

Have you heard of the Palisades Interstate Park? Last year more than two million people played and rested in its pure air and sunshine. Eight million dollars has been spent on it without graft, and the people of New York have just voted it two million five hundred thousand more. This park is going in the right direction; it has extraordinary opportunities, fundamentally correct management, and is likely to continue to make magnificent history.

With a few breaks in the river front the Palisades Interstate Park stretches along the west bank of the Hudson River for fifty miles, from Englewood—situated across the river opposite the northern end of New York City—to beyond West Point. For most of its length it is narrow, but in the Highland section it attains a width of sixteen miles. Already it has an area of thirty-two thousand acres, and it is being steadily enlarged. Condemnation proceedings, options and promised donations will yet add thousands of acres more.

Looking Up the Hudson From a Roadway of the Palisades Interstate Park

Of the two million five hundred thousand people who enjoyed this park in 1916, none received more benefit or had more fun than two hundred undernourished boys who camped in its Highland section. This camp was conducted by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

Was there ever before such a strange lot of campers? These skinny children were from the most congested tenement-house districts. Many were of families that numbered ten or a dozen, whose only window opened upon a filthy air shaft. Many had never before been out of the city, never had stood upon the real clean earth. Their playground had been the riotous and disease-breeding streets. They were weak, sickly, with dull, listless eyes and hungry stomachs. With them they carried the smells of the sweatshop, the ghetto, the alley—the unsavory odors of all nations!

Discovering the Cow

But this was when they started on the outing. Their camp was on a lake shore in a forest fifty miles from the Brooklyn Bridge. En route, the big lunch provided for each child was early eaten, to the last crumb. The poor little waifs had never had enough to eat in all their miserable lives. Most of them had never seen a cow or real grass or wild flowers. Naturally before they had reached camp the two companies were named "Oh" and "Gee."

At first they were too weak to do much, and none had the strength to play all day. But after several days of clean air and wholesome food the red blood began to flow and dance, cheeks reddened and they became real boys.

In a few weeks the anæmic, skeletonlike little bodies were changed and these forlorn two hundred became live children. To each a toothbrush was given and he was shown how to use it. During the several weeks of outing there was not one case of sickness, while in New York and other cities infantile paralysis and other diseases of childhood were prevalent.

Grand times had these little rovers! They explored the wilderness; they learned to swim and row; to climb trees and hills. Happy times they had with evening campfire stunts.

What joy to have been with them when with wondering eyes they first faced the wilds; and I wish, too, that I might have been with them in camp a month later; better still, that Jacob Riis and John Muir might have seen these merry children with Mother Nature, growing strong in mind and body—a grand realization of their labors and their dreams.

After several ideal weeks in this happy hunting ground the boys one day had a feeling of anxiety; and Billy Bowlegs gave expression to this by calling to the passing camp manager:

"Must we go home very soon?"

Nature made this region a park. Here are blue mountains and green hills; the lordly Hudson with its Highlands; lakes that lie between meadows and the purple shadows of the forest. There are rocks and bowlders, gorges and cliffs; groves of hemlock, oak and pine and growths of shrubbery. Mightiest of all, the time-stained Palisades rise from forest-bordered river to skyscraping heights in the sun.

Amid these scenes thousands and thousands camp and renew themselves. Scattered through the park are a number of large buildings that are used for mess halls and living rooms of various camp organizations. During summer each is surrounded by a tent colony. Then, too, there are a number of camp sites reserved for tents only.

Thousands of families annually enjoy a week or two in these camps. There are individual camps, coöperative camps, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. camps, Boy Scout, Woodcraft League, Jacob Riis, Big Brother and Hudson River Canoe Association camps. A convalescent camp is maintained by a hospital association.

These camps are scattered—surrounded with wild freedom—and are supervised and kept sanitary. So this park is working out an eloquent final scheme for wise government of that important and persistent life factor, the use of leisure hours.

Large numbers of working girls spent two weeks tenting in the Bluefield Highlands. They bathed in a lake, played outdoor games and roved through the woods and fields. They dined in a huge stone administration building. The cost for each girl, including round-trip transportation, was but seven dollars.

The cost of transportation and living in the various camps ranged from two and a half to five dollars a week for each person. These camps afford efficient preventives against sickness and epidemics, and perhaps also help to drive away discouragements and other evils. Hats off to Father Knickerbocker! He is learning how to spend money.

Four hundred and fifty thousand automobiles came into the park last year. Steamers and pleasure craft brought their merry loads. The railroad had its share of the long haul. Ample provisions have been made for those who come for a week, a day, or for an hour. There are dozens of landings along the river, and many scattered shelter houses; also places where refreshments can be had—at low prices. There are wide free fields to roam over; wild places, without trails, for exploration; dozens of tennis, baseball and other playgrounds. There are places for camp fires. Along the river and on many of the lakes are bathing beaches and floats; and, happily, also wading ponds for children.

For ten million people the park is within two hours' travel. Thousands of these can reach it in less than one hour at a cost of five cents each. Several millions can get into its wild beauty for ten cents a head.

Though it is so near to millions, an enormous amount of work had to be done to open the park and make it accessible. This development has been about equally divided between the Palisades section, across the Hudson, twenty minutes from Broadway, and the Highland section, about fifty miles up the river.

The larger part of the Palisades river front was as wild as when Henry Hudson's Half Moon sailed into the scene. Except in a few places, bowlders and rocky débris along the water's edge made landing difficult, if not impossible, even for a rowboat. Along this twelve-mile stretch a wide trail was opened on or close to the edge of the water. Two roads and a number of trails were carried to the summit of the Palisades. Docks were built for the landing of steamers, and piers for launches and smaller boats. Near these shelter houses were placed, a number of bathing beaches prepared and floats constructed. In the Highland section steamer landings, playgrounds, boating facilities, and the enormous Bear Mountain Inn have been provided. This inn, standing at the foot of Bear Mountain, commands a view down the Hudson, and on the opposite side of the river is a historic point—Anthony's Nose.

It was a happy thought to have many of the attractive places accessible by both road and trail. This arrangement allows the motorists to speed and the foot travelers to loiter, relax, and enjoy the scenes without danger or dust.

The transportation problem has been large and trying one. Thousands of a people had each day to be transported to and from the park, speedily, comfortably and at low cost. The most recent triumph in this connection will provide a trip first to be enjoyed this year. The excursionist will leave New York by boat, sail forty-five miles up the Hudson, land at Bear Mountain, and thence take a thirty-mile round-trip automobile ride along scenic highways through the park, returning to New York by boat. He will have had a hundred and twenty miles of pleasurable airing at a cost of only one dollar.

The artistically rustic Bear Mountain Inn has been described as "a heap of bowlders and huge chestnut logs assembled at the base of Bear Mountain by the hand of man, and yet following lines of such natural proportions as to resemble the eternal hills themselves." This two-story building is eighty by two hundred feet. It seats three thousand diners. In its basement are electric, refrigerating and laundry plants.

Though forty-five miles from New York City, it is the travel center of the park. At one time more than twenty-two hundred automobiles were parked by the inn, and on the same day the river steamers and the railroad brought their thousands of visitors.

The commissary at this place sells refreshments, groceries and gasoline at reasonable prices. The vast quantities of goods sold and used are sent forward daily and nightly by a buyer who is on duty in New York City. One may obtain an excellent cafeteria meal for thirty-five cents. Table service costs a dollar and a half; service de luxe about four dollars.

Where Money Goes Far

Close by are large free dancing pavilions, open to the air, and a refreshment booth that makes profit enough to pay for the orchestra. There are a number of baseball and tennis grounds. On the historic Hessian Pond are dozens of free rowboats.

It should be borne in mind that this inn, with its commissary, like everything else in the Palisades Interstate Park, is conducted by the Park Commissioners not for profit but for the welfare of the public. There is not a concession in the park. No one is getting rich by exploiting those who visit it. Everything is handled by the commissioners. The price of most things sold is kept down to the minimum, and whatever profit there is goes to supply some public convenience.

A public park, helpfully reaching the lives of millions, run economically, without graft, politics or concessions, is an inspiring example. If New York and New Jersey can thus conduct a great park, the same thing can be done in every state in the Union.

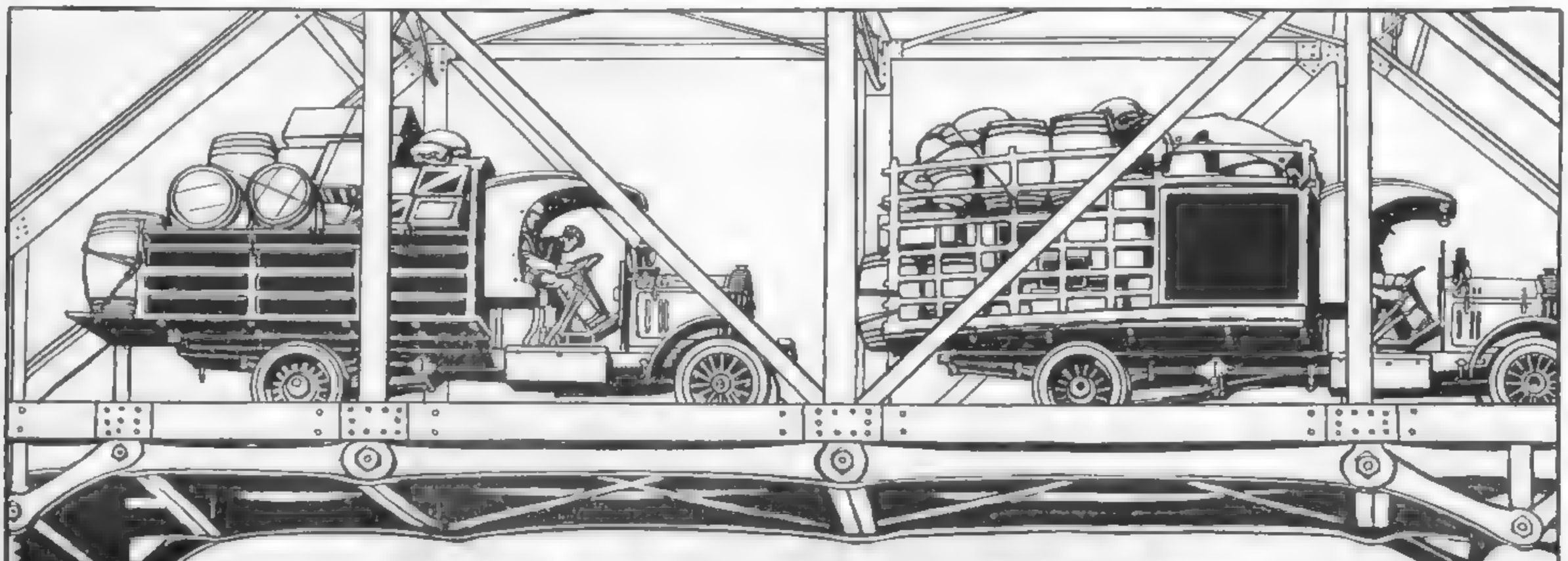
In all sections of the park many miles of substantial scenic roads have been built and many more miles of poetic trails opened. At much expense a number of strong, towering and artistic bridges have been constructed. The scenic Henry Hudson Drive, when completed, will stretch for sixty miles within this recreation empire.

The roads are ideal. They are built, not where roads could be most cheaply built, but where travelers can enjoy the best views of the scenery. They are of best construction and

(Concluded on Page 59.

New York City From the Palisades

There are Miles of Trails for Pedestrians Only



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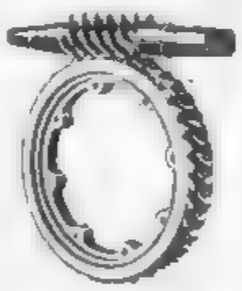
Single trucks have taken over the work of many horses and done it quicker, better and cheaper. They have developed new business by increasing delivery radius and opening up territory quite beyond the reach of horses.

They have eliminated the intolerable delays of freight congestion and embargoes by quickly and economically handling shipments formerly made by railroad. They have enabled manufacturers, formerly dependent upon a single outlet, to avail themselves of additional points of shipment and low water rates.

Specific data is available covering the cost of operation of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks in many different lines of business, such as Transport, Grocery, Contracting, Coal, Brewery, Textile, Oil, Dry Goods, Chemicals, etc.



The Worm-Gear

All Pierce-Arrow trucks are equipped with the worm gear drive, which is positive guarantee of effective service under the most difficult conditions

Pierce-Arrow

Motor Trucks

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 57)

will endure for centuries. They were made without marring the wayside beauty, and, though recently opened, they appear as if they had seen ages. One three-mile stretch, through a heavy primeval forest in the Palisades, is a woodland avenue. Century-old trees, without a scar or broken limb, stand by the roadside.

Blasting was carefully done, every near-by tree being painstakingly protected with a breastwork of logs or with queer leggings made of poles.

The rugged topography and abundance of water encourage the making of lakes. About twelve of these have already been completed and twice as many more are planned, while with a number work is well under way. Several small ones are to be placed on the very summit of the Palisades. The lakes vary in size from a few acres to several hundred. With many of them the ragged shore line is a thousand or more times the length of the dam. The short dam being hidden in a gulch and the water kept at uniform level, the appearance is so natural that few people would think of the lakes as man-made; in fact, most persons would need to see the dam before believing them to be the work of man. Bridges between lakes will be built high, and facilities will be provided for rowing from one lake to another, so that canoeists may traverse a number of them without making a single portage.

All development in the park has the charm of simple, natural beauty. Exceptional pains have been taken to save monolithic rocks, striking bowlders, time-stained, lichen-tinted cliffs and trees. Outside ornaments, foreign trees and plants are not used. Wherever it is necessary to cover a scar the work is done with native shrubs and sods taken from near by and transported in masses, while for like purposes large trees are moved bodily.

Plans are under way to fence one section of the park for big wild life. Roosevelt wants—not moose, but black bears; and Ernest Thompson Seton has been commissioned to procure bighorn sheep and wild goats.

Forestry work of magnitude is being steadily carried on. Millions of trees have been planted; insects fought; dead trees sawed into lumber or cut into cordwood. There are miles of telephone lines, and fire lanes along which fire watchmen are maintained in lookout towers.

Each year millions of young trout and other fish are planted in the lakes and streams. There is in the park one excellent trout stream. Fishing is encouraged, but hunting is prohibited. Wild flowers and wild life are protected. The policemen show marked tact and kindness in coaching people in regard to not gathering flowers.

The Ice King's Conquests

The Palisades section, close to New York City and near New Jersey cities, is now and then bothered a little with rowdyism, but the Highland section is almost free from such disturbance. Of the two million five hundred thousand visitors who came to this section in 1916, only one person was arrested.

Beginning this year Bear Mountain Inn and a number of other places will be kept open the year round. This will encourage winter excursions and sports. This park wears its winter robings well. The mountains, forests, hills and dales, open fields, snow-stratified cliffs, frozen lakes, form winter landscapes without a touch of desolation. Scattered pines, hemlocks and other evergreens are decorative; so, too, is the tracery of leafless shrubs and trees among winter's drifted snows.

This is the winter home of many wild folk in fur and feathers. They enliven it with their presence, and in the snow they stamp and sketch and trace with foot and wing many an incident and story of pursuit and death, of prank and play. And in the snow are hieroglyphics for which we have no key, plain main-traveled ways and a thousand crisscrossed chains of tracks leading everywhere and nowhere—each a fading, short-lived nature story to stir and entertain the fortunate folk who go afield likewise to make their strange foreign tracks with ski and webbed bear-paw shoes.

One winter day in the Palisades and the Highlands I saw rabbit tracks to the right of me and to the left of me, and tracks of many a fox. Here reynard had hurried; there, on hill or bowlder, or behind a bush, he had stopped to look and listen; and farther along he had sat while his brain was busy with strategy or philosophy.

During this day much bird life came under my observation. A flock of bobwhites stood by a willow shelter; several hawks soared and sent their shadows skating and coasting over the snow; a few of the celebrated winter wren singers were seen, but they kept silence; gulls frequently appeared; there were mobs of crows in the snow and in the sky; one dainty ruby-crowned kinglet came into view; and a number of other birds were too lively or distant to be identified.

I saw scores of large and small skating places scattered through wood and open: places in which to coast, ski and toboggan.

Here's to the Winter Girl! If she makes the outdoors fashionable during the winter, grip and pneumonia will be afflicted with famine and their presence will be as rare as an unfashionable garment. The drug trade would tumble and there surely would be an open season on quack doctors.

The Palisades are of volcanic ancestry, with a history of some thirty million years. Twice or more they have been overridden and eroded by the Ice King; areas are buried beneath morainal débris. In many places the rocks show glacial grooving and planing, and their high-raised heads wear numerous telltale crowns of perched bowlders—"travelers" from far northern scenes. The cliffs are from two hundred to more than five hundred feet high. Stretches of their front are smooth and boldly vertical.

A goodly array of winged life and plant bloom is found in this region. There are sea birds, shore birds, tree birds, birds of many kinds, and in places they are numerous. Wrens, robins, sparrows, bluebirds, blue jays, owls, quails, woodpeckers, mocking birds, thrushes, gulls, humming birds and eagles here enjoy life and enliven the reservation.

Wild flowers abound. They fringe the river bank, swarm through the willows, clamber over the cliffs, fill the forest with brightness and nestle on the mountain top, twelve hundred feet above the river's edge. There are violets and bluebells, primroses, mints, buttercups, wintergreen and laurel. Ferns flourish, and fringed gentians come in the colored autumn.

Areas are utterly wild. Many spots in the park have not been disturbed by man for a century. Places along the Palisades are precipitous, have rocky walls, primeval forests; while the bowlder masses and old rock slides at the river's edge are wild enough for a section of the Rockies.

By old Forts Clinton and Montgomery trees are still standing with bullets in them which they received as innocent bystanders at a battle of the Revolution. And within the ruins of these forts are century-old trees and shrubbery which have grown since the battle.

The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society is coöperating in the work, and in time the numerous forts and other historic places will be restored. The region is signally rich in legends, in literary lore and in history—the ever-changing fortunes of peace and war. Three centuries ago the noble Indians—the Algonquins—just developing into a simple civilization, watched the strange, winged Half Moon of Hudson invade their beautiful country. In the same scenes a century ago Fulton tried out his epoch-making steamer. The district is alive with stories concerning the early Dutch settlement, and is on the borders of the realm ruled by Irving, reminiscent of Rip Van Winkle, and echoing with the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Located within the parks are the old headquarters of Lord Cornwallis, and the ruins of Fort Stony Point, the daring capture of which by "Mad Anthony" Wayne is known to boys and girls as one of the thrillers in American history. In these scenes Arnold, the traitor, sat and dictated his price to André. In the Palisades Burr and Hamilton fought their duel. At Snead's Landing the British for the first time saluted the American flag.

For this park two thousand separate parcels of land have been acquired, a few by donation, more by condemnation, and most of all by purchase. This expansion will go on. The Palisades Interstate Park is a noble outgrowth of the original plan, which was a worthy sentinel idea—simply to save the Palisades. Twenty-odd years ago a number of gigantic stone quarries were blasting the magnificent Palisades to pieces. Rapidly growing New York afforded a vast and profitable market for all stone material. The Palisades were being destroyed. In 1895 a number of prominent individuals in New York tried to save them. Efforts were made to have them taken over by the United States as a military reservation. These efforts failed and the plan was abandoned. The quarry interests were legitimate, prosperous and powerful.

"The outlook was discouraging," says Commissioner Frederick C. Sutro, "when the women of New Jersey took hold of the work. To their undying credit be it recorded that the New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs began an active campaign which resulted in the passage of a bill in 1899 by the New Jersey State Legislature to investigate and report."

The state of New York passed a similar bill, which was signed by Governor Roosevelt. In 1900 a permanent commission was appointed, consisting of twenty members, ten from each state. This commission, coöperating with the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society and other organizations and individuals, has done an enormous amount of splendid public work, all without pay and all without graft. It early won the confidence of private individuals and this brought to the park large donations of land and money. The commission has also won the appreciation and the support of the people of New York, as the recent voting of ample development funds conclusively shows.

The use made of the park shows that people appreciate the outdoors, and that they will use every park that is really managed for their benefit. It is probable that nearly four million people will this year leave city noise, congestion and germs behind for a rest in this splendid island of safety.

It is often said that American people take little or no interest in their own public affairs. But they are taking interest in this park—possibly because it is so simply managed and because its affairs are kept so close to them. Happily, they are watching its development and expansion with enthusiasm.

It is encouraging to see Uncle Sam studying this park with the idea of improving the conditions in our National Parks. Officials of many new state and city parks are coming to this one for ideas. If a park is to be worth while its management must not be tied up with other business. Here is a park free from graft, free from politics and free from concessions. It is absolutely separate from other public works. It has no entangling alliances. Its unhampered manager gives it his entire time and thought. It is under the control of a special Interstate Park Commission, composed of prominent nonpartisan men. The twenty commissioners work without pay and are putting their very best into the development of this life-saving institution. Its machinery is simple, and, as it is visible to the public, people generally take a deep and controlling interest in its welfare.

George W. Perkins is listed as a commissioner from both New Jersey and New York. He is the president and active head of the commission. From the moment of the organization of the commission, in 1900, he has been the tireless, acknowledged leader. Under the direction of this aggressive, public-spirited citizen the commission has developed the park in a manner that has won the support of park enthusiasts and the confidence of business men and of the masses. More than eight million dollars has been donated for its maintenance.

Progress in Playgrounds

The development of such an enterprise as this is a magnificent achievement. It is statesmanship. It would have been so easy to go wrong! One powerful force was ever present, trying for artificial, formal ornamentation—so-called landscape gardening. Another tried ever for graft. And the insidious, aggressive third tried to give it over to political control. All these have been kept out. It took years to show the devotees of formal statuary and Italian gardens that these would be woefully out of place in this scenic recreation realm. Graft and powerful politics again and again tried to rule or ruin. The commission had ideas; its vision was a declaration of independence in park development; and with convictions, uncompromising courage, and the spirit of eternal vigilance, it triumphed.

The man who has directed most of this development work is William A. Welch. Numerous are the problems and the propositions that have confronted him. In meeting these he has shown both artistic taste and executive ability. He planned and built the Bear Mountain Inn. He deals with road building and trail making, plans and constructs docks and hotels, handles a commissary department and the water supply, disposes of garbage, plants trees, opens fire lanes, stocks streams with fish, cuts cordwood, operates sawmills, buys land, supervises the police, and is the guide, philosopher and friend of the entire institution and its users.

Mr. Welch early fell in love with the outdoors, and he wanted others to know its helpfulness and feel its charm. He dreamed of the possibilities of parks. On hearing of the efforts to save the scenery along the Hudson he hastened to cast in his lot with the Palisades Interstate Park Commission. He comprehends the large and important place that parks should hold among institutions maintained for the general welfare; their service in promoting health, efficiency, love for native land, preparedness, high ideals, democracy and world-wide sympathies.

I have not been able to find the names of those noble club women whose courageous work saved the Palisades and thus made possible the larger and greater Interstate Park. But on the very summit of the Palisades, from which one looks across the river to the skyscrapers of New York, is a special park set aside in their honor. This is called Federation Park.

The splendid story of the Palisades Interstate Park, from the declarations leading to its beginnings down to its latest phase of development, might well be told in every schoolroom in the land. Of all the work going on in this overbusy and war-mad time, that centering in the Greatest Park in the World appears most epoch-marking and most nearly ideal. Park use of scenery makes it our richest, noblest resource. People progress on their playgrounds.

Twenty-Five Hundred Automobiles Parked at One Time at Bear Mountain

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Most clothes you see are part cotton; cheapened at the expense of wear quality. All wool pays you best; long service, shape-keeping, good fit. There's a way to be sure of all-wool; find our label.

A small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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From the painting by Leon M. Gordon

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Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

INVADERS OF SANCTUARY

By Thane Miller Jones

LEW SCHAFFNER, senior partner of Schaffner & Cronin, impatiently shuffled his slippered feet along the corridor and abruptly flung open his partner Cronin's door.

"Newsboy been here, d'you know?"

Ned Cronin quickly raised his head from his littered desk at the familiar shuffle. He heartily sent his big partner a cheery good morning.

"A fine morning, Mr Schaffner! No, the boy hasn't been here yet."

Without responding to the camaraderie in his partner's friendly voice, the ponderous German-American lawyer waddled to a comfortable chair near the open door, sank with a relieved groan into its depths and averted his eyes to the corridor.

Ned Cronin's sensitive face flinched painfully. With his morning optimism gloomed by keen disappointment he turned again to his work. His mind became burdened with the old question that had become through the passing months more and more clamorous for an answer. He recognized in his distress an echo of the daily pang he was slowly being forced to conclude meant a vaguely defined but nevertheless very real estrangement.

The dim beginnings lay somewhere back in the ominous fall of 1914. Amazed and discomfited, he had watched it grow. An abstracted manner, a moodiness, gruff monosyllables had usurped the former hearty frankness and comradeship. To the Irish boy who had grown up in Lew Schaffner's law offices and had come at length to love the master-lawyer with an affection that had its roots in more than mere gratitude, this gradual aloofness had first brought wonder, then apprehension, and now sheer alarm. And yet it always remained somehow too intangible for open complaint. That its intensification synchronized with America's declaration of war with Germany furnished the most sinister element in a situation which, Cronin feared, threatened some day abruptly to sever their twenty years' friendship.

Cronin slowly read over again a typed statement on his desk, then set his jaw determinedly and reached for his cane. He braced it in its accustomed angle and with the dexterity of long habit raised himself to his feet. He rested his weak hip against the big flat desk as he swung round to face his partner.

He knew that what he was about to say probably would prove very ill-advised. It might indeed mean immediate disaster. That this possibility existed convinced him that he must speak.

"I have prepared a memorandum, Mr. Schaffner, in connection with this man Kratz. I also took the liberty of dictating an indictment against him. I presumed that you desire the case sent before the Grand Jury this morning, with the witnesses?"

As Cronin spoke he watched his huge partner with a veiled, almost pathetic anxiety that slumped to apprehension as he hesitatingly concluded.

The district attorney had frowned heavily at the name Kratz. Slowly he now turned his sober gray eyes toward his partner. His lips were mumbling in obvious vexation.

"All in good time, Mr. Cronin. I must glance through my morning paper."

"It will no doubt tell you one thing: That the public is clamoring for a speedy and vigorous trial of that man Kratz!" broke in Cronin with impulsive Irish courage. "He was the Prussian fiend who not only blew up the A. Armstrong Company's West Grafton munitions plant but chose a time when the munition workers were all inside! He ——"

"I know all about Kratz."

Abrupt, almost a snarl, the German-American's even, passionless voice chilled Cronin's determination. Cronin's thin face betrayed a battle between deference and reproach. Half leaning on his desk, he abstractedly tapped his cane against the base of his swivel chair. Furtively he scrutinized the heavy impassive face of the public prosecutor. Schaffner had again turned his gaze to the corridor. Cronin heard him muttering:

"Used to be here by half-past nine; it's nearly ten!"

Schaffner intent upon the war news! Well, it was not Cronin's duty to see that Kratz was promptly and vigorously prosecuted. True; but it was his partner's! Lewis Schaffner was an American citizen of German birth to whom the American people, in electing him a district attorney, had intrusted the sacred duty of vigorously prosecuting crime, without fear or favor, without reward or hope of reward. Cronin shivered with sudden dread. There was Schaffner, indifferent, insisting on his morning paper—that stubborn custom of reading the news as a preliminary to the day's work!

Still, if Cronin could only believe that nowadays it meant nothing more than that! At any rate it left Schaffner's conduct wide open to a surmise which in these high-nerved days might in an instant flame to sinister suspicion. Cronin's anxiety to prod his partner out of what he still tried loyally to hope was mere phlegmatic leisureliness had become this morning more poignant than ever.

Panic at Schaffner's indifference goaded Cronin on.

"Kratz made a statement at the Drummond Street Jail yesterday afternoon."

Schaffner wheeled with surprising swiftness.

"You did not tell me that! Why didn't you? You know our rule—absolute cooperation."

Cronin smiled with an involuntary bitterness.

"I know it well!"

But where was the coöperation on Schaffner's part? Cronin could not place his finger on anything tangible, but he knew that, if accused, Schaffner must admit that they were becoming merely law partners; they were no longer cronies.

He grinned, miserably unhappy at his partner's empty reproach, then commented quietly:

"You have hardly given me an opportunity. I want to explain about Kratz, but ——"

"Well, Cronin?"

"You haven't seemed interested. I hardly know just what you want me to do."

Cronin hesitated as he noted that the big district attorney was regarding him with sudden thoughtfulness. Was there in his shrewd gray eyes a hint of delinquency? Or was it merely a recognition on Schaffner's part that an effort should be made toward surface courtesy? Cronin was useful. He could not be spared. The firm should retain him. Pshaw! What disloyal thoughts were crowding through Cronin's unhappy brain!

"Interested?" replied Schaffner slowly; "I am properly interested in all my duties, I hope. I don't quite see what you're driving at. I wish that infernally lazy boy would come! Where's that statement you say Kratz made?"

Cronin shrugged his thin shoulders and caught up a bundle of papers from his desk. He pulled loose the strap, ran his finger through the indorsements and jerked out a typed sheet. Then he reached for his cane and started to slide carefully off the edge of the desk.

"Wait, man! I'll come for it."

This anyhow was like the old Lew Schaffner. Cronin appreciated the little courtesy. He flushed as he handed the paper to his partner.

Schaffner sank into a deep leather chair near Cronin's desk and whipped open the typed sheet.

"My feet!" he complained. "Nothing helps my feet. If I could always wear something easy—like those"—he thrust out one slippered foot—"but I have to squeeze on a Yankee stiff shoe for court."

"Bad this morning?"

"They're always bad!"

He sprawled in his chair, and after a glance toward the corridor became immediately absorbed in the typed paper. "Don't let that boy get by!" he admonished.

Cronin sat watching him. Anxious respect and affection throbbed in his pulsing face. He knew that the keen, comprehensive brain back of that high, knobbed forehead would miss nothing of the significance of this record of the inquisitorial third degree. What a fearful pity if this man, seeing the enormity of the offense, would be inclined, induced to condone!

The intense gratification that Cronin seven years before had experienced when Schaffner had taken him into full partnership never had lost its keenness. Manlike he was ashamed of his affection. Yet what a man his big friend was!

The virile Irishman suddenly accused himself of a womanish sentimentality. Why, everything was all right enough between them! And there was nothing wrong with Lew Schaffner. They were partners in the law, comrades in their fierce dislikes, shoulder to shoulder for the things that decent men hold sacred. All was well with the world, for them.

There must then be no hint of estrangement from his lips. He must not notice what he had feared he had noticed. He was too fanciful, too fearful. His regard for the man who had made him all he was must plead its excuse.

He lifted his head with a new courage and a new heart for the future.

Schaffner tossed the typed sheet on the desk in sudden distaste. He threw out a pudgy arm with a disdainful gesture.

"Not much here! And what is here can't be used against Kratz. The fools don't seem to have warned him that what he said would be used against him."

"I admit that, Mr. Schaffner. But throughout the statement there are valuable connecting clews. It all dovetails with what we know from other sources. I have no doubt you could secure a conviction."

A newsboy, lopsided with bulky papers, darted past the door. Schaffner waddled with surprising swiftness after him. "Hey!"

The boy darted back, grinning. "Was goin' to leave it in yer room ——"

"Give it to me!"

Schaffner snatched at the paper. Then he shuffled off down the corridor without turning his head.

Cronin swore softly. So the Kratz case could go to blazes while Schaffner read the morning paper! But he stubbornly refused readmission to the sinister thoughts that had played havoc with his peace of mind. Lew Schaffner would work out this thing yet. Cronin turned resolutely to his day's work.

In the course of the next hour he disposed of pressing matters with conscientious brilliance. The work itself was a nerve tonic. He regained much of his old optimistic spirit.

At five minutes past eleven a clerk brought the junior partner a card. Cronin glanced at it casually.

"Tell Mr. Mifflinburg to walk in."

He tossed the card to one side and busily bent over his papers. Then suddenly he reached for the card again and studied it intently. He had not been able exactly to satisfy himself as to this man Mifflinburg. Could it be that the fellow had, after all, some ulterior motive behind the rather surprising retainer that he had paid to the firm of Schaffner & Cronin a week ago?

The man entered briskly, smiling suavely as he advanced toward Cronin's desk.

"Good morning, Mr. Cronin," smiled the German smugly. Then in his careful, exaggeratedly correct English he inquired, as he seated himself stiffly in the chair that Schaffner had occupied an hour before: "May I ask what progress you are making in the Western litigation?"

Cronin smiled broadly. The man must be rather a simpleton. Cronin felt vaguely relieved.

"Not much, Mr. Mifflinburg. You haven't yet sent round to us those papers that you promised last week. They were to form the basis of our work."

"Ah! Is that indeed true? I must at once instruct my secretary to have them transmitted to you. I have overlooked it. In the meantime it is proper, is it not, to deposit with your firm a payment by way of additional retainer?"

This man was surprisingly free with his money! Cronin pushed from his mind an insistently recurring foreboding, and demurred:

"Very nice for us," he laughed; "but we haven't earned the first one yet! We must really have those papers before we can do much of anything."

If Mifflinburg was vexed at the delay he concealed his chagrin under that imperturbable smile. He rose, pledged himself again to send the papers immediately, and suavely extended a polite hand. Cronin found the hand he grasped unexpectedly cold.

Mifflinburg bowed with military stiffness, then marched toward the door. Cronin, silently admitting a needless apprehension, sighed with nervous relief. He laughed out of court his vague forebodings.

"I shall attend to the matter just as soon as the papers arrive. Good morning, sir."

He turned again, with a quiet smile, to his work.

In the doorway Mifflinburg paused. "I had almost forgotten, Mr. Cronin. There is a matter that has elicited my sympathy."

"What is that, sir?"

"Your partner, Mr. Schaffner, is in charge of the prosecution of a man named Kratz?"

Cronin caught his breath sharply. Was it coming, then, after all? He sensed with sharp misgiving the new tenseness in the man's attitude.

"Yes, as district attorney Mr. Schaffner has charge of that matter. Are you interested?"

"I am interested—in a sense."

Cronin's eyes narrowed. He felt his nerves suddenly tingle, electrically alert. This autocratic German, ostensibly connected with large commercial enterprises—what legitimate interest could he have in the infamous Kratz? He swiftly scrutinized his client's smugly handsome face. Then with an effort he smiled genially

"A fellow countryman of yours?" he suggested; then added apologetically: "Of course I don't suppose you are precisely proud of the connection, in this particular instance."

Mifflinburg unexpectedly flinched, then frowned. An ugly look flamed into his haughty face. The rapier scar on his left cheek lost for a moment its livid lifelessness. But he caught himself up quickly and replied:

"Yes. A fellow countryman of mine and, for the matter of that, of your partner, Lew Schaffner. Race is a peculiar thing, is it not? Some of us are rather concerned about poor Kratz."

Cronin lit a cigar.

"But I don't imagine that Mr. Schaffner loses any sleep over 'poor Kratz.'"

The German did not answer for a moment, but sat regarding the lawyer with an enigmatic smile. There was an exultant gleam in his eyes that Cronin feared to translate. Then he half rose, leaned over the desk and, with his burning eyes fixed steadfastly on Cronin, spoke rapidly:

"Yes, I rather think that our good friend Lew Schaffner is really concerned about Kratz, in this way: He is a fellow countryman, and his crime—I do not for a moment admit his guilt; in fact, I think an alibi can be established—is a political one. But Kratz is inclined to talk too much. You know that!"

Then his fears were real! Where, in heaven's name, was this leading to? Cronin shivered. Nonchalantly he answered:

"He did make a vague statement to the authorities yesterday."

Mifflinburg announced decisively: "And from our standpoint he must not talk again!"

He paused and leered at Cronin, who sat dumbly apprehensive.

Mifflinburg watched him narrowly as he proceeded:

"Provided that you and Lew Schaffner could see your way clear to easing up, as you Americans say, on this poor devil of a Kratz—surely a matter of comparative indifference—we should ask you to attend to a matter for us that would involve an immediate retainer in cash to you of, say, twenty-five thousand dollars."

"A retainer for what?"

Mifflinburg exhibited surprise at the blunt question. He half raised deprecatory arms.

(Concluded on Page 66)

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Our claim that there is no other cabinet on earth like the Hoosier cannot be disputed.

The services of this council of brainy women are controlled by us for kitchen cabinets. When you get a Hoosier you secure their talents with it.

Where long hours of toil exist, its 40 work-reducing, time-saving features enter and end the hardest part of woman's work.

Your kitchen work is cut about half.

Meal-Time Delights

You have many more hours of leisure. When meal-time comes you sit down comfortably and restfully at your work.

You find new delights in cooking and baking. Health is better—old age kept away. Evening fatigue soon disappears and fresher looks return.

Why work long hours on your feet when the Hoosier offers you instant deliverance? Surely you owe it to your family and yourself to save your health, your time, your energy.

Send for Free Book "New Kitchen Short-Cuts"

Certain of our kitchen scientists have planned examples of ideal kitchens.

There are six in all—the most up-to-date, the handiest and the most attractive we have seen.

They are pictured and described in the Hoosier book—"New Kitchen Short-Cuts"—sent free!

Just mail your name and address while these books last. Use the coupon on the opposite page, or a post-card.

HOOSIER MFG. COMPANY
1708 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.
Largest Makers of Kitchen Cabinets in the World
BRANCHES
1067 Market St., San Francisco, California
The Adams Furniture Company, Toronto, Can.
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"Hoosier Beauty"

Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists

Mrs. Christine Frederick, noted Household Efficiency Authority, New York
Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Principal Summer School of Cookery, New Hampshire
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HOOSIER

HOOSIER CABINETS Fit Every Size Kitchen

The Second Million Are Now Being Sold

Able authorities rate the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet as one of the greatest household conveniences in the world. Please don't class it as kitchen furniture, nor merely as extra shelf-space. The Hoosier is an actual labor-saving machine that will, by a little intelligent use, cut kitchen work nearly half. Now we propose a home-trial offer to let you test its wonderful convenience.

This remarkable advancement in kitchen management is open to every home—the small house, the mansion, the apartment.

And more than that, the Hoosier's low prices and popular purchase plan leave no excuse why women should work without it.

The question is not can you afford the Hoosier—*but can you now afford to slave long hours?*

The Hoosier supplies many work-saving inventions. Note how they help you:

40 Work-Reducing Features

The Food Guide and Salad Chart help hold down the cost of living.

The patented Shaker Flour Sifter is four times faster than most, and makes flour light and fluffy.

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Work-Space around the Sliding Porceliron Table Top is wide and deep—uncluttered by clumsy partitions.

Eighteen years and thousands of dollars have been spent in perfecting this "automatic servant."

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We've arranged with the authorized Hoosier stores to put the Hoosier in your kitchen for a small trial payment.

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Pay the balance in convenient amounts.

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Every woman should have these kitchen ideas. Don't fail to send your address for one of these interesting books. It's free. Send the coupon now.

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HOOSIER

(Concluded from Page 63

"Oh, just a general retainer"—he smiled. "Don't press me for details, please. One can be delicate even when one must be frank."

Cronin sat silently flicking the ash from his cigar.

"I recall now," went on Mifflinburg, "Kratz is a very necessary witness on a tremendously important lawsuit in Colorado. It is imperative that he be there very shortly."

"I see!" breathed Cronin, dry of lip; "and you expect that Lew Schaffner will let him slip somehow through the meshes of the law."

Mifflinburg sat stiffly in his chair. That he did not indignantly repudiate the implication chilled Cronin.

"We-e-ll, yes. I have hopes, now that you choose to put the matter in this blunt way, that Lew Schaffner will see the wisdom, the patriotic wisdom, of such a step, in the circumstances."

Cronin felt the last vestige of restraint slipping from him.

"Apart from the monetary consideration, what circumstances?" he sneered. "Here in this munitions factory were men and boys, innocent of wrongdoing, engaged in lawful labor, blown into eternity in an instant, without the slightest warning!"

The muscles of his thin, nervous face were drawn into firm lines of scornful decision. Incisively he finished:

"Never mind, though. It's no use to argue with a man of your point of view. What I want to say is this: Whatever our duties demand, as prosecutors of this man Kratz, we will perform to the bitter end! Kratz will answer to justice for his crime against the sovereignty of the United States of America! And as for your bribe—take it to hell out of here!"

Mifflinburg rose. He drew himself up, imperiously haughty.

"You will regret this deeply." His voice was venomous. "You talk like a fool. I had expected, had reason to expect, a different reception."

A different reception! Why? Had Mifflinburg already broached the matter to Schaffner? And had his partner intimated that Cronin would be found amenable? In the very storm of his indignation a more somber undercurrent of sheer dismay gripped the junior partner's heart.

As Mifflinburg wheeled abruptly to go Cronin heard Schaffner's shuffle along the corridor. The door opened and his ponderous partner, newspaper in hand, waddled into the room.

Cronin shot one swift look into his face. It was sullen and determined. Schaffner glanced quickly at Cronin as he entered, then coldly averted his gray eyes. But Cronin saw the swift look that passed between his partner and Mifflinburg as the latter turned and confidently reseated himself with a cold smile.

A sudden silence, an embarrassment, seized Cronin. He found himself regarding his partner in a new, painful light. Had he never, then, seen him truly before?

Schaffner shut the door and sought the nearest chair.

"Ah, Mr. Schaffner!" greeted Mifflinburg with all his recovered suavity.

Schaffner grunted an almost sullen reply; then, as though aware of the unpardonable degree of surliness in his speech, relieved the ominous silence.

"Just been skimming through the news," he explained grudgingly. He crossed one slippered foot restlessly over the other and passionlessly continued:

"I bet neither of you gentlemen has glanced over the morning paper yet! Nothing like going through the papers before settling down to the day's work."

The big lawyer paused as though he felt the futility of mere generalities. His eyes fixed themselves on the bookshelves at Cronin's back, but refused sullenly to look at his partner. Cronin relit his cigar, striving for calmness, and even made a pretense of turning to his work. Then, as he remembered Mifflinburg's allusion to the different reception he had expected to his proposal, fierce anger suddenly flamed anew in his heart against this man, so smugly, so horribly sure. Had Mifflinburg good reason to be sure of Schaffner? Cronin could bear the suspense no longer. He broke out desperately:

"Mr. Schaffner, Mifflinburg has seen fit to approach us with a dirty bribe!"

Schaffner flung up a swift arm. Something dominant, mastering for the time Cronin's rebellion as with a blow, blazed into his face. His heavy, sullen voice carried a menace:

"Cronin! Not so fast!"

"Let me explain," interrupted Mifflinburg smoothly.

Schaffner regarded his partner steadily. Chilled into silence, Cronin saw Schaffner nod. Mifflinburg went on:

"I am grieved that Mr. Cronin has seen fit to view my suggestions in such a crude light. I had expected more finesse—at any rate from a partner of yours, Mr. Schaffner.

"The facts are simply these: A man named Kratz, a poor, unfortunate German, is under arrest and about to be indicted in connection with the recent disaster at the A. Armstrong Company's West Grafton munition works. Kratz is not guilty, I feel; in fact his friends can maintain a powerful fight for him. I think we can establish a complete alibi. Now I feel that you, in charge of this prosecution, knowing that we were in a position to secure an acquittal, would consider that the prosecution might as well be handled by a junior—say our young friend Mr. Peddrick, for instance——"

"Ah! Peddrick!" breathed Schaffner.

"Yes," continued Mifflinburg; "and especially in view of the fact that I wish to retain your firm in connection with a very important matter arising in Colorado. There may not be much work just now, but I——"

"So that we may not be free to accept a retainer from the other side, eh?" suggested Schaffner with a swift glance at Cronin. "That's good business, Cronin!"

Cronin looked steadily at his partner but said nothing.

"Exactly!" smiled Mifflinburg. "And it being such an important case, I had thought that a retainer of, say, twenty-five thousand dollars would be in order."

Schaffner raised his big head quickly. For a moment his face betrayed strong agitation. His pudgy fingers beat a tattoo on the arm of his chair. He hummed tunelessly. His eyes were heavy with somber thoughts. And he kept watching Cronin furtively, as the junior partner shudderingly noted, for approval or at least a reluctant tolerance. His whole face—his heavy eyes, his gross cheeks, his red neck—gave Cronin a disgusting sense of sordidness.

Mifflinburg shot a veiled, triumphant glance at the Irishman. In it Cronin read, as plainly as though it were printed in the newspaper Schaffner still clutched in his hand, that the Prussian knew Cronin could be controlled. Did Schaffner think so, too?

Mifflinburg, noting Schaffner's silence, concluded with uplifted eyebrows: "Hence I have found myself at a loss to account for Mr. Cronin's attitude."

Lew Schaffner nodded, then continued ponderously smoking. His brooding eyes, set wide apart under his bulging forehead, regarded his partner calculatingly.

Cronin repressed the swift appeal that sprang to his lips and, numbed with apprehension, sat turning over the typed pages in front of him. Was it possible, after all, that he had underrated this frightful Prussian lure?

"I would not have approached Mr. Cronin," explained Mifflinburg, "were it not that I understood from you that you absolutely insisted upon it, so long as he remained your partner."

"Quite right!" affirmed Schaffner. "We believe in complete cooperation. In that way we keep in touch. We avoid waste and mistake. And in the end we adopt the wisest and most prudent course. My partner is, shall I say, a little impetuous just for the moment——"

"I'm too impetuous to stand for this!" exclaimed Cronin hotly. "And——"

"We will proceed to talk it over quietly, Cronin. Nothing is ever lost by calm consideration." Then, turning to Mifflinburg: "You say, Mifflinburg, that you wish to retain us at twenty-five thousand?"

"Just by way of——"

"Precisely so!" Schaffner checked him. "And of course you feel that, with this retainer and all that it implies, we would naturally place some young lawyer on the Kratz case. As you say, our young friend Peddrick would do nicely."

"Yes," smiled Mifflinburg.

"Would the cash be paid now?" queried Schaffner, tossing his cigar stub on a tray.

Mifflinburg indicated a small valise on the floor near the door.

"I have it here in currency. I am quite willing to pay it now so that you will at once turn your attention to the important matters involved, leaving Kratz, if prosecuted, in the hands of our friend Peddrick."

Lew Schaffner sat tapping his knee with the newspaper. He twisted his grotesquely small, slippered feet about the rungs of his chair. Cronin sat stonily silent, though Schaffner had turned half interrogatively to him several times. Cronin read the sullenness and resentment on his partner's domineering face. He felt himself a witness to influences that were strong with the sinister potency of devils.

Schaffner seemed suddenly to make up his mind. He came over to Cronin's desk, shifted a couple of books about, his eyes fixed upon his partner's with all that masterfulness in them that Cronin had come now to fear as before he had loved. Then, satisfied, he turned to Mifflinburg:

"Anyone know that you are here with this retainer?"

"No. There are other agencies that are interested in Kratz, but no one knows what steps I take."

Schaffner's eyes became somber and dreamy. "This money is from the Fatherland?"

Mifflinburg hesitated, glanced uneasily at Cronin, then said boldly: "Yes! And I have a free hand. Don't have to account in detail."

Schaffner looked long into Mifflinburg's steadfast eyes, then rose and shuffled about the room in deep, uneasy thought. Suddenly he stopped, close to Mifflinburg, and announced quietly:

"Give me the money."

Cronin's face went dead white.

"Mr. Schaffner!"

Schaffner turned his heavy head slowly and looked full at his frantic partner.

"Ned Cronin! Will you kindly not interfere!"

"If you need money," pleaded Cronin, "I will give you all I have. I will borrow——"

"Mr. Cronin, I think if you will kindly retire——"

"When I retire it will be never to come back into these offices again!" stormed Cronin.

Schaffner's face flamed. He controlled himself quickly and turned away with a shrug of his heavy shoulders.

Mifflinburg was already stacking large packages of bills on the desk.

Cronin seized his cane and limped to the door.

"I will have a little talk with you in a few minutes, Mr. Cronin," said Schaffner coldly.

Cronin stood for a moment, watching the counting of the money. Then he shut his lips hard and went out.

He limped passionately down the corridor and flung himself into a chair at the long briefing table in his private library. Wretched, head in arms, he sank upon the table in silent misery. He had lost a friend. In the twenties this appears a disaster, in the thirties a calamity, but in the forties a tragedy.

At last he raised his head, tossed his hair back from his forehead and listlessly pressed a button for a stenographer.

With eyes staring straight ahead he found himself dictating. Bluntly he stripped the document of the usual verbiage:

"Third. That the copartnership heretofore existing between the said parties hereto is this day hereby dissolved by mutual consent——"

There was a knock at the door. Schaffner entered, a bundle—that horrible bundle of money—in one hand and his newspaper in the other.

He waddled over to a chair and sank into it with a sigh. His face, Cronin observed with a sort of involuntary sympathy, was more deeply lined with care than he had before realized.

"*Gott!* I've done my part!" he exclaimed.

Cronin stiffened. The dull ache in his breast made him realize that this was to be a day of vast regrets, but it must not be regret over any sign of weakness on his part.

"And the point is now," continued Schaffner, "just how to deal with this money."

"Ah, yes!" sneered Cronin. "That is important."

Though ready as always to admit an intellectual inferiority, Cronin felt himself a more than equal of this man who had betrayed his trust. He ignored the question and resumed his dictation:

"And it is understood and agreed that the said Lewis P. Schaffner——"

"What is all this?" interrupted Schaffner. "What does it mean? Miss Simpson, will you read over the last few lines?"

Cronin frowned; then, repressing his distaste, silently nodded to the girl, who began to read.

"I catch the drift now," announced Schaffner. He turned to Cronin: "But I am not dissatisfied with you—except in one particular: You don't read the morning papers first!"

He fondled the bundle of money. "Our first duty, I suppose," he said, "is to attend to the matter of poor Kratz."

Cronin dismissed the stenographer; then, as the door closed behind her, burst out:

"I wish that 'poor Kratz' was in hell!"

"All in good time," grinned Schaffner. "In fact—though I don't wish to get entangled in a theological controversy with you—I venture to think that he is. Though I admit that his body is still at the Drummond Street Jail——"

"His body?"

"But that brings me back, I see, to the justice of my complaint. You don't read the morning news first. Nor does Mr. Mifflinburg. I'm disappointed in both of you!"

"What happened?" breathed Cronin.

"The other agents got Kratz with a rifle—shot him dead in his cell!"

Schaffner shook out the newspaper and thrust it before the astonished Cronin. Cronin let the paper slip into his sprawling lap and sat staring at his partner.

"And what will you do with the money?" he gasped, still blinking. "Won't he come back after it?"

"Ask our American courts to help him recover money paid with intent to subvert justice? Ah, no!"

The strain was gone. Cronin suddenly fell to chuckling. He threw back his head and laughed whole-heartedly. His big partner was as true as steel. As bright as an American dollar. Lew Schaffner, what a man he was!

"And now I've got the goods on him—as the young chaps say," chuckled the district attorney. "Young America—hey! Great kids, these young Americans! But how I've worried! I had to work my cards just right to get Mifflinburg to show his hand in your presence. And I had to take the money to land the man. You might destroy the Kratz indictment and in its place dictate an indictment against Joseph Mifflinburg."

Without another word he shuffled toward the door. Cronin was after him, his cane forgotten. He placed a loving hand on his shoulder.

"Lew Schaffner," he cried delightedly, "you're a damned old Yankee!"

"Not at all," grumbled Schaffner, embarrassed. He shuffled off determinedly through the doorway. "I must go change my feet. I have to attend court."

Then the big American paused a moment in the corridor:

"Uncle Sam is good enough in some ways, Ned, my boy; but he don't know how to make comfortable-to-wear shoes."

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For Efficient COMMERCIAL Haulage

THE KING OF CHEMICALS

By William H. Waggaman

MOST liquids are measured by the pint, quart, gallon or barrel. We ordinarily speak of quarts of wine, gallons of milk and barrels of molasses. Even when a gigantic gusher is discovered in a new oil field its rate of flow is stated in barrels per day. There is one liquid, however, that is so heavy and is manufactured and consumed in such large quantities that the unit of measure commonly employed in referring to it is the short ton of two thousand pounds. This liquid is sulphuric acid.

The United States at the outbreak of the European war had an annual output of sulphuric acid amounting to 4,057,947 tons. During 1916 the production was 5,475,000 tons—an increase of more than twenty-five per cent; and the price per ton for much of this acid was quadrupled.

It hardly seems possible that a product used in such immense quantities and so essential to art and industry could be totally unfamiliar to the average man, yet such is the case. Only a small percentage of us have really ever seen sulphuric acid and many of us have gleaned our knowledge of it only through horrible news items wherein an infuriated or fanatical person has hurled the deadly vitriol, with dire results to the person or object it happened to strike. There is also a widely quoted little verse that tends to discourage undue familiarity with sulphuric acid. It runs like this:

Willie studied chemistry,
But he studies it no more;
For what he took for H_2O
Was H_2SO_4.

The very name of this important chemical therefore has become associated with danger, corrosion, death and destruction. Few realize that under normal conditions the greater bulk of this acid is consumed in the improvement of the soil and in increasing crop production. Of its many valuable uses this is the most fundamentally important, for all of us realize as never before that upon its agricultural output the wealth and power of a nation primarily depend.

Sulphuric acid, or vitriol, as it is sometimes called, is a heavy, oily liquid, colorless and odorless. It will attack and eventually destroy nearly any form of organic matter. It corrodes and dissolves nearly all metals and metallic bases, forming salts known as sulphates, of which some of the most commonly known are calcium sulphate, or gypsum; copper sulphate, or blue vitriol; magnesium sulphate, or Epsom salts; and sodium sulphate, or Glauber salts.

It is its affinity for such bases as soda, potash, lime, and so on, that makes sulphuric acid so useful in the preparation of other acids; for when it is heated with sodium chloride [table salt], nitrate of soda [Chile saltpeter] or calcium carbonate [limestone], it decomposes these compounds, appropriating the base to itself, hydrochloric, nitric or carbonic acid being driven off. These displaced acids are then collected in some suitable manner and utilized in many industrial processes.

Milady's Debt to Sulphuric Acid

The main reason that we hear so little except of the destructive properties of sulphuric acid is that though it plays an important part in the production of many things that enter into our daily routine, the acid itself seldom passes through the manufacturer's hands without losing its identity, and this most useful of all chemicals gets little or no credit for its invaluable work.

It is not difficult to trace our daily bread back to the grain from which it was derived; but few realize that the yields of cereals have been and must be still further increased by the use of fertilizers manufactured with sulphuric acid. The cotton plant and lowly silkworm receive their full share of credit for milady's gowns, but how many know that the South's immense cotton crop has been made possible by sulphuric acid, and that much of the silk for which the silkworm gets the credit is an artificial product, manufactured by the aid of this same chemical? The source of leather is well known to all, but considerable sulphuric acid is consumed in tanning operations, and every time we have our black shoes polished this acid is rendering us a service.

Sulphuric acid may be considered a compound of sulphur, oxygen and water. When sulphur is burned in the air it unites with two atoms of oxygen to form a compound known as sulphur dioxide, the odor of which is familiar to those who have ever used the sulphur match. In order to form sulphuric acid, however, another atom of oxygen must be forced into this compound, giving a product known as sulphur trioxide, which unites readily with water to form sulphuric acid.

The main purpose of the sulphuric-acid plant is to effect the combination of sulphur dioxide with this third atom of oxygen. In actual practice it has been found much more convenient to burn pyrite instead of sulphur. Pyrite, or fool's gold, is a compound of iron and sulphur which burns almost as readily as coal and yields sulphur dioxide the same as burning sulphur.

Fumes That Made Fortunes

This gas mixed with air is forced through a series of immense chambers constructed almost entirely of lead, into which water or steam is sprayed. Here the necessary chemical reactions take place, and sulphuric acid is produced. When once started the production is carried on continuously night and day, until the plant has to be shut down for repairs.

Acid plants are very expensive because of the large tonnage of lead used in their construction. No other metal or material will stand the corrosive action of the gases and acid contained in the chambers. Even the lead is gradually eaten away, in the most efficiently run factories, and if the plant is not in charge of a competent man very frequent repairs may be necessary.

Acid plants vary in size from those capable of producing less than a hundred tons of acid per day to those having a daily output of nearly a thousand tons. The largest acid factory in this country and in the world has an annual capacity of three hundred and twenty-five thousand tons. A single day of idleness at this plant means the loss of thousands of dollars, and in taking care that there shall be no cessation of work the officers of this company have set an example of preparedness that might well be emulated by other industrial concerns in this country. Realizing that the European war might seriously interfere with the importation of pyrite into the United States, the company set to work to install furnaces suitable for burning sulphur. The shortage in pyrite is now an actual fact, but the company is ready at a moment's notice to switch to the new burners and produce sulphuric acid from elemental sulphur, of which there are almost unlimited supplies in Texas and Louisiana.

Several copper-smelting companies in this country have actually been forced into the manufacture of sulphuric acid. One of the most interesting cases is that of a large copper company. The ore that this company is using, though low in copper, has a high sulphur content, and before charging it to the smelter it was roasted in huge open piles. The fumes rising from the burning ore were wafted southward and gradually settled on some of the agricultural land of the neighboring farmers, and it was not long before the effect was very noticeable. Vegetation became stunted, crops did not mature, and those farms nearer the smelter became nearly barren. The country looked as if under a curse.

Investigations were made by chemists, engineers and prominent agriculturists, which resulted in suits against the copper company for destroying valuable farming property. Finally the courts decided that either the fumes of sulphur dioxide must be controlled or the plant must close down.

It was obvious that the best way to control the fumes was to manufacture them into sulphuric acid, so, much against its will and with many misgivings, the company erected a gigantic acid plant, costing several million dollars, hoping that there would still be sufficient margin of profit from their copper output to pay the interest on the added investment. At first the engineering difficulties and chemical problems involved in thus converting fumes direct from the smelters into sulphuric acid seemed almost insurmountable, but the results exceeded their wildest hopes. Not only has the plant abated the fume nuisance but the immense amount of acid produced has paid such a handsome profit that it is now difficult to say which should be considered the by-product, the acid or the copper. This great acid plant, which crowns the top of a hill and looks like a medieval castle, is now producing an average of six hundred tons of sulphuric acid per day. The farms in the vicinity of the smelter have regained their productivity, and their fertility is actually being increased by fertilizers manufactured from the fumes that formerly spread over them like a mantle of destruction.

From the rising to the setting of the sun, and also during the interim, when the sun is doing the same for our Japanese and Chinese allies, sulphuric acid is constantly serving our needs and contributing to our comfort.

We jump into a refreshing morning bath. The soap we use has probably been made from fatty acids produced by the action of sulphuric acid on grease or oil. The treatment of such a fatty acid with potash or soda results in an organic salt commonly known as soap, which has the cleansing yet noncorrosive properties so necessary and useful in our daily routine.

We don our linen. The starch that stiffens our collars and renders milady's skirts a marvel to the masculine mind has been produced by the agency of sulphuric acid.

The grapefruit, orange or cantaloupe with which we begin our breakfast has probably been forced to early maturity by the use of fertilizers manufactured with sulphuric acid. Under normal conditions fully ninety per cent of the sulphuric acid produced is used in the manufacture of fertilizers, for which we expend annually more than one hundred and twenty million dollars. The most important constituents of fertilizers, and those on which their value is based, are potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen; but though there are many sources of these three fertilizer ingredients the latter two are often in a form not readily soluble or available to plants. It is through the agency of sulphuric acid that these materials are manufactured into plant food that can be easily assimilated.

A Busy Little Acid

This country has enormous deposits of phosphate rock in Florida, Tennessee and some of our Western states, but the phosphoric acid contained in this rock is in a relatively insoluble form. By treating such rock with sixty per cent sulphuric acid the phosphate is rendered soluble in water and highly available to plants. The product is known as superphosphate, and is the basis of nearly all mixed fertilizers.

Sulphate of ammonia, one of our most valuable nitrogen fertilizers, is produced by passing ammonia gas into sulphuric acid, the product obtained being a white or pearl-gray salt easily shipped and readily mixed with other fertilizer materials.

Substances such as wool waste, old hair, scraps of leather and garbage, which were at one time regarded as so much refuse, when treated with sulphuric acid produce excellent fertilizer materials containing nitrogen in a readily available form.

Sulphuric acid therefore plays an important part in the production of much of our daily food supply. But this is not all.

After breakfast, if we are really luxurious, we may step into an electric brougham to be driven downtown. Hidden within the polished exterior and under the leather or tapestry upholstery are storage batteries, consisting of a series of cells containing lead immersed in sulphuric acid. These are the source of power that makes the car glide so smoothly and noiselessly.

If one smokes a really good after-breakfast cigar the tobacco has probably been assisted in its growth by sulphate of potash, which is a salt of sulphuric acid particularly well suited to improving the quality and aroma of tobacco.

Should we drop into a drug store for a soft drink the carbonic acid with which it is charged has been produced by the action of sulphuric acid on limestone.

Much of our ink, whether used by the third assistant bookkeeper in making his daily entries or by the captain of industry in signing a ten-thousand-dollar check, is made by the action of iron sulphate, a salt of sulphuric acid, on certain organic materials.

Sulphuric acid serves all classes. When the day's work is done the third assistant bookkeeper may have to light an oil lamp to read his evening paper. If so, the oil he uses has been refined by sulphuric acid. The capitalist in his country home far from the city's heat switches on a shaded electrolier, but he also is depending for his light current on sulphuric acid in the storage batteries hidden away in some outbuilding.

Both these men retire for the night—one to a real rest, the other probably to wrest with the industrial problems of the morrow. Little does either realize that the very roof which covers him—provided it is metal—has been produced through the agency of sulphuric acid.

A Big Factor in the War

These are some of the many uses of sulphuric acid in times of peace, and it was to provide the four million tons and more necessary for such productive and constructive work that our factories were operating prior to the fall of 1914. Then came the war; and the world's resources of men, money and munitions were turned from constructive to destructive work.

Never in the history of the world have high explosives played such an important part and been used in such immense quantities as in the present conflict. For three years millions of tons of shells have been devastating cities, wiping out steel and concrete defenses and literally raining death upon blood-sodden battlefields.

We all know that nitrates or nitric acid, nitroglycerin, dynamite and nitrocellulose, or guncotton, are used in explosives and explosive mixtures, but few of us know that all these substances, with the exception of nitrate of soda, are manufactured by the aid of sulphuric acid. Without sulphuric acid our military explosives would be confined chiefly to black powder of inferior grade.

Nitric acid is the basis of practically all explosive compounds, from the so-called safety powders to nitrotoluol and nitrocellulose, the two most powerful of all known explosives. The bulk of nitric acid is still produced by the action of sulphuric acid on Chile saltpeter, or nitrate of soda, although considerable progress has been made on processes for producing nitric acid and nitrates from atmospheric nitrogen.

The best black powder is not a chemical compound but a mixture of charcoal, sulphur and nitrate of potash. Sulphuric acid is instrumental in producing this last-named ingredient. The modern high explosives, however, are chemical compounds that are readily decomposed when submitted to a sudden shock, yielding enormous volumes of gas under terrific pressure.

In order to produce these high explosives such materials as glycerin, toluol and cotton or cellulose are treated with nitric acid. By this treatment nitrogen compounds of these materials are formed and water is set free. The water tends to dilute the nitric acid and render it less and less effective, so sulphuric acid that has a strong affinity for moisture must be added to take up the water as it forms, and thus allow the chemical reactions to proceed to completion.

In 1916 large quantities of sulphuric acid were being diverted from other channels in order to meet the demands of the explosives industry, and the price of the product rose to unheard-of heights. But old abandoned factories have been repaired and enlarged and new ones built, and gradually the supply is more nearly approaching the increased demand. The time has now come when American food, American metal, American munitions, produced directly or indirectly by the aid of sulphuric acid, must back up the American soldier in keeping the world safe for democracy.

The speed and force of lightning —*that's* what a primer needs

Did you ever miss a quartering bird? Perhaps your shell was too slow. What makes a shell slow? What makes it fast?

Chiefly, the primer. A powerful and instantaneous primer means rapid ignition and quick combustion. The result is greater shot-shell speed.

Empty a Black Shell of its load and, with the primer only, shoot a quarter-dollar into the air. Then make the same test with the primer of any other shell of corresponding grade.

Try it. Then you'll know why The Black Shell users need less "lead" on the bird.

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

Ask your dealer for The Black Shells. If he hasn't them, mail $1.25 to our nearest selling agent to pay for a box of twenty-five and they will ship prepaid. Be sure to specify gauge and details of load. This is a trial offer and holds good only in those towns where The Black Shells are not now sold.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Company, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia, Baltimore; National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh; United Lead Company, New York; Selby Smelting & Lead Company, San Francisco.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 2693 TRINITY BUILDING, NEW YORK

Elasticity, Durability, Washability —*that's* what good paint gives

Dutch Boy white-lead is corroded metallic lead mixed with linseed oil—nothing else. Metallic lead is tough, durable and immune to moisture. Though an entirely different chemical substance, Dutch Boy white-lead possesses the same qualities. In fact, most paints contain some white-lead. The more white-lead, the better the paint.

Thinned with linseed oil for painting, Dutch Boy white-lead grips the wood, expands and contracts with it, permits repeated washing, adds beauty and lasts long. It is the ideal paint.

Dutch Boy red-lead is the paint for metal. It prevents rust.

DUTCH BOY PRODUCTS

white-lead, red-lead, linseed oil, solder, babbitt metals

Other Dutch Boy Products are Dutch Boy **solders** and Dutch Boy **babbitt metals.** Each is uniform; each is guaranteed by our trademark; and each will enable you to effect economies and secure better results. If you want to know more about paints, ask us for Paint Facts No. 146. For further information about **solder** or **babbitt metals,** ask us for Metal Facts No. 146. Write us at the nearest of the following points: Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, St. Louis; John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia; National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

TEST IT WITH A HAMMER

Hammer a Sheet of Rubber— And What Happens?

NOTHING—your hammer leaves no impression—why? Because rubber is *elastic*. And it is the elasticity of "61" Floor Varnish that makes its life so long. Send for a sample panel. Test it yourself. Examine the dented wood and the unbroken varnish film. Then think of the heel-blows that your floor is called upon to endure, and you will understand why "*the varnish that can stand your hammer can best endure your heel.*"

Hammer a Sheet of Glass— And What Happens?

WRECKAGE—the glass is shivered into a thousand pieces—why? Because glass is *brittle*. And this in a lesser degree is exactly what happens to countless floors finished with ordinary varnishes which crack, check and chip off. A good varnish doesn't break off—it wears off—*slowly*; but the costly oils and gums used in "61" Floor Varnish preserve its toughness far longer than the cheap ingredients used in ordinary varnishes.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

THE English language has been shorn of adjectives to express floor varnish qualities. Mere beauty of surface and resistance to water and other liquids, hot or cold, should be taken for granted in any good varnish.

Your choice should be based on the ability of the varnish to serve *the purpose for which it was intended*—the preservation and protection of your floors. This means stamina—resistance to abrasion, *wear*. This is the paramount quality found in "61" Floor Varnish; so often lacking in others. This resistance to the grind of countless footsteps is due to the costly oils and gums used in "61" Floor Varnish, which preserve its wonderful elasticity and toughness. That is why we say:

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with "61" Floor Varnish. Test it with a hammer. "You may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack."

Vitralite THE LONG LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

SO many varying claims are being made for enamels that the one *vital* requirement is sometimes overlooked. Vitralite is not excelled by *any* enamel in the usual qualities of surface beauty, whiteness, and resistance to water.

But *dogged endurance* is its chief claim to distinction, whether it be used on the finest of interior work or the most exposed *exterior* work. Vitralite is *guaranteed for three years outdoors*, as well as indoors. Inside, its term of service is indefinitely long.

Vitralite is so *beautiful* that it was chosen for the White House at Washington; so *durable* as to be selected for use on U. S. Government hydroaëroplanes; and so *economical* that it is widely used throughout the country as a factory wall finish!

Free Booklet and Sample Panel

showing the beautiful and durable finish of Vitralite will be sent you on request. Send today for the sample panel and examine this porcelain-like wood finish.

OUR GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 68 YEARS

83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

THE WAR OF WORDS

(Concluded from Page 17)

"Why didn't you tell us before that you were in earnest?" asked Von Jagow.

"That's what I have always told you," replied Mr. Gerard; "but you preferred to believe what your newspapers said."

But the fault was not entirely that of the German editors. The United States was appealing to the German people as much as to their government, but there was something wrong with our news. The American press certainly reflected the opinions of a majority of Americans, but there were no such reflections in Germany.

Often in reading our own papers we imagine that everything which we read is available to everyone else in the world. This is our egotistical mistake. Both Government officials and newspapers in this country criticize the German newspapers for not printing all of President Wilson's address to Congress on April second. The German editor is condemned for being so autocratic and partial. President Wilson's speech was given to all press associations in advance, and it was cabled to all American ministers in foreign lands. Foreign agencies represented in Washington were given copies too. But on the day on which it was delivered excerpts of this important address were telegraphed from London and Paris to the neutral European countries; and the German editor, having only these excerpts, had to print them. In the United States the day the speech was delivered it was released. Not so in the neutral countries which feed the German press.

Foes Converse Through the Press

This address, which was intended as much for the German people as for the United States and the Allies, was lambasted, torn to pieces, criticized and condemned in Germany by the editors before they knew or had an opportunity to know all the President said. The fault was not entirely the German editors'. Uncle Sam had a share in it—a share which he did not realize.

We are fighting for a democracy in Germany on the battlefields of France, but we are fighting against a democracy with our news. All through our submarine discussions with Germany we fought with notes, but we always handicapped our diplomats by press reports.

News is the international interpreter for governments and people. Without news and the press associations the people would have no way of knowing what was going on in other countries. Without the press there would be no opportunity for the Allies and Germany to exchange ideas. In wartime two belligerents cannot speak with each other, according to diplomatic usage; but they do, nevertheless, through the press. When Premier Lloyd George speaks to a British audience his address is cabled to all parts of the world. His real audience is international. He speaks to Germany as much as he does to England, the United States or France. All through the war belligerent statesmen have exchanged ideas in public addresses by having their speeches cabled to foreign lands. Former German Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg tried many times to institute peace negotiations by making suggestions in this way. But he failed, not because of his method of procedure but because of his terms and Prussian arrogance.

J. Pierpont Morgan once remarked that eggs could not be unscrambled, but Mr. Morgan was not entirely right. It may be impossible to unscramble a trust, but it is not impossible to unscramble a political situation. It is one of the businesses of government to do the latter, notably in time of war.

Take our recent misunderstanding with Japan: The United States Government sent a note to China suggesting a settlement of the domestic difficulties of that country. It was not given to the press in this country until after it was published in Peking and cabled back to the papers in the United States. For some reason, however, perhaps because of the inattention of the United States Government to the publication of the communication at the right time, it was not published in Japan.

Its publication under a Peking date line in the American newspapers started editorial comment as varied as are the interests of the United States. The Washington correspondents of the New York dailies telegraphed dispatches, and one of them stated, in the course of a general discussion of Far Eastern questions, that Japanese troops might be sent into China to take control!

The New York correspondent of the Asahi, one of Japan's greatest newspapers, sent a cable to Tokio giving the text of the note and some of the comments telegraphed to New York from Washington. Through a mistake in the cablegram the Asahi printed these comments as part of the note, and Japan was roused. The Asahi dispatch caused a sensation that was not limited to the press. Then the State Department sent a correction to Tokio and authorized the publication of the original text of the official communication. In this way the embarrassing situation was covered up.

This was an unscrambling of an international situation caused by the injudicious handling of news. But there would have been no incident if Uncle Sam had realized that to-day news and diplomacy are inseparable and that no diplomatic policy can be successful without publicity. There is the same relation between news and diplomacy that exists between advertising and business. Publicity is the new punch in diplomacy.

In Europe the United States has a reputation for boasting. This is so true in Germany that, whenever the government wants to discount what the United States does, an official announces that it is American bluff. On the first anniversary of the sinking of the Lusitania Herr Ellegaard Ellebeck wrote a book of American sketches which he called President Bluff. When for the first time in history American troops landed in France and when American destroyers began the patrol of certain submarine waters, Count zu Reventlow, the naval critic of the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, called it bluff. Even some Dutch papers printed the echo!

Contrast this with our position in 1914. To the foreigner who judged America and Americans by what he read in his local newspaper we were a nation of Indians, train robbers, Broadway murderers and scandal mongers. This is the way we were pictured in the news. Most Americans who went abroad before the war always read with disgust the news dispatches in the foreign papers. Outside of the Stock-Exchange news there were no cablegrams unless there was a train wreck, a congressional investigation, a murder or a lynching. Now, during the war, because so many foolish boasts about what the United States will or will not do are published abroad, we are considered a nation of bluffers. And the statements about ending the war with one hundred thousand aëroplanes do not help our international influence.

Things Germany Didn't Know

In the eyes of the foreigner there must be something wrong with Uncle Sam. Before the war he was considered an idle, uncouth, dangerous and uncivilized human being! During the war he is a great big talkative youngster—so Europe believes—who boasts about what he will do to end the war!

But the trouble is not with Uncle Sam. He is the same big, educated, serious, hard-working citizen, trying to do his duty to mankind and civilization, but he has a bad press department. The advertising is weak, faked and untrue. The trouble is in the news. Uncle Sam makes more important news than any other character in the world, but he gets the least credit for it of any—that is, he did until very recently, when there was a change.

This policy of not being interested as a nation in the news and views that the rest of the world hears about us is, and has been, internationally dangerous. In this country we look upon the press as the means of preventing dishonesty in government. We judge public men, to a great extent, by what we read about them. The newspaper is so much a part of our daily life we don't realize that every time we read we nourish our imaginations or stimulate our minds. Our newspapers are so zealous in their quest for news that they look askance at anyone who seeks to hide information. "The right kind of publicity never hurt anyone." Newspapers are to print news, not to suppress it. When they are asked to do the latter the editor immediately concludes there is something hidden that the public should know about, and begins an investigation to uncover the whole thing. American Government officials have not always had this idea. Many of them have believed that everything the Government did should be kept secret, except measures which had to be announced. Mr. William J. Bryan at one time, when he was Secretary of State, remarked to the Washington correspondents: "It is better to guide a nation than to inform it."

This policy might have been very good in a country where there is no freedom of the press; but in the United States no newspaper man would ever agree with Mr. Bryan on this issue.

And still this is what the American Government has been doing throughout most of this war. Though our Government has informed the American people, it has sought to accomplish some things in the international field without the coöperation of the foreign press.

It is extremely doubtful whether Germany would have gone to war with the United States if she had had an opportunity to understand the American public mind as it was reflected in the press. I believe that Germany would not have broken her pledges in the Sussex case and renewed her ruthless submarine warfare on all shipping had she understood the seriousness of the American opposition to frightfulness and the determination of this country not to permit it—unless, perhaps, she was more desperate than many of us thought. But Germany did not have this opportunity. All American news was filtered before it reached the German citizen.

Fifth-Hand Information

Every time there was a submarine controversy the German people had to depend upon fifth-hand information from the United States. My experience in Berlin at these times was that this information was so distorted it did not reflect the American viewpoint. Whenever President Wilson made a strong effective statement in a diplomatic communication the German Government would await the press reports from the United States to see whether Mr. Wilson was to be taken seriously. And invariably, as these reports came through, they indicated that Congress and the people were not with him.

The entire submarine controversy might have ended with the settlement of the Sussex case, except for the flood of press news from the United States saying that President Wilson was without the nation's support. Everything the United States Government accomplished at that time was undermined by the sediment of American news printed in the German press.

But the responsibility for this does not rest upon our Government. Germany had an opportunity to learn our public mind through her wireless stations, which were then communicating with Sayville, Long Island, and Tuckerton, New Jersey. But the Imperial Government, through the Foreign Office, General Staff and Admiralty, was so busy spreading German views in this country it would not transmit dispatches from the United States in less than five days. Often press dispatches from New York were seven to ten days in reaching Berlin. The German Government did not desire to change this either, because the news as received was accurate enough to serve the government's purpose. The Imperial Government permitted the circulation of all French and British newspapers because the statements in these papers convinced the Germans who could read foreign languages that Germany was fighting a defensive war and that unless big business and the people supported the government they would be lost. Some of the Allied newspapers planned a boycott of all German firms throughout the world after peace should be declared. These statements frightened the German business man and citizen into support of his government, though he honestly desired to rebel and take things into his own hands.

Before Germany determined upon her ruthless submarine campaign she spent several months studying American opinion. Officials in Berlin asked nearly every American resident what he thought the United States would do. Every American correspondent was called to the Foreign Office and questioned. Members of the Embassy were sounded, and though many Americans in Berlin urged Germany not to draw this country into the war the spy reports from the United States were such that the government figured it could take a chance on the situation here and keep us neutral. When President Wilson telegraphed Mr. Gerard to ask for his passports it caused a sensation. Such quick action the government had not anticipated—not because this Government had not indicated that it would do this, but because other reports indicated that the American people would not support the Government.

Because there is no official news agency in the United States neither the American Government nor American business men have had the assistance and coöperation that foreign governments and foreign business interests have had. England, France, Germany, Russia and Italy have their semiofficial agencies, which work hand in hand with their governments, especially in wartime. In England there is the Reuter agency, which before the war exchanged news with all the other agencies in the above-named countries. But when Germany began hostilities the connection between Reuter and the official German agency, the Wolff Telegraph Company, was broken. But Reuter still coöperated with Havas, the French agency; Stefani, the Italian agency, and Westnik, the Russian news association. News for South America, before the war, was distributed entirely by Havas from all parts of the world. Reuter, in turn, had an unlimited and lone field in the Far East.

Germany, however, is not ready to acknowledge her news defeat. The big ammunition interests along the Rhine are already preparing for peacetime. They realize that German export business will never be reëstablished in the world unless some attempt is made to win back the international standing that Germany had before the war. So big business has bought the German Over Seas News Agency and obtained control of the Wolff Agency. This new organization plans to distribute, by wireless, to all countries in the world at a nominal cost, all German news. Germany is preparing to compete with the world's newspapers and press associations.

If this were a free-press plan there might be no objection, but the news distributed by this association will be like the propaganda that Germany has financed in every country in the world.

There is, however, a big future in news. International peace, when this war ends, will depend upon news. "The opinion of the world is the mistress of the world," once said President Wilson; but without a free exchange of news there will be international misunderstanding that will challenge the new mistress.

Newspapers the New Artillery

Business, governments and international peace depend upon clear understandings between business men, officials and the people. Where cables are controlled by governments or by agencies under government control costly news is not going to be printed. Newspapers are public-service institutions. The people of every country in the world are entitled to the truth about other countries and governments.

No government agency will be able to tell the whole truth. There must be private competition in news distribution throughout the world, just as there is to-day in the United States. But what the governments can and should do is to come to an international agreement, upon ending this war, that government wireless stations can be used by all recognized news agencies to distribute their news to all parts of the world to subscribers for that news, at a special wireless press rate. If there were such an agreement there would be less opportunity for international misunderstandings.

Twentieth-century diplomacy cannot succeed without advertising. Governments cannot exchange notes secretly and succeed. The people of the world want to know what their governments are doing. "Words fight battles," said Cincinnatus; and in this our enemy was right. If there is to be international peace the future battles will be fought in the newspapers. Ideas will be freely exchanged. Newspapers will be the new artillery, editors the new generals, and the news associations the battlefields.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Magnify the surface of Willard Threaded Rubber and you will see thousands of tiny threads like these

Insulation

By The Willard Service Station Man

Every wire, connection, battery plate and other part of the electric system on your car must be made leak-proof by *insulation*.

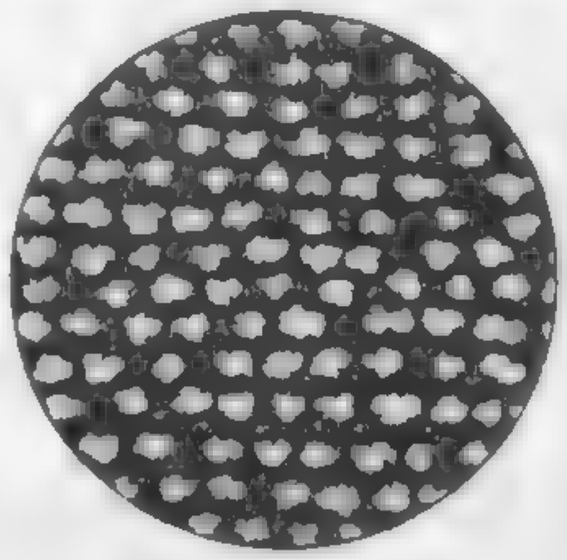
Most important of all is the insulation inside the battery, which separates each negative plate from its positive neighbors; for there the current is continually trying to find a short-cut and destroy the very heart of the whole electrical system.

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Rubber is the ideal material in resistance and durability, but for years no one was able to find a satisfactory way to use it for insulating the plates of automobile starting and lighting batteries without decreasing the voltage necessary in cold weather or increasing the size of the battery beyond practical limits.

But 196,000 little threads solved the problem.

Look at the magnified surface of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation and you'll see it is covered with tiny dots. Each of these is the end of a fine thread, piercing the rubber.



Magnified surface of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

The battery solution makes its way easily by capillary attraction through the threaded rubber, which also prevents the active material of the plates from coming in contact without decreasing the voltage or necessitating any increase in the size of the battery.

Thus the better insulated battery, with all it means in durability and efficiency, is a practical reality.

Since 1915 these batteries have been installed on 35,000 cars, and after two years of every condition of road, weather and operation have more than justified expectations.

The Still Better Willard Battery is a little higher in price, but it is truly the most economical battery you can buy, and every month that you use it adds to the proof of its superiority.

Whether you need a new battery today or not come in to see me, to get acquainted with Willard Service and what it can do to prolong your battery's life.

Meanwhile, write Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, for the booklet A-9, "The Story of 196,000 Little Threads," together with a list of all Willard Service Stations.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

ODDS AND ENDS OF THE OPEN

IT IS to be presumed, of course, that everyone knows the terrapin of the lobster palace really is mud turtle, and that very probably its origin was not in the salt-water regions of Maryland, North Carolina or the Gulf Coast, but in some marsh, swamp or dank fen of the Middle West.

Do you know that the mud turtle may be a carrier of malaria, and even of typhoid? At least so says a scientist of Wisconsin who has examined the blood of certain of these interesting creatures. Where the turtles picked up these germs of malaria and typhoid he was unable to tell; but that the germs were then and there present admitted of no doubt, according to the dictum of this scientist.

A little thing like that, however, should not in the least deter one who is fond of terrapin. Therefore, it may be interesting to know how mud turtles can be taken. Some terrapin collectors employ a short iron rod with a hook on the end of it. In the early fall, when the lakes and sluggish streams begin to freeze, the mud turtles seek out a hibernating place, very often round the top of some fallen and submerged tree. The turtle hunter, perhaps on skates, skirts the edges of the lakes and sometimes is able to see the turtles through the thin ice. In that case he cuts a hole, reaches in with his hook and fishes out the "terrapins"—sometimes quite a number from one locality. In this way he is able to reduce the high cost of living or raise it, as the case may be.

Science has advised us that the mosquito is the carrier of malaria germs and that the fly is the preferred stock of typhoid distribution agencies. Is it possible that both mosquitoes and flies bite turtles as they lie out in the sun? Our Wisconsin scientist was of this belief. It would seem to be good advice to boil the turtle before using.

Perhaps you have heard that the frog, also, is an object of commerce, whether in the spotted species or in the larger and more succulent variety known as the bullfrog, whose color scheme is immaculate, even if his habits are not. Frogs' legs are a dainty in lobster palaces; and, like everything else, they have gone up. For a great many years market hunters or fishermen have made a practice of shipping frogs' legs. In the overflowed country of Arkansas this is a very important industry; and in parts of Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana, also, it has been the source of many thousands of dollars of income to frog hunters since first our country began to appreciate frog saddles.

More than one attempt has been made to establish frog farms and to breed these animals in captivity for commercial purposes. One wonders that Wall Street has had no flotation of this sort of late—at different times such companies have been formed and advertised. It is not known that any frog farm ever paid a dividend.

Recently there has been an attempt to establish skunk farms, silver-gray fox farms, farms for one or another reproduction of wild life. These things flourish for a time and apparently make money in some cases. It is a grave question, however, whether this manner of Wall Street flotation would be wise for widow or orphan funds. Nature is a hard thing to imitate successfully.

Up in one of the fishing counties of Wisconsin a certain widow did not undertake to imitate but attempted to utilize Nature. In late fall she took a common or garden rake and went out to the banks of the creek that ran through her farm. As she very well knew, at that time the frogs were sinking down into the mud for their long hibernation. Equipped with nothing better than the said garden rake and a gunny sack, this strong-armed lady accumulated certain hundreds of pounds of frogs, not only in one day but through several days. She sold three hundred dollars' worth of frogs in one season. This is the only successful frog farm of which I ever heard.

No doubt all anglers have had trouble with clinging ferrules, especially early in the spring, when a rod is first put into use. Most anglers are not sufficiently careful when they put away their rods for the winter, and some few anglers are not sufficiently careful in the way they use them in summer. Any rod should be kept in a place not too warm, and if possible suspended, for at least two of its joints, by the tip, so that it will hang straight through the winter.

Before using, the ferrule should be carefully cleaned, but never with even the finest of emery paper or with any gritty substance. Chamois leather is good. On the stream perhaps one does not have chamois leather; then the sleeve of one's coat will do. Even so, a little rain or a moist climate may make a rod swell so that the ferrule sticks. On a well-fitted rod only the very finest oil should be used, else the joint will not sink home.

It is an old trick of anglers to rub the ferrule on the back of the neck or on the side of the nose or on the hair—if they have any hair. The nose is more permanent, and this is what it was made for. The faint, impalpable oil thus evoked is usually enough to make a clean ferrule slip readily. Of course if it binds too tightly at night it may be necessary quickly to heat the outside ferrule with a match flame, and then pull the two apart before the inside ferrule has also expanded. This process does not improve any ferrule, and very often it melts the cement so the whole ferrule slips off the end of the joint.

In these days, when so many anglers are coming to use the dry fly—which necessitates having a little bottle of dry-fly oil or a little pad prepared with oil—it is a very good stunt to rub the clean ferrule across the dry-fly pad. Only the very finest coating of the finest kind of oil will do.

Do you know that a few drops of aniseseed oil put in your can of worms may possibly increase the net results of your string of suckers, sunfish or rock bass? At least so I was advised not long ago by a Western fisherman, who is a fiend in the worm game.

I have not used worms for anything but the artless sunny or perch for some time; but when this aniseseed-oil suggestion was made I recalled that once, when I was a boy, I met on a Western river an odd old genius who seemed to have drifted up from the commercial fisheries of the Mississippi River. This chap was fishing for all there was in it, and selling his fish to anyone who would buy them.

We had with us in those times no specially skilled anglers, as that term would go to-day, but we were well equipped for that day, and fairly accustomed to the use of minnows and the other lures usual then for bass fishing, wall-eyed pike fishing, and so on.

And yet this sawed-off individual from nowhere caught five times as many fish as anyone else. He was a sort of crank and fancied himself to be a special prophet in the fishing line. He held classes in fishing, and volunteered, for the small sum of five dollars, to teach any man how to catch more fish than any other man. He had quite a long lecture or rigmarole, which he gave to anyone who would listen. I recall distinctly that he said some fishes bite by sight, but a good many bite by smell—for instance, the sucker and the catfish and other bottom feeders.

At any rate, this chap used aniseseed oil in his worm can—for a friend of my father paid five dollars to discover this fact. He certainly could catch more suckers and catfish than any other mortal who ever appeared in our country. Perhaps the aniseseed-oil stunt is worth remembering. Do not put it on the worms too strong or you will cook them. Not that one should be understood as extending the cult of the worm in the case of trout or other game fish; but in its place the worm is not wholly to be sneezed at, even by the oldest angler. Not long ago I was trout fishing on a stream that emptied into a mill pond. The waters of the pond were ice cold, as there are springs all through that country. The pond swarmed with little perch, so a companion and I put in a few hours one afternoon catching a basketful of these to take to the loved ones at home, along with brook and rainbow trout.

The perch may not be a very commendable fish when caught in the average warm-water lake, but when taken from any ice-cold water, skinned and deprived of his armament of fins, he is really a very sweet morsel and quite worth having. Besides, the old boyhood sport of worm fishing—waiting for something to come and take hold of your hook ten feet or so down in the water—was for a time almost more fun than stream fishing for trout with the fly.

We did not in this case need any charmed bait, for the perch were obliging.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 13)

more definite since Maura, leader of the Conservative minority, who had hitherto professed a mild sympathy for the Allies, saw a political chance and flopped to the side of Germany.

Romanones, the Liberal leader, friend of the Allies, and the most accomplished politician in Southern Europe, remains quiescent. Doubtless he expects that Spain, which has hitherto been unable to get along without him, will call him back when the muddle gets too deep. But the times may have gone so swiftly as to pass Romanones—just as his own times passed Mirabeau.

"You may expect almost anything from Spain now," said my companion at luncheon, "except of course an open alliance with Germany. The country is not yet bent on suicide!"

Then at tea I met Madame X and her daughter, from Switzerland. Married to an eminent Swiss, Madame X is a Frenchwoman by birth, and is of course pro-Ally in all her feelings. I asked her how Switzerland stood on the war.

"Pro-Swiss—and that is all that counts with them," she said. "We on the French side express our feelings; and here and there a Swiss on the German side does something to help Germany. But first of all, they are Swiss. The army is on the border, waiting to fight anyone on any side who tries to cross it. Of course I know and you know that the only nation which would try to violate Switzerland is Germany. However, not all the Swiss are convinced of that!"

But war or no war, the Germans are going on with their campaign of commercial infiltration—the same process that I have witnessed in Spain. Concerning which Madame X dropped one curious and significant fact: The German commercial travelers whom the Swiss knew before the war have been making their regular visits ever since—the same, identical men. This fact interested Monsieur X, and he investigated. He found that these men had been mobilized and sent to the Front like any other Germans, but that when the time came for their semiannual or quarterly trips they were given leave by the Imperial authorities so that German commercial connections should not be broken!

PARIS, JULY —

Last night I attended what I consider the most successful party in my social experience.

The *permission*, or leave, of the French soldier is usually for one week; and usually, also, it ends on one certain day of the week. Paris is not only the capital and metropolis of France, but also its railroad center. All the afternoon before the day of return trains from the provincial towns are dumping soldiers into Paris. The trains for the Front usually start early in the morning. With the cafés closed at half-past nine, with the moving-picture shows running mostly in the afternoons in order to save lights, the men have nowhere to go. A year ago the platforms of the principal stations running to the north and east were congested all that night with soldiers, packed for the line, trying to get a little sleep on the hard concrete floors. The *poilu*, leaving the little heaven of home for the dirt, vermin, toil and danger of the trenches, found this night of discomfort hard to bear.

A few months ago a Frenchwoman of motherly heart, tireless frame and great executive ability took hold of this problem. She got some financial aid from Americans and fitted out several disused offices near the great station with cots and bedding. This gave the *poilu* a place to lie down and enjoy a comfortable night's sleep. With the help of our Red Cross and the Fund for French Wounded she went further than that. On the one night of the week when most of the soldiers come through from home to the trenches she has a party for them—a dinner, vaudeville turns by volunteer artists, and finally a distribution of bags of little presents made up in America.

We entered the great cellar room near the station, where the party was given, just when the first vaudeville artist was warming up to his work. Half of the soldiers still sat on benches, leaning across the pine dinner tables; the rest lolled on the cots, pushed back against the walls, where they would sleep after eleven o'clock, at which hour the party is sternly ended. The place reeked with smoke and the human smell; underneath the smoke haze the company was a bank of rusty blue. After a few weeks of service the French uniform always begins to fade to a greenish hue, very businesslike. Brown haversacks, gray water bottles, blue and dented French helmets, gas masks in cases—hung festooned about the soldiers. Here and there was youth with the comeliness common to this comely race; especially I remember a big, clean-featured Alpine infantryman who drew the eye of every American woman in the room. These touched me less than the battered but stalwart veterans in their thirties or early forties—the lines of their faces as hard as furrows in steel, their clear eyes with an appearance of looking far away, and on their left arms the four notched chevrons which showed that they had fought at the Front since the very beginning—that they were veterans of Charleroi, the Couronne de Nancy or the Marne. What firm jaws they had! And what confident repose was there in their attitude as they leaned across the tables, laughing at the comedians.

I am sure that the artists—mostly, I believe, wedging in this engagement with their turns at the music halls—never performed to an audience more appreciative. A drunken-tramp act brought howls. Mrs. Roosevelt—an amateur introduced amidst thunderous applause as a cousin of the great friend of France—sang operatic selections with good voice. One of the best natural monologuists I ever heard—and he could sing too—rendered The Nights of Seville, a new popular song; the *poilus* joined in the chorus with enthusiasm, especially at that point where you imitate a guitar. Recalled, he composed a poem with the help of the audience—whenever he was stuck for a rime he asked for suggestions, which came in scores. And after each turn the *poilus* showed approval by that rhythmic clapping which amounts to the college yell of the French Army.

This is a new custom, started from I know not what remote trench. The rhythm is like this:

Clap-clap Clap-clap-clap [*fast*]
Clap-clap Clap-clap-clap [*fast*]
Clap-clap-clap Clap-clap [*fast*]
Clap-clap-clap [*slow*]

They do it now at the Front whenever they wish to show approval or general joy—as when a company has made a neat attack or when delayed provisions arrive. If you wish to emphasize your feelings you do it again. For Mrs. Roosevelt, out of compliment to her singing, her distinguished relative and the new ally, they did it three times.

An intermission was called by the chairman; and then came the real climax of the evening's entertainment: Madame, the presiding genius of the place, started for those big clothes baskets where the bags from America were stored, and returned with her arms full. The American ladies followed; and it began to look like Christmas.

(Continued on Page 78)

Why Young Women Like it—
Because it is simple and easy
to operate.

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

The World's Standard

The world's largest producers of motor cars use the six-volt Auto-Lite starting, lighting and ignition system.

It is superior for starting, lighting and ignition because it is specialized—our one and only product.

First with the six-volt principle, now the world's standard, it was inevitable that the superior quality would make—

The Auto-Lite the world's largest company devoted exclusively to building starting and lighting systems for motor cars.

The growing demand for quality from builders of high grade cars has increased our production to 1800 systems a day.

The uniform quality of every Auto-Lite system directs this demand to us as invariably as water finds its level.

See that the Auto-Lite System is on the next car you buy.

The Electric Auto-Lite Company

Head Office and Factory, Toledo, Ohio

Detroit Sales Office, 1507 Kresge Bldg.

(Continued from Page 76)

These bags, usually gaudy little affairs of cretonne, had been packed on the sensible plan. The gifts in them were nearly all practical—safety razors, for example, pieces of toilet soap, shaving brushes, combs, sewing kits, safety pins, pocket mirrors, penknives, nail files. Always they contained a pair of stout socks, a wash rag and writing materials. By way of luxury there were mouth organs, chocolate tablets, jew's-harps and, in a few cases, chewing gum. I hope that the recipients did not try to swallow this strange confection!

For a few minutes there was almost silence as the *poilus* opened their bags and spread out the contents on the tables. Then babble broke out jokes called from one table to the other, cries of approval. Again I say it was ridiculously like a set of small boys opening their Christmas stockings. We all have enough child in us to like little unexpected presents; and besides, the French have a special quality of enjoyment in childish things. A Turco from North Africa, with a clean-cut Arab face, held up a safety razor as I passed. It was the very thing he'd been wanting, he said in indescribably broken French; he had been shaving with a species of a hoe; but would monsieur show him how it worked? So I sat down and explained. At the end of one table sat a stocky, battered old veteran with a blond mustache that drooped over his mouth like a sea lion's. He was sorting his pile over and over again, inspecting each object and then reinspecting it. One of the ladies passed an artilleryman who had drawn a beribboned pin cushion.

"I will save that for my little wife," he said: "it is too nice for me!"

"And where is your wife?" asked the American lady.

"In Lille," he replied. "If she is alive—I have not heard for nearly three years now. But I keep pretty little things like this for her."

We shall never know the full tragedy of that invaded region; and this incident brought out a story from one of the Americans who witnessed it.

Where the Comfort Bags Go

When the Germans fell back last March there rode with the French cavalry, which pursued, a trooper who lived in that region. He learned, to his unspeakable joy, that his troop was to pass through his home town, in which, more than two years before, he had left his wife and daughter. With permission from his captain he fell out and rode to his home. It was burned; but by the gate stood a neighbor.

"Where are they?" he cried.

"Gone!" said the neighbor; "the *Boche* carried them away!"

It must be said that the second part of the performance was less successful than the first; everyone was busy inspecting presents and swapping. At a quarter of eleven the chairman adjourned the meeting; the *poilus*, as they rose, scrambled for the little American flags that formed the table decorations. I myself was very busy for the next quarter of an hour. The women in America who packed those bags had each inclosed a post card or a note, with name and address. Now, French and American handwritings differ in certain particulars, and many of the signatures were illegible at best. But the recipients, following that universal courtesy of the meanest Frenchman, wanted to acknowledge the gifts; so I had to spell out signatures in the French alphabet. At eleven sharp the inexorable madame clapped her hands to announce bedtime, and two policemen helped her clear the hall. As they filed out, hung like pack mules with the worn and stained paraphernalia of the trenches, each *poilu* held by a stubby hard finger a dainty little bag in flowered cretonne!

RECOVERED ALSACE, JULY 13TH.

It is nearly midnight, and sounds of exultant joy are still cleaving the clear mountain air without. To-day, in case you are weak on dates, is the eve of the French national holiday—the equivalent to our Fourth of July. This year recovered Alsace began the celebration on the afternoon before; and a party of American correspondents under proper escort has come up to see and to enjoy. I am billeted in a private house of this town, the hotel having been commandeered for another purpose. The arrangement is purely commercial, I believe. The army rents these rooms, using them for officers or visitors. But my reception was like that of an honored guest. Madame, my hostess, met me at the door with the maids drawn up beside her and welcomed me to her house and to Alsace. She saw personally that the room was ready; with her own hands she hung out the stars and stripes beside the tricolor from my balcony window. Finding that I was a writing man she placed another room on that floor, with a desk and writing materials, at my service.

The Alsatian Fourth of July

Since four o'clock, when we left poor battered war-torn Belfort, and especially since we raised our caps at the frontier between France and what was Germany from 1870 to 1914, it has been a day of beauty and of glory. I know grander mountains than the Vosges; I know of none more beautiful. Round-topped and yet precipitous, their slopes and ridges are thick with magnificent forests of pine and beech. White tumbling streams traverse them everywhere. The villages have a peculiar and distinctive style of architecture. All the houses are high built, of substantial gray granite or stucco. The red-tiled roofs are very steep; and most of them are snubbed off at the ends of the ridgepoles by shorter roofs. Each town has in its central square a fountain with an ornamental pillar from which spurt two or four jets of water. Fountain pillars, church steeples, the cornices of the houses, the doors, the windows—floated now the tricolor or the red and white flag of old Alsace. As we ran through these towns the old men, who remember 1870, were sitting with the women and children on the benches, enjoying a fine afternoon and the eve of a holiday. As we passed, these old men and the little boys beside them jumped to their feet and gave us the snappy flourishing salute of the French Army.

We pulled at last into a larger town, where a major in charge of civil administration came forth to meet us. We dined with him and his staff; there were speeches. Then we called on the mayor. All the way down the street, hung with bunting as I have never seen city streets before, the people were gathering in their wartime Sunday best—the villagers in gay colors, the peasants in sober black, often in wooden shoes. The soldiers, as we passed, saluted with an extra flourish. Everything had a holiday air.

So as reviewing party we ranged ourselves on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville. The mayor stood beside the major, center of the group; he wore, as the garments appropriate to such ceremonial in Alsace, a dress suit with a tricolored sash slashed across his shirt front. With us stood the cordial and venerable curé, the officers of the staff and representatives of the town council. Then, heralded by two bands, civilian and military, came the procession.

At its head—a touch universal of a village celebration!—marched the fire department, Hose Company Number One. They wore their best dark-blue uniforms and brass helmets, polished like the sun, which glistened even in the twilight then gathering over valley and mountain. At least part of the fire department, for the rest were helping out those boys, too young for military service, and those veterans of 1870, too old, who made up the town band. It passed, tooting The Marseillaise with enthusiasm. Behind it came the military band. They halted before the Hôtel de Ville and played The Marseillaise—everyone standing at salute. Then they rendered, as only a French military band can render it, that old Napoleonic march which would make a wooden Indian want to fight: Le Régiment de Sambre et Meuse.

I have heard the best British and American bands attempt this march; and it was not the same thing at all. There is always a point where a file of trumpeters come in with a fanfare. The trumpeters in this case were mostly magnificent blacks from the North African regiments. As they stood, trumpets poised, waiting to come in, their knees were beating time to the music. On the last bar the procession started again toward the public square. Behind the musicians the populace and the soldiers had fallen in, without any regular arrangement; and as the military band struck up another gay march everyone began to dance. Soldiers, their arms linked with village girls, did the grand right and left. There were not enough girls to go round, so groups of *poilus*, linking their arms about each other's necks, performed giddy whirls. The populace flooded on to the town square. Down the vista afforded by the street we could see them dancing round and round the square, still following the band.

This was all real joy—not an artificial joy worked up for the occasion. And why not? Think of any American village you know, and imagine that the Germans had come, forty-seven years ago, to warp it into the mold of German *Kultur*. Suppose the public use and private teaching of the English language forbidden by law; suppose the young men forced to serve in the Prussian Army; suppose a thousand irritating restrictions, all directed toward making Germans out of the native American population. Then suppose that, two or three years ago, the American Army had come and taken the village back to its own. How it would behave on the Fourth of July!

There followed a reception in the Town Hall, wherein, with fine French formality, the dignitaries received us. At about this time the officers of the ——th Heavy Artillery arrived and made themselves known. They had been marching and toiling over the guns all day; so they wore their working uniforms, stained with grease and faded with old marches in the mud. They had come from a long period of fighting; this was their first night off for months; and plainly they were in a holiday humor. Nevertheless they were most insistent that we cut the formal program next day to see their new guns—"the best *Boche* crusher ever invented," they said.

The reception over, I strolled over to a corner of the square, where the populace was standing in darkness listening to an impromptu soldier concert in a café. We are so near the Front that no lights whatever are allowed on the streets; I knew only by sense of sound and touch that we were in a crowd. Within, a little soldier, stained, tanned, hairy, was singing Faust in a beautiful, trained barytone voice—some professional, I suppose. Suddenly a match was struck near by, a cheerful young voice cried "There he is!" and I was carried away bodily by a dozen arms. The ——th Heavy Artillery had captured me. They were going to have a party, they explained as they swept me along, and it was going to be a real party—the first they'd had this summer.

We rushed up to the second floor of the inn, where everyone began calling for Maria, the head waitress, factotum and presiding genius of the place. As they stood on the landing—a dozen handsome, hard-muscled and extremely alive young Frenchmen in uniform—it occurred to me that all this looked like Act I, Scene 1, of a military melodrama. It looked still more so when, a moment later, Maria burst through the door. Maria was young, she was buxom, she was radiantly handsome. She had just been serving a late dinner and she carried a salad bowl and a wooden spoon. And plainly Maria was in a bad humor. She had hoped that business was over for the evening, as I heard her explaining to the porter later, and here we came to keep her up until heaven knew when.

Artillery Table Drill

Cheers greeted the entrance of Maria. A dark young devil of a Gascon with black eyes and a flashing set of teeth stepped up to salute her as ladies should be saluted in Alsace, where a kiss is the tribute due to beauty; and Maria hit him over the ear with the wooden spoon. However, she consented to light the oil lamp over the table and to serve us. By this time everyone was joking Maria; but she smiled only when she had her back turned. Scouts, sent out American-hunting, returned with Eyre, a New York newspaper man, and Hoffman.

So we seated ourselves, and sang. When Maria brought the wine, the ——th introduced its own special drinking song. The entire company, addressing itself to one man at the end of the table, asks him in song what he'd rather do than drink. He explains in a solo what he'd rather do than drink. Then the rest of the company sings a long chord, at the end of which he must have emptied his glass. So it went round the table. The battery pennon was brought in and set up with appropriate ceremonies. Then a tall young lieutenant rose and delivered what I take to be a burlesque on a stock lecture that the French officer gets as part of his military training.

"Discipline!" it began. "What is discipline? It is the higher force of armies. Very well then—with one finger—march!" Everyone made one finger march by tapping the table. Then two fingers marched, then three, four and five; then the whole hand charged; then there was artillery firing with one fist and with both fists.

By now the glasses were jumping off the table; and suddenly I received a shock. I alone had my eyes at the door. It had opened; and there, with the mien of an outraged goddess, stood Maria. No one else saw her; the racket went on until the lieutenant ordered "Cease firing!" And then Maria spoke—one word of awful, portentous sarcasm—"*Fini?*"

It was eleven o'clock; out of deference to the feelings of Maria and the house the ——th Heavy Artillery rolled up its pennon with more ceremonies, and adjourned. Maria, rid of us, smiled sweetly over the balustrade as we said good night. I hope I haven't made this look like an orgy. As a matter of fact we had drunk about two glasses of light wine apiece. The French gentleman is not a drinking man in our sense. He does not need liquor to whip up his enjoyment of pastime in good company. Possessing a hair-trigger spirit of joy and song, he can grow convivial over a table of soda crackers.

The Day of Days

All this, to conclude, happened very near to that yellow gash in the earth where Germany is still holding the greater part of Alsace. This town is within easy range of very moderately ranged guns; and though the Alsace Front is quiet just at present, we have been hearing distant reports all the afternoon.

PARIS, JULY 16TH.

Though I had retired late on the eve of the Glorious Fourteenth, and though I slept the dead sleep of one who has been traveling in mountain air, I did not have to be called in the morning. At a villainously early hour drums began to beat and trumpets to blare on the streets outside. I poked my head out of the window. Soldiers, including a battalion of coal-black troops and another of *chasseurs Alpins*—those picturesque little men who wear the slouching *béret* on their heads instead of the stiff kepi—were gathering for the review. And everywhere the street was slashed with red; the young girls and the little girls had put on for the day the Alsatian costume. This consists of a red skirt, a black, tight, embroidered bodice, an embroidered apron, white stockings and a great wide black bow at the front of the head. Country folk were driving up in two-wheeled carts; over on the town square boys were putting the finishing touch on an open-air theater. I dressed, swallowed my coffee and got downstairs just in time for the review, which the mayor, the major and their official party witnessed from a tribune built of fresh boughs and twined with the tricolor, before the finest house on the square. The review over, we mixed with the crowd. We Americans in khaki were as great a show to them as a girl in full Alsatian costume would be to a New England village; we had to pose for every camera in the village and in the army. Then the bell of the solemn old church rang, and the whole town went over to attend a mass of thanksgiving. Alsatian fashion, the men all sat to right of the central aisle, the women to the left. So also the little boys were in the right transept and the little girls in the left. When in the pauses of the ceremony I looked to right and left I could see the heads of the little boys twinkling in perpetual motion and those of the little girls gently swaying. I was to think much and anxiously of those children within the next half hour.

I walked back from church with the mayor, who wore still the dress suit and the tricolored sash of his office. He looks enough like Bayard Veiller, our American playwright, to be his own blood brother. And he spoke of many things concerning that eclipse of Alsatian nationality in which he had dwelt since his youth. The native Alsatians speak a dialect rather more like German than French, but still as incomprehensible to a German as to a Frenchman.

Though the offense of speaking French was never made absolutely illegal in that part of Alsace, it was frowned upon. Teaching the French language, on the other hand, was a minor act of treason, punishable by imprisonment. So, also, new French signs were barred. As a sign or poster wore out

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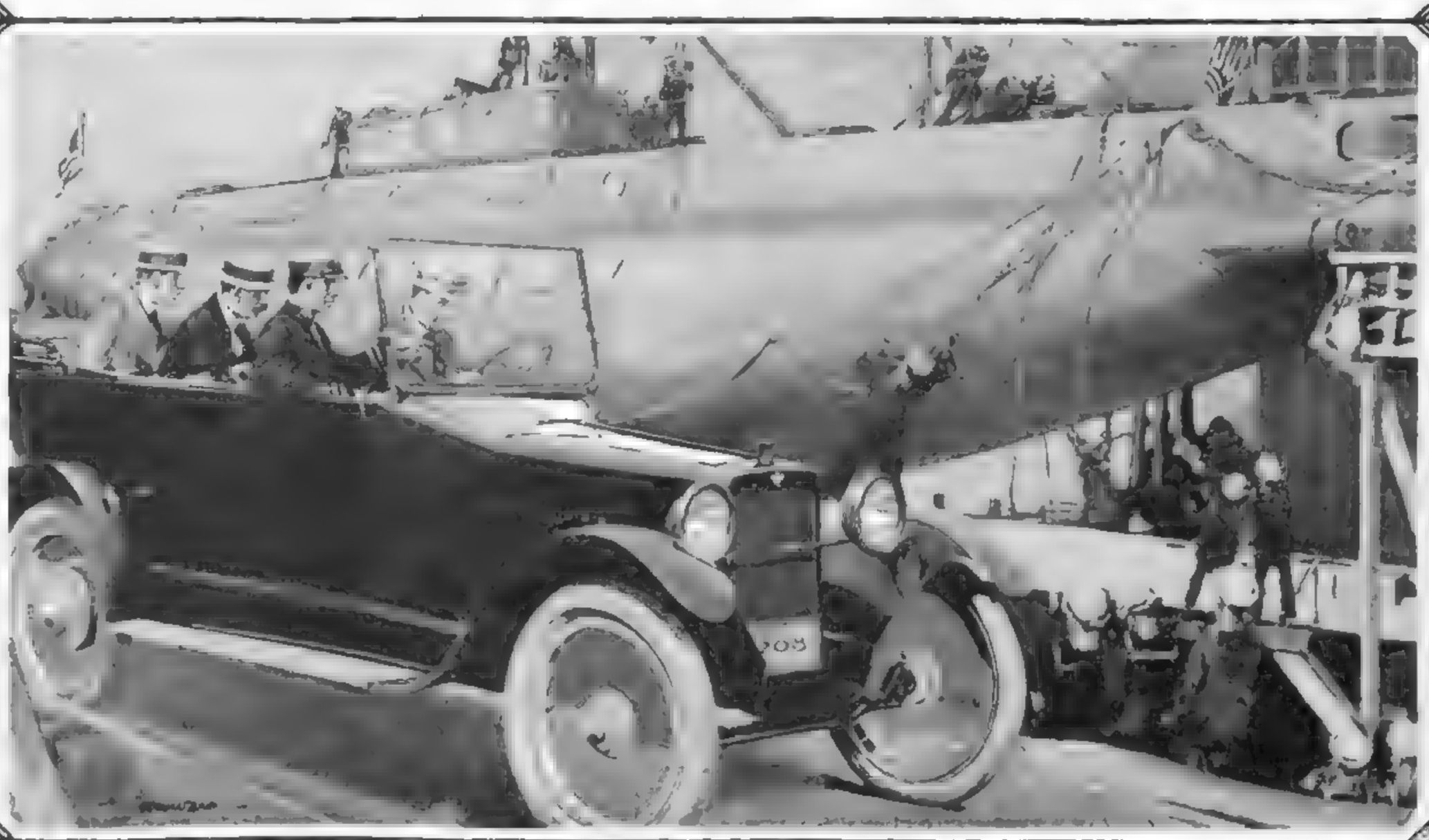
A Big Touring Car for Five People



SAXON "SIX"

LOOK UPON SAXON "SIX" IN THIS BROADER LIGHT

In one sense, it is true, Saxon "Six" is merely a finely constructed mechanism.

In another sense, the broader sense, the sense of its service-scope, it is something far greater.

It is man's ablest and most advanced device for dwarfing distance and doubling the hours in a day.

It is an aid to health, a conserver of energy, a promoter of efficiency.

Keep it supplied with gas, oil and water and but rarely will it further encroach upon your time and thought.

So capable is it of coping with the thousand and one exigencies of the road, so smooth and pliant is its motor action, so silent and effortless is its energizing of power, so lightly does it handle, that it engages your attention only so far as is necessary to direct its course.

Where once you gauged the character of the road by the ease or effort with which the car traveled, now the bad road assumes the smoothness of the good road and hills seem to melt away beneath the wheels.

Under the swift and changing impact of the road the long springs dip and flex, yield and recover, their resilience reducing jars to a pleasant effect of buoyancy.

At leisure in mind and muscle you are free to absorb the full charm of the road, the sky, the hundred changing vistas of the ride.

Your trip becomes a tonic, a source of betterment physically and mentally. You are exhilarated and invigorated.

Performance such as this—inbuilt and changeless—is the sum total of Saxon effort and Saxon ideal.

Out of thought and toil centered solely upon how to build the best car we can has come this car—the Saxon "Six".

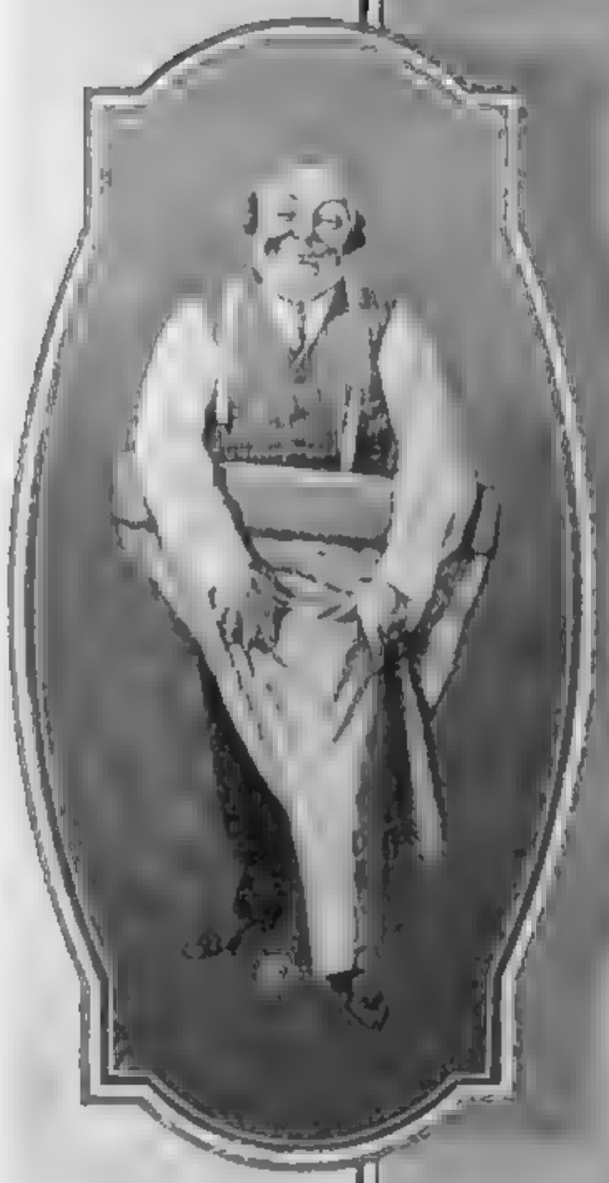
Saxon "Six", $935; Saxon "Six" Chummy Roadster, $935; Saxon "Six" Sedan, $1325; "Four" Roadster, $495. Canadian prices, Saxon "Six", $1260; Saxon "Six" Chummy Roadster, $1260; "Four" Roadster, $665.

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · DETROIT (166)

As a Careful Buyer You Should Investigate Saxon "Six" Before Buying a Car of Any Price

Who's Your Tailor?

REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF. 1905 BY ED. V. PRICE & CO.



The true and real value of your new Autumn suit rests solely upon the Satisfaction you receive. This in its broadest and deepest sense means

QUALITY

Maintaining the purity of our All Wool fabrics and offering the same skilled tailorship as always we are more than justified in repeating this one great Truth

E. V. Price & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS
CHICAGO U.S.A.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO OUR DEALER IS, WRITE US FOR HIS NAME AND ADDRESS

(Concluded from Page 78)

it must be replaced in German; nor could a French sign be repaired. But the shopkeepers used to repair their signs, very gradually so as to escape attention, in the dead of night.

"There's one, for example," said the mayor, "which lasted from 1870 to 1914!"

For forty-four years the Alsatians lived under German civil law. The problem of changing from one code to another, in the midst of this war, was too much for the French Government to tackle; so the German code is still enforced, under native judges. Most property value had been reckoned in terms of the mark, which remains the standard of value in legal transactions. All that, of course, will change with the end of the war, when France and Alsace have more leisure. French always at heart, the younger Alsatians have perforce grown up Germans by custom; and the transition takes time.

We had reached the public square now; and it was time to go. I hurried over to get my baggage and make my adieus. The military band was giving a concert beside the open-air theater, and the populace—mainly women and children—was promenading under the trees.

As I came back to the square I was aware that a kind of hush had descended on the babble of the crowd, that I heard the band more and more distinctly, and human voices not at all. Near me a knot in a doorway was looking at the sky. I followed their gaze. Three aëroplanes, flying rather low—big, black, sinister! One in the group had been using a pair of field glasses. He lowered them.

"Yes—the black cross—*Boche!*" he said quietly. Then the guns began to go, all about the outskirts of the town; smoke puffs broke about these sinister giant wasps. I crossed the square; it was as bare as a bone; the crowd had melted away like magic; the people showed themselves only in knots about the open doors. The band, never losing a note, was playing on, as merrily as ever. A courier ran over and ordered them into a substantial building near by. With decent deliberation they strolled to shelter. Only officers stood on the square now; they were looking up through their glasses, commenting upon the marksmanship of the "archies."

It was an air raid—or at least so everyone felt. These were heavy, bomb-carrying machines; and three machines of that capacity and at that height could play the dickens with the town. They were circling as though to get position above us; and my mind jumped ten minutes ahead. The town was packed with children—those well-behaved little boys in soldier caps whose heads I had seen bobbing in the transept at church, those pretty little girls in the national costume. Ten minutes more and we should be digging in ruins for poor, broken little bodies.

Three Times Fatally Wounded

The planes circled on, nearer and nearer. More guns were going, and still more; the clouds broke faster about the planes. I saw the tail of one of them lift, saw it shiver and seem to stagger, with a shell that burst just under its rudder. The shrapnel would be overhead in a minute more; even some of the officers were finding places near doorways, ready to get cover when the real danger began. Then from a group still standing and observing under a tree I heard someone cry:

"They are turning—toward Belfort!"

I looked. In fact, they had turned. An instant later they were speeding away. The band emerged, the drummer remarking to me as he took his place that no Fourteenth of July was complete without fireworks. On the first strain of the music the populace broke from alleys and doorways like runners from the mark. From one entrance came ten boys carrying a piano for the out-of-doors theater. The excitement had caught them halfway down a street, but they had taken pains to get the piano under cover! When, five minutes later, we waved good-by to that dear, troubled and merry little town the celebration was proceeding as noisily as ever.

Why the Germans drew near without shooting remains a mystery to me; and it seemed to puzzle the officers. Perhaps our anti-aircraft protection was better than they expected. Perhaps they had sighted French scouting machines. And perhaps, being on some other mission, they merely stopped to look us over. But at any rate we had all the thrills of an air raid without its tragedies.

We spun across the same fair prospect of mountain and valley; and on the road our car picked up a staff captain going our way. He had been fatally wounded three times, he told us, laughing. His left hand was totally paralyzed. He got all this in the line, principally at Verdun. Transferred to the staff he was spending his leisure in composing a play for the Théâtre Français. It turned out that we were in the presence of a French poet, one of the names among the younger generation of writers.

Now the villages began to show torn walls and gaping window frames; but even from these battered relics of war the tricolor floated. Finally we reached the larger town, which was our destination. Much as I have seen of ruins between Dunkirk and Monfalcone—and ruins seem to me now the normal aspect of war, so that I seldom turn to look at them—this town presented a new aspect. It had its heaviest shelling early in the war. Every building, I judge, must have been hit in one fashion or another. For a time the inhabitants went away; when the shelling grew less frequent the hardier among them came back, cleaned out their cellars as shelters in time of trouble and resumed a semblance of normal life. Now those older ruins present the same curious effects of domesticity suddenly exposed to the world's view that one sees in every bombarded village. Stationary washstands stood on the edges of gaping floors, chandeliers hung from ceilings peppered like sieves.

A Regular à-la Banquet

But Nature, unhampered, had been at work as usual for three summers; so grass and flowers were growing through the cracks of second-story floors. I saw even a bunch of harebells clustered about a kitchen sink! This town is nearer the German line than troubled old Rheims. Its outskirts are even within range of German machine-gun fire. But along the streets—every intact building provided with a sign telling how many persons its cellar would hold—veterans of 1870 still sprang to salute, and village women, in their best Sunday black with parasols and lace mitts, waved at us. When we drew up at a certain hotel, much battered by bombardment but patched up for all practical purposes, a crowd of civilian men in black clothes and officers in uniform waited outside the door. For the dignitaries from all this part of recovered Alsace were about to hold a banquet to honor the birthday of the Republic—and deliverance.

I never sat down to a stranger meal—or to a merrier. The large hall where the tables were ranged looked very, very battered and run to seed. There were even dents in the walls where projectiles that had broken windows had taken toll of the plaster. A new bust of the Republic, such as stands in every *mairie* of France, had been brought up for the occasion; wrapped in the tricolor it stood above the toastmaster's seat. There was also a bank of potted palms and growing flowers, assembled from undestroyed houses all over town. Above everything hung a great tricolor on a staff; and that, they told me, was a story in itself. Made in 1848, the municipal flag of the town, it had lain, rolled up, under the planks of a floor between 1870 and 1914. Another tricolor, draped over a door, had rested during all the long, dark time in the upholstery of a chair.

We were scarcely seated before we rose in a body to give roaring welcome to a general and his staff. We sang, with all the roar in our voices, The Marseillaise, that song of hope which had been chanted in whispers and behind closed doors for forty-four years. A little boy and girl, hand in hand, spoke a "piece" of welcome. And we proceeded to a very good luncheon.

I am not a collector of bills of fare; but the one that stood beside my plate at the banquet I shall keep for a historic relic. "Long live French Alsace!" reads the heading, translated. "National Fête Alsatian Revenge—First Banquet given at Blank, under the German Fire, July 14, 1917."

The menu had the usual complimentary names for the dishes, as *potage des Allies, garniture Lorraine.* However, in trying to compliment the United States, Alsace slipped on American slang. *Homard à la Pershing,* reads the second item in the menu. Now a *homard* is a lobster!

A moment after we seated ourselves the phrase "under the German fire" became a reality instead of a decorative boast. For firing broke out—heavy cannon fire. My neighbors listened just an instant, their soup spoons poised, and then went on with their joking conversation. I supposed it was merely some regular and perfunctory shelling by our own batteries, and I was perhaps the only man at the banquet who did not understand that these were anti-aircraft guns and that the German planes were over us.

My neighbors were officers and old civilian dignitaries of the region, massive men with broad, forceful faces. The officers were mostly Alsatian either by birth or blood. One, who had been born in Alsace and lived there through the dark time, managed to escape on the eve of the war and to join the French forces. Another, born in Alsace, had left for Paris at the age of fifteen, and never returned until he came with the army that recovered this bit of his native province. Children born in Alsace, it appears, were not allowed by the Germans to leave until they were fourteen; the conquerors seemed to think that early training in German schools would make the Alsatians Germans.

There were many stories as the wine went round. In this district also, the civilians told me, conversation in the French language, though it tended to make one *persona non grata* with the authorities, was not forbidden, but it was illegal to teach the language or to publish documents or placards in French. Nevertheless, when the French schoolmasters, following the army, began instruction in the autumn of 1914 they found that most of the children were speaking perfectly good French. In 1913 those same children, if addressed by a stranger in French, would have turned on him a blank stare, so well had they been informed of the danger of what they were doing.

They spoke, too, of the social cut that the older Alsatian families enforced against the conqueror. "I was born and educated at Strasburg," said an army surgeon. "I have dissected a cadaver for weeks at a time with a German student, and never addressed a word to him."

Then one of the civilians told this story, which he got from his father: In the church of a village near by stands a statue of the Virgin holding a silver mouse in the right hand. At some period of the Middle Ages, so the legend runs, this town was troubled with a plague of mice. The people prayed to the Virgin and were delivered of the mice. So this little silver mouse was given as a votive offering. When, after 1870, the Germans took possession the mayor was forced to show the new Prussian commandant the points of interest. "What's that for?" grunted the German when he saw the silver mouse. The mayor told him the legend. "And," he added, "we hope soon to put in the other hand a little golden Prussian helmet!"

There were speeches, of course—the general, the mayor, the representatives of the other towns. Finally they toasted the United States, and Henri Bazin, correspondent of the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, the only one among us who handled French with native fluency, responded so well that the assembled guests carried him away from the table on their shoulders.

The Fortunes of Alsace-Lorraine

There was much ranging that afternoon and next day through other villages, all hung with flags, all splashed with the red of native costume. There was much talk of the Alsatian problem from the persons most concerned; but everything was an anticlimax after this singular and stirring banquet. Finally, and just before we left the district, we stood on a dominating height on a clear morning to view the line. On the right rose the mountains of Switzerland. Among the rounded peaks on our left was one where the trees stood stripped naked or broken; it was Hartmannsweilerkopf, scene of fighting hardly less intense and heroic than that before Verdun. And between these extremities, now hidden by a peak, now running a long course in a valley, lay a yellow thread through the blue landscape—the line.

The Alsace-Lorraine question is tremendously complicated. There are the historic argument, the linguistic argument, the economic argument, and finally the human argument. The Germans, pedants gone mad, seem to be running heavily to the historic argument, the very line of reasoning that should have least weight of all, since we are living now not in the past but in a terrible present and a very uncertain and significant future. It was theirs once, they say; in 1870 they merely took it back. Though I have ruled that argument out of court, let me examine it, for it reveals the mental processes of that peculiar people whom we used to esteem logical.

Alsace-Lorraine was never, before 1870, a part of Germany, because there was no Germany before the nineteenth century. Until that time the region that is now the German Empire was a collection of principedoms and duchies, shifting their territories with each little war. Not all of these states even spoke the German language; not all of them held a population prevailingly Teutonic in blood. Alsace, which kept on the whole fairly independent, was at times an appanage of a duchy that is now a part of Germany; but so once were Burgundy and the Franche-Comté—now a loyal, integral part of Eastern France—and even Marseilles. The historic claim of Germany to Burgundy is actually as good as that to Alsace. Finally, under Louis XIV, Alsace became a part of France. It was a matter of conquest; that was before Continental states dreamed of granting peoples the right to choose their rulers. But this process, extending over several years, began with the cession of all Alsace except Strasburg in 1648—only twenty-eight years after the landing of the Pilgrims. That, in the American memory, is a long time. It would be a long time in the German memory, too, were it not for the blatant pan-Germanist follies of such historians as Treitschke. In the century and a half that preceded the Revolution, Alsace had already become a loyal and contented part of France. And the Revolution fused her forever with the Republic. The Marseillaise was composed, and first sung, at Strasburg. The Alsatians fought mightily to hold the new Republic against its external enemies, conspicuously Prussia. Later Napoleon drew more generals and marshals from Alsace than from any other district of similar population.

A Nation That Attracts Aliens

The linguistic argument is more moonshine. The common people of Alsace speak among themselves a dialect without a literature, akin to German. But the people of Brittany speak Breton; so they should be joined to Wales! And the people of the French Pyrenees speak Basque; since there are more Basques in Spain than in France, the Pyrenees should all belong to the Spanish!

The economic argument is simply this: Lorraine has valuable iron mines and Alsace rich phosphates; Germany needs them in her business. So do I need a hundred million dollars from John D. Rockefeller!

The human argument is the only one that has weight in the court of civilized nations now. Here is Alsace-Lorraine with one million five hundred thousand inhabitants of the old, loyal French stock, and four hundred thousand Germans transplanted since 1870. Leave these lands with Germany, even a Germany slightly democratized, and there is the same old unhappy problem that has lasted for forty-four years—a people living under a shadow, their real national life suppressed. Give them to France, and even that minority of Germans—should they remain—would be absorbed in the course of time into French nationality.

For democracies, and especially such liberal, tolerant democracies as France, are absorptive. We ourselves furnish the best exemplar. Autocracies are not.

Democracy does not try to force the stranger into its ways except as it is necessary for the orderly working of law. Autocracies are arbitrary in this matter. So by the contrariness of human nature the newcomer allies himself more easily and readily with a people that does not demand such alliance.

Still further, France has the quality of attracting aliens; as many have pointed out before, she is the only nation in this war with a foreign legion. Germans can rule Germans; they are ridiculously incapable of ruling other peoples. Only one thorough solution is possible to the question of Alsace-Lorraine: The restoration of these provinces to the France of their love and loyalty.

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THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY

(Continued from Page 6)

goat's beard, ineffectually screening a collarless double chin.

Tom did not esteem him as he esteemed Uncle Ezra. There was something about the Reverend Sparrow that, to his childish instinct, did not ring quite true; for on Sundays he talked about sin, hell fire and damnation, and the rest of the time cracked jokes with the parishioners as he weighed out their flour and sugar and handed them their letters and newspapers. He really didn't seem to find life melancholy at all, and his laugh could be heard constantly heehawing all through the camp.

This exceedingly confused Tom's mind. At least Uncle Ezra and—to a reasonable extent—his mother were consistent. They were constantly occupied with the idea of being saved. The Reverend Sparrow took his salvation with a degree of jocularity, which seemed wrong to Tom; but when he broached the subject to Mrs. Kelly she assured him that the preacher-postmaster was a very wonderful man with a beautiful character. Yet Tom had his suspicions of him.

The visitors bourded at low rates at the cottages, each of which had a name, the majority with a Biblical suggestion, such as Armor-Bearer, Galilee and Canaan; though there were others more secular, like Woodchuck, Nutshell and Ararat. For some reason these last were considered rather the more *chic*, and all the visitors engaged in much good-natured banter over the respective merits of their dwellings, referring merrily to one another as Canaanites, Woodchucks, Nuts and Galiloots. All this partially robbed salvation of its terrors for Tom. But he could not accustom himself to the Reverend Sparrow's attitude of light-mindedness. It seemed to him that the good gentleman took his religion with a wink, as it were.

Tom detested these wanderings in search of health and society, and quickly became expert in discerning their various hypocrisies. Each of the summer boarding houses invariably had a sort of Presiding Genius a grand old man—in the shape of a retired clergyman who came year after year—doubtless at reduced rates—and who, besides reading the service on Sundays, gave a tone to the social gayeties of the establishment. Round this benevolent old Buddha the female boarders kotowed in admiration, most of them flabby old women who spent their time knitting in rocking-chairs on the front piazza. The chairs, being of all sizes, moved backward and forward with varying velocities and widely differing parabolas, and gave an impression not unlike that of the pendula of hundreds of clocks set in a row.

There was nothing for Tom to do at most of these resorts, except to knock aimlessly the cracked and withered wooden balls round a humpy and sunburned croquet ground in the company of some peevish little girl or fleshy old lady who wanted to reduce, or to whang water-logged tennis balls across a limp, bedraggled fish net drooping in the middle of an undulating field of stubble. For this latter sport, destined as it was to play an amazing part in his subsequent career, Tom had an indubitable predilection; and, though his mother could not afford to buy him a real racket, he nevertheless practiced it as best he could with a wooden bat whittled laboriously out of a stout shingle.

The predominating religious viewpoint in these communal households differed both from the attitude of Uncle Ezra and Aunt Minerva, and also from that of the Reverend Sparrow. The God of the Jenkins had been an austere, wrathful and terrible God, whose shadow seemed to hover over the earth like that of a gigantic bird of prey; the God preached by the Reverend Sparrow was of the same general character, but his awfulness was somewhat mitigated by the fact that though he had pronounced views, he hardly lived up to his convictions, being easily placated by prayer and good resolutions—and he was much more fearsome on Sundays than on the other days of the week. But the God of the boarding-house rusticators was entirely different, for he was as abnormally sensitive as he was omnipotent—he could be deeply wounded even by a little child's thinking an unrighteous thought.

The idea that he was hourly inflicting acute pain on the Almighty made Tom wretchedly unhappy. He would have preferred to take his chances with the fierce swashbuckling Jehovah of Uncle Ezra and Aunt Minerva; in fact, he worried so much over the celestial suffering of which he supposed himself to be the cause that he became quite melancholy. His mother, in her anxiety, sought to allay his misery by telling him that God would understand and make allowances for little boys; but Tom remained unconvinced, secretly giving greater credence to the visiting clergymen who preached in the hotel parlor on Sundays than to her. Thus, God appeared to Tom a many-sided and somewhat inconsistent character.

Peregrinating thus about the country, Mrs. Kelly left few of the summer resorts of New England unvisited during the vacations; and one August she even insisted, much against her son's inclinations, upon going to Newport for a short period. His mother seemed to have a consuming natural curiosity to see with her own eyes how the other half lived. They stayed at a cheap hostelry in the lower part of the town, and spent most of the time walking aimlessly about the streets, sitting in the hotel parlors and occasionally taking short drives.

Mrs. Kelly, who continued to wear black for her husband as long as she lived, was accustomed to sport a tiny parasol of the variety fashionable about 1870, the top of which could be adjusted or cocked sidewise, giving it a rakish air that suggested that the owner must at least have scallops on her boots. Tom loathed the peculiar-looking thing and, being a self-conscious child, used to squirm in agonized embarrassment as his mother, carrying her parasol in complete unconsciousness of its strange appearance, led him along Rhode Island Avenue, while they gazed at the handsome equipages rolling beneath the elms, watched the fashionable people going and coming from the Casino, or examined the stone gateways through which led the smooth, flower-bordered driveways to the palaces of the great.

There was to him something haughtily brutal about the hidden magnificence he knew lurked behind the shrubbery of those luxurious gardens. Not that he wanted to see them particularly; only the consciousness of being excluded—that the No Admittance signs were meant for his mother and for him—gave him the feeling of personally being a sort of pariah. Sometimes, when his mother was looking through the iron railings at the hydrangeas, he would shake his small brown fist at the stone turrets of the mansion beyond the trees. And it was in a rebellious if not an anarchistic frame of mind that Tom spent those two miserable weeks. Yet this was unusual, for most of the time at other resorts he was merely bored.

When school opened in the autumn they would return to the Newbury Street house, rejoined by Bridget, who always spent the vacation period with her married sister at Nantasket Beach. Mrs. Kelly would resume her ecclesiastical activities and Tom

(Continued on Page 85)

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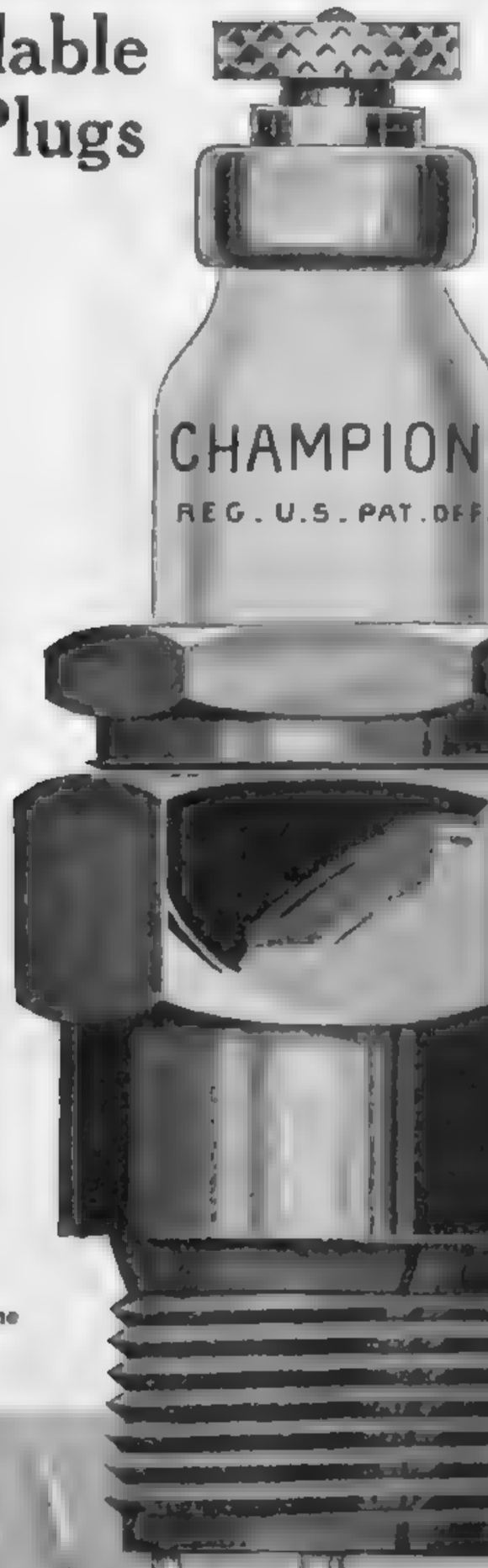

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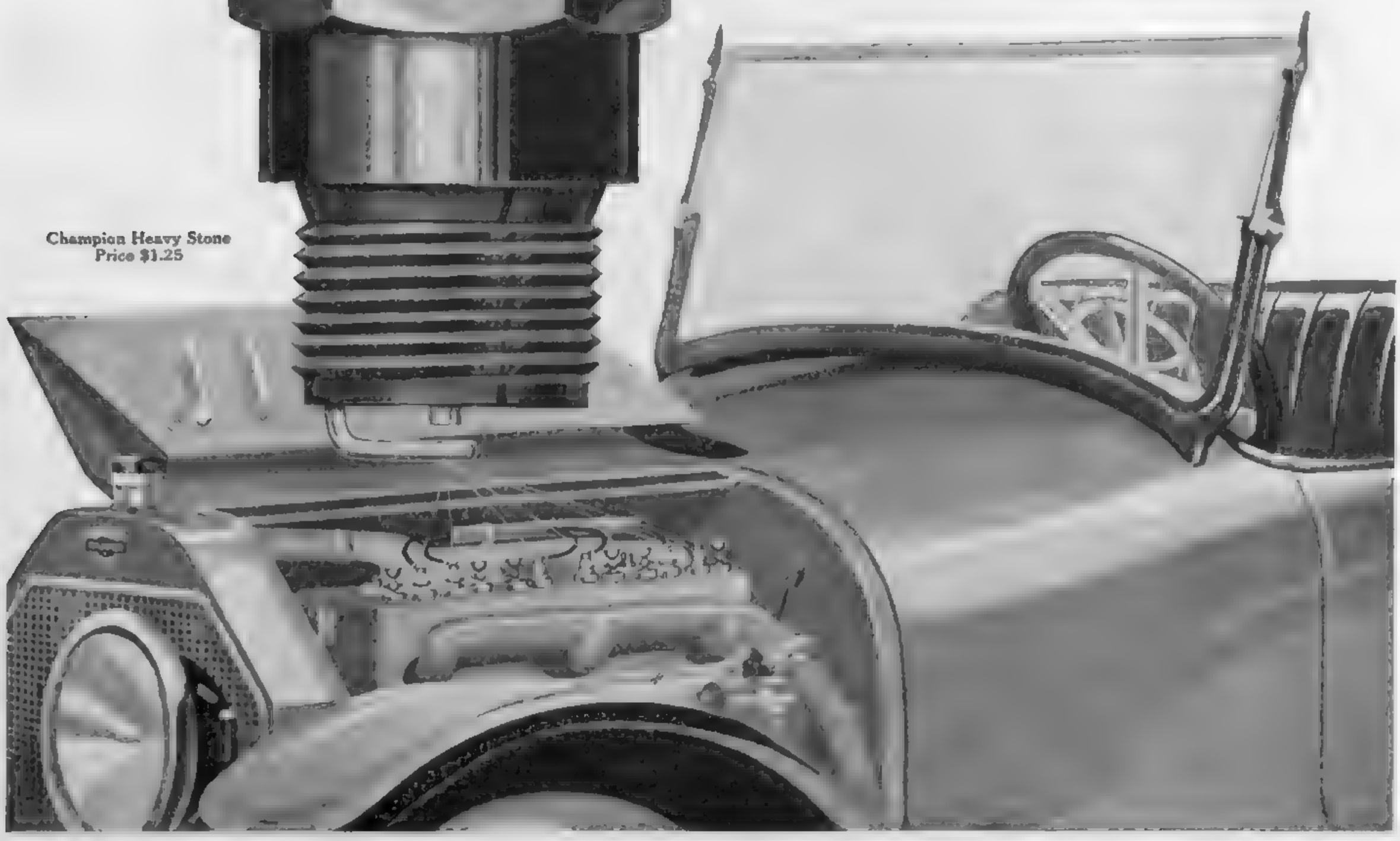

(Continued from Page 82)

his studies at the public school, where he worked hard, impelled by a sense of duty to make the most of his opportunities, and stimulated thereto by his mother, who constantly impressed upon him the fact that he had his way to make in the world, and that if he was industrious, and neither smoked nor drank until he was twenty-one, he might not only succeed in an earthly sense but also lay up substantial treasure in heaven.

"But I would rather have him a good man than a great man," she would say. "I have always told Tom that."

Thus, he was given to understand that, though it ought not to be difficult for a youth of his parts to achieve greatness, nevertheless, should the question arise, he would be expected to relinquish prosperity for rectitude. Just what his mother regarded as success from a worldly point of view Tom was never quite sure of; but from casual remarks he concluded that she had in mind a prosperity about equivalent to that of Amos Witherbee, Cousin Minnie's husband, who was a lumber merchant over in Cambridgeport. Mrs. Kelly always referred to Cousin Minnie as a beautiful woman; and when Tom, having seen her for the first time, remonstrated that she was not beautiful at all, but quite the contrary, his mother said: "I mean she has a beautiful character. Handsome is as handsome does. If you was always as good as your Cousin Minnie I should be perfectly satisfied." The fact was, Cousin Minnie was no relation at all; but her example, none the less, may have inspired Tom to virtue.

Except Saturdays, school "let out" at two o'clock, after which Tom hastened home to a cold lunch and then rushed out into the street to play, while his mother sat sewing at the bow window in the parlor awaiting his return. At first, just after his graduation from Bridget and the back yard, his amusements were confined to the bounds of the block upon which he lived—to snowballing, playing catch across the street, spinning tops or rolling marbles; for the collection started by the elder Kelly, his father, had multiplied enormously. But as Tom gained in wisdom and stature he journeyed farther afield, stealing long rides in winter down the back alleys on grocerymen's pungs, or leading exploring expeditions, composed of other small school friends and sometimes of friendly muckers, into the wildernesses of Muddy River and the Milldam.

It was due to a merciful dispensation of Providence that Mrs. Kelly could not see her only son upon these excursions, for in winter the boys "ran tiddledees" over the quaking, ticklish ice fields of the Back Bay beyond Westchester Park, and in summer floated recklessly round upon rafts, improvised of loose boards, fishing for eels. Moved by the instinct of self-preservation—for Tom's social timidity had curdled into a fierce antagonism to the "rich" boys on Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street—he organized a gang of social derelicts like himself to wage both offensive and defensive warfare upon other and similar gangs in other quarters, and upon the muckers who periodically appeared, like invading Huns, from the South and West Ends and offered battle upon the greensward of the Avenue.

Thus, in spite of his mother's constant care, Tom got plenty of fresh air and exercise, and expanded in all directions until his small jackets and pantaloons were stretched to bursting. And often his wanderings took him so far afield that it was long after dark before he reached home, weary of foot and empty of stomach, to find the street lamps lighted and his mother peering from behind the white curtains of the parlor window. Instantly she would be downstairs to open the door, giving him a little reproving, pecking kiss, accompanied by a complaining:

"I should have thought you would have thought a little of your mother and not stayed out after dark in this way. I was worried to death!"

And Tom, with a terrible sinking of the heart and in genuine contrition, would admit his sin, crave pardon and be forgiven, while his wet shoes were removed from his feet and they and his small back were rubbed vigorously with alcohol. Then, in dry clothes, his extremities parboiled from the afternoon's floundering in snow or water, he would consume huge quantities of Indian-meal mush, cold meat, potatoes, apple sauce, gingerbread and highly diluted milk or cocoa.

Afterward, under the bronze gas fixture in the library, Tom would drowse over Greenleaf's Mental Arithmetic or the school geography, while his mother and Aunt Eliza, possibly, would play a game of parchesi or discuss the comparative excellences of their favorite patent medicines. And when the marble clock on the mantel chimed nine he was quite ready to climb up to the third story rear and go to bed, leaving his mother to come up, kiss him softly good night and turn out the gas. On the whole, it was by no means an unwholesome life for a boy to lead.

Though Tom regarded his mother as the most perfect, if not the most beautiful, human being in the world, he sometimes wondered why he found it so difficult to talk to her about the various subjects in which he was interested or which he was taught at school. Mrs. Kelly's reading was confined almost entirely to the Bible, a few novels of a strongly religious flavor by Marie Corelli, and the death notices in the Evening Transcript. She recognized herself as quite unable to cope with the speculations and perplexities of his active young mind and adroitly evaded all topics in which she might find herself at a disadvantage. In consequence their conversational interchanges were almost nil.

As the reader has already divined, Mrs. Kelly was a negative sort of woman, distrustful of her own capacities and supremely conscious of her own limitations. Tom was the center of her universe and she could see nothing but that center. She was like a hen with one chick, ready to flutter it off to safety at the first premonition of danger, but prepared to fight viciously for her offspring if occasion demanded. She was, so to speak, a mother, and nothing else. She was neither a wise nor a discerning one. But she gave to Tom a passionate devotion that made her the abiding influence in his career. This devotion he returned. The house on Newbury Street was his world, albeit a very small one. Beyond its limits he strayed but rarely, and in his wanderings he never came in contact with any more intellectual or luxurious existence than his own.

There was practically no alteration in their mode of life up to the time of his entry into college, for which he had been passably well prepared by the public schools of his native city; and thus, when at last his mother reluctantly and with a heart full of misgivings cut the apron strings which had bound him to her, Tom was about as innocent if not ignorant a young person as had ever passed inside the gates of Harvard University, where, to be strictly accurate, this story can only be said to begin.

IV

THE popeyed little man with the domelike forehead who had been lecturing to the class in medieval history—hurrying breathlessly through his notes so that Otto the Saxon King might be safely crowned in Rome before the hands of the big clock should reach twelve—closed his portfolio, with something like a snort of relief, and removed his double-lens glasses.

"Next time we shall consider the Reciprocal Influence of the Roman and Teutonic Elements on the Character of the Empire," he announced severely. "There will be an hour examination next Friday, from Theodoric to the Dissolution of the Carolingian Domain."

Two hundred pairs of shoes simultaneously scraped the floor, and the lecturer, swiftly grabbing his derby hat, scurried for the door to avoid questions. There were always half a dozen grinds who wished to display their erudition by digging up unheard-of minutiæ and interrogating him casually about them as if they were matters of commonest knowledge. He had seen from the corner of his eye an ass, named Ricker, trying to outflank him and spring—he felt confident—something on him about the Iconoclastic Schism. He gained the exit triumphantly, however, and disappeared like a rabbit in the direction of Quincy Street, for it was a drowsy, soft spring day, full of quivering sunshine, and he intended to go out to Oakland for a game of golf.

The class jostled out of the building and scattered in all directions, a few lingering round the threshold of the old red-brick Revolutionary structure to smoke and discuss the lecture.

"Crabs was on the run to-day," grumbled Ricker, who, having lost the lecturer, was eager to vent his learning on somebody. "I had a hard time taking everything he said down in shorthand, but I managed to get it. That stuff about the Capitulary of

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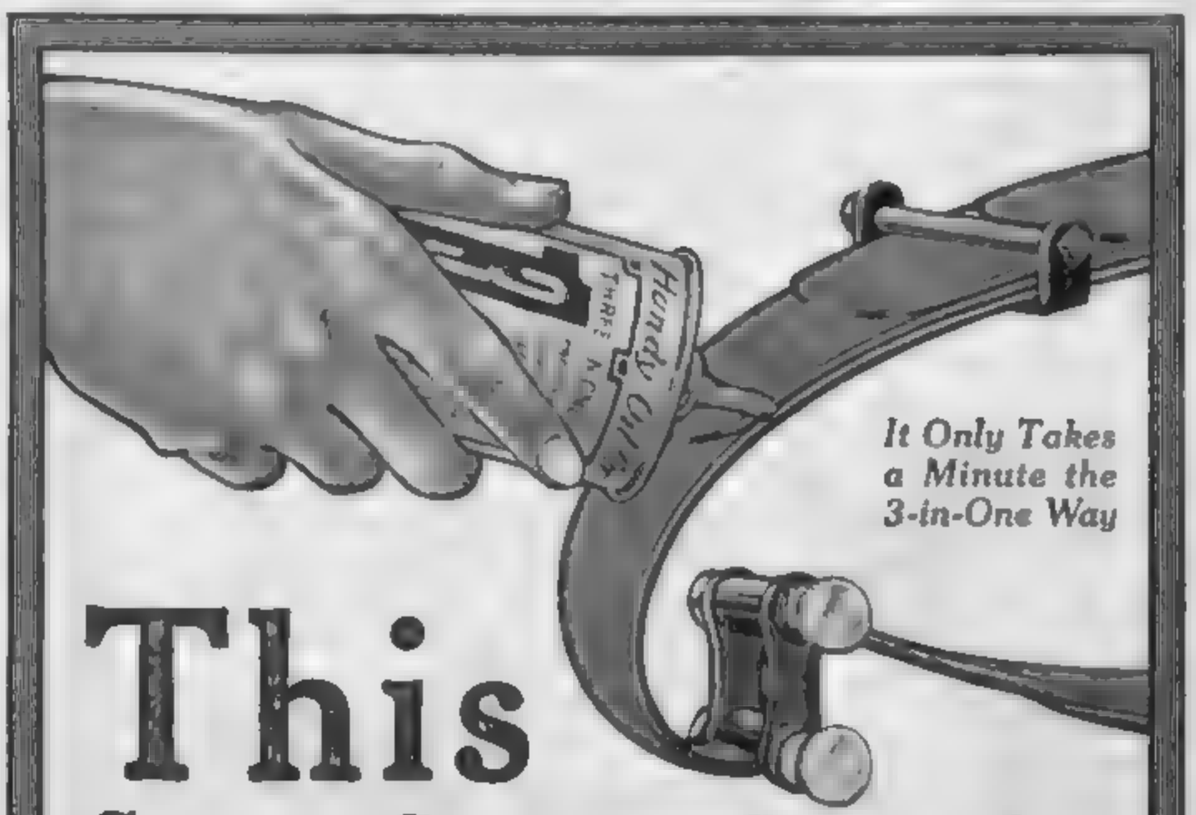

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802, for instance ——" His voice rose in stealthy enthusiasm.

"Oh, shut up, Ricker!" growled Tom Kelly, now grown to the mature age of nineteen. "You make us all tired. It's bad enough to listen to Crabs for fifty minutes without having it all warmed over and dished out to us secondhand by you. I don't even know what a Capitulary is. I don't want to. It sounds something like a caterpillar. I'll bet it was rotten anyway, whatever it was."

Ricker was eagerly turning the pages of his neatly inscribed notebook:

"All persons within his dominions, as well ecclesiastical as civil, who had already sworn allegiance to him as king, were thereby commanded to swear to him afresh as Cæsar; and ——"

He suddenly ceased, Tom having stuffed a cap into his mouth and thrown him backward on the greensward, where another of the group held him prone by the shoulders while a third snatched his precious book and ran across the yard with it toward Gray's Hall.

Ricker rose, grinning rather sheepishly. He was a fat, pimply, pasty-faced youth, with bristly hair radiating from his rather small head like porcupine quills. Tom made a good-natured feint at him.

"You'll feel differently, you bet, when you're cramming for the exams," Ricker protested, spitting wool from his mouth. "There ain't another feller but me's got it all. I could sell it and make a lot of money out of it."

"Oh, pouf!" cried Tom. "You don't understand that mess any better than the rest of us. I'm gorged with schisms and alliances and influences and doctrines; and I don't even know where the countries were that had 'em! Why didn't Crabs start out, for instance, with a big map and a poker, and tell us on the very first day what the whole blooming course was about? He could have pointed out the Garden of Eden and said 'Adam was born here.' Then by easy stages he could have worked down to the Middle Ages and got fairly started. Instead he talked fifty minutes about Alexandrian Neo-Platonism. What is Neo-Platonism?"

"I knew three months ago," announced Peters, a tall, sardonic youth, lighting a cigarette; "but I'm hanged if I know now! What say you to food? The odor of fat venison summons us even now to yonder ivy-covered hall."

He turned down the diagonal path, linking his arm through that of Tom, who had shot up to six feet in height, with an athletic though slender build. Tom did not like Andy Peters unreservedly, but he had had so little choice in the selection of friends that Andy, if excluded from his circle, would have left a wide gap in it.

Little Arthur Holden, a rosy-cheeked boy whose father was a clergyman in one of the Boston suburbs, strolled along beside them.

"I agree with you, Tom," said he. "They deluge us with a stream of popes and emperors and kings—whose names we won't even remember—and dates and diets and concordats, when we don't, most of us, know what the really big events of history are."

"Yes," answered Tom; "or what anybody was like. What's the use of knowing what relation Pepin of Heristal was to Charles Martel, when no one tells you whether they wore paint or feathers, or lived in tents or houses? I can tell you something about the Diet of Worms, but I haven't an idea what the dieters looked like; whether they came in carriages or on foot, wore their hair long or short, or what they ate for dinner."

"The most important thing is what we are going to have for dinner!" vouchsafed Peters. "Oh, hang! It's dog day—sausages for ours! I can smell 'em."

They walked through the transept of Memorial Hall, between the white tablets placed there in memory of Harvard's sons who died in the Civil War, and emerged suddenly out of its shadowy silences into the noise and clatter of the great college commons.

During the last few years before he entered college Tom's face had changed its contour and his curly hair had darkened, so that it was now an auburn brown. His forehead was broad, with a straight nose, his eyes a deep blue, his lips full and clear-cut and his chin firm and well molded. He moved rather deliberately, but with a characteristic certainty, and had it not been for his high-water trousers and generally shabby clothes he might have passed for an attractive and athletic young Englishman. But Mrs. Kelly had no surplus funds to waste on the apparel of either her son or herself, and so Tom's collars were usually frayed and his trousers and coats rarely matched; in fact, his habitual costume was a very shiny dark blue jacket above a faded pair of steel-gray trousers. Gloves he never donned. His shoes were always down at the heels and held to his feet by curiously knotted strings; for both he and his mother would have felt that they had sinned had they replaced a garment still capable of being repaired.

Clothes, like food, were, according to their creed, for use and not for pleasure. Their lives had no room for mere luxuries. So, to Tom, the crude fare of Memorial Hall seemed good, as it undoubtedly was in the sense of being wholesome; and he managed to tuck away a substantial amount of it three times a day, to which he added a supplementary menu, round eleven o'clock in the evening, of hard-tack and hot chocolate boiled over a gas stove in his bedroom.

The Hall, even at a quarter past twelve, was filling up and the boys found several of their table companions already there. Most of them had been assigned to this particular table—the one under the alleged Stuart portrait of Washington—by the merest chance, having had no group of their own to join. Of the twelve, two, including Tom, came from Boston, one from Worcester, two from Lowell, one from Chicago, four from Dorchester or Roxbury, one from Alabama and one from Texas; and all had entered Harvard practically without friends.

They were a good-natured and, for the most part, an innocent-minded lot of lads, of as various characteristics as an equal number of grown men.

"Here you, Moses!" shouted Tom to the negro waiter. "Bring me a couple of hot dogs! Who's got the spuds? Pass 'em along, you Cryder!"

He took his place at the end of the table and began to spread a large disk of ship's biscuit with an extremely salt variety of kitchen butter.

"Goin' out for the track team?" inquired Cryder, who was a brawny Viking of six feet three. "I should think you'd make a good man for the quarter mile."

Tom shook his head, his mouth being full of hard-tack. He felt no confidence in any athletic prowess.

"A chap gets a fair deal there, anyhow," asserted Cryder. "They can't leave you off the team if you beat the other fellow! I didn't get any show at all in the football squad."

"It did seem as if you might have made our class eleven," said Tom politely, ignoring the fact that Cryder had made a pitiful spectacle of himself in the Freshman tryout.

"I wasn't thinking of myself," apologized Cryder hurriedly. "But, in general, there's a terrible lot of favoritism, don't you think? Societies, for instance ——"

"Sh!" interpolated Peters. "Don't you know enough not to talk about such things right out loud in Memorial Hall? Somebody might hear you! You're not supposed to know that they exist."

"They don't for most of this bunch!" growled Ricker the grind. "You fellows have about as much chance to make the 'Dicky' as that nigger Moses. I tell you no one has any social pull in this place unless he had a father or an uncle in one of the clubs or comes from one of the swell schools."

"Bunk!" retorted Tom. "I don't believe any such thing. If I was running a social club, Ricker, you bet I wouldn't have you in it! You'd turn all the drinks sour!"

"Never you mind!" scowled Ricker. "You'll find out I'm right, all right! Look here! How many of those fellows who live in Claverly Hall have you met? How many men from the Back Bay come to your room?"

"I come from the Back Bay myself!" grinned Tom, and the rest of them laughed.

Ricker returned venomously to his sausages.

"Well, we can't all of us be swells!" spoke up Arthur Holden. "I shouldn't be surprised if all of us made some club or other. And what difference would it make even if we didn't? You fellows are good enough for me!"

"Hear! Hear! Just listen to Little Hopeful!" sneered Peters.

He glowered at Holden malevolently. Something evidently had touched him on the raw. Suddenly he smashed his glass

(Continued on Page 89)

Must We Try Out *All* Our Ideas Abroad Before We Accept Them For Ourselves?

Among a number of unaccustomed jolts the average American citizen has experienced during the past three years is a pained realization that the majority of the big things the world is now working with were first of all his, to keep or throw away—and he threw them away.

LONG before 1914 an Admiral in the United States Navy wrote a book in which was outlined the possibility of acts which have since become history.

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The Empire Tire Dealer

(Continued from Page 86)

down upon the table so that the milk leaped in a jet into the air.

"Damn it!" he cried excitedly. "What do you want to go and spoil my lunch for? It's rotten! Everybody knows it's rotten!" He blurted out the words, glancing over his shoulder at the near-by tables as if fearful of being overheard. "You talk like a lot of holy kids. We're a bunch of lemons and the sooner we admit it to ourselves the better." He looked upward suddenly toward the gallery. "There! If you want to succeed at Harvard you ought to behave like that beastly little snob Catherwood up there. Just look at him! I'd like to push his face!"

The boys raised their eyes with one accord. A small, neatly dressed young gentleman, with carefully parted hair, was standing in the gallery beside a girl in a pink-and-blue muslin dress. She gazed curiously down on the hundreds of undergraduates whom her escort seemed to regard with supercilious condescension as he indicated various features of the hall with his freshly gloved hand.

Catherwood was, in fact, an unfortunate example of the single cad who in every college class manages somehow to get himself accepted at his own exalted valuation, and through the indolence or good nature of his associates to win a conspicuous social place in the college life.

"Oh, Lord! Look at him!" echoed Cryder. "He's got on new yellow chamois gloves!"

"Showing her how the animals feed!" snarled Peters again.

At that moment a middle-aged man in a frock coat and shining tall hat, who bore a distinct resemblance to the dapper youth, appeared beside the couple.

Instantly all the students, in accordance with ancient custom, turned toward the gallery and began to clap vigorously. The girl blushed, became confused and drew back, but the gentleman seemed under the impression that the applause was a tribute to himself, for he smiled and almost imperceptibly bowed. At this the clapping doubled in volume.

In return the elegant stranger made a pronounced inclination in the direction of the audience below and slightly raised his hat. The din increased. A thunderous roar arose from the tables, accompanied by the banging of knives and forks and stamping. Catherwood, the younger, hurried forward and spoke hastily to the innocent cause of the disturbance, who, theretofore merely mystified, now looked very foolish and removed his hat entirely, amid renewed applause; after which he hastily fled.

"Seems a swell can make as big an ass of himself as anybody!" opined Tom. "So that's Catherwood, is it?"

"I always heard he was a very nice fellow," asserted a boy named Walton-Smith, who spoke with a careful enunciation and was rather better dressed than the others at the table. "I don't see how it's anything against him that he's rich. He can't help that, can he? I bet he's all right or all those big men in the class wouldn't go with him."

"Better call on him at his suite in Dunster and see for yourself," grimly suggested Peters. "My, but you'd get the icy mitt!"

Tom maintained silence. He had had an experience with Catherwood earlier in the year. The first day of the term, when the line formed in the Yard to register, he had found himself beside this very boy, though he had not known his name. While the latter was only coldly polite, they had had some slight conversation, which Tom had regarded as sufficient excuse for nodding when next they met. But Catherwood had looked over his head, declining either to recognize him or to return his salutation in any way. Deeply chagrined, Tom tried to deceive himself into the belief that Catherwood's rudeness was unintentional and due to bad eyesight.

He knew better, however. For the first time in his life, he realized that for some reason another human being did not wish his acquaintance. It was a trifling incident, but it had been like a blow in the face and had driven him deep into his shell. Thereafter he had waited to be introduced to his classmates, and the introductions had been few. Yet his natural spirits were high and he had a dry, whimsical humor that could keep the boys chuckling as he recounted various childish experiences in which figured Uncle Ezra, the Reverend Sparrow and other worthies.

Being at this period simple, kindly and straightforward, as well as more than usually sociable, Tom, not knowing how to make new acquaintances, took up with such wastrels as chance cast in his path; and, his friendships being fortuitous, the friends themselves were of a heterogeneous character. But the canker of discontent gnawed at his heart when he saw other men, who perhaps had made the athletic teams, becoming good friends and running things generally, while he figured in the class, so far as he figured at all, as a mere spectator. But he made up his mind never to admit disappointment!

There was no use in being a grouch, and people had to be left out in college just as much as anywhere else; so when Peters had said that they were a bunch of lemons he had dissented as vigorously as the others. Nevertheless, he knew it was true. They were lemons—of a sort! He was sensitive to a lack of what might be called quality in all of them—except perhaps Francis True, the dreamy little cripple who spent most of his time in studying music and reading poetry. He roomed just over Tom and was always apologizing to him about the piano, though to the latter it was a real delight.

Those other chance friends of his lacked—he couldn't say just what. It was something about their point of view. They had a penchant—even Holden—for rather dirty stories. Ricker was a coarse brute and so was Cryder, while Smith and Peters had the habit of mysteriously disappearing in the evenings, either alone or together, and turning up the next afternoon very seedy and with their eyes ringed with circles. And Smith made such a noise about being a gentleman that Tom found him unconvincing. If he hadn't talked about it so much, perhaps ——

But, at the same time, he knew that there were men in the class who were his ideals in every way—Raymond Dwight, for instance, the president of the class, who had lived all his life on Commonwealth Avenue within five blocks of Tom's house without their ever having met. But how get to know him?

Tom still spent his Sundays at home with his mother, returning to the Newbury Street house in time for supper on Saturday night. Mrs. Kelly was now over sixty, and her hair was almost white; Bridget, also, had broad streaks of gray in her thin straight tresses, and her homely face was heavily lined with wrinkles; while Maggie, his old nurse, had succumbed to the drunken endearments, supplemented by legal threats, of her tailor husband, and had disappeared into the wooden wildernesses of Roxbury.

Also, his mother had relaxed something of her religious severity, though adhering stringently to its outward forms and observances. She still attended regularly all the meetings of her various church societies and had induced Tom by urgent solicitation to act as an usher on Sundays; but she had no realization of the necessity of youth for mere gayety and laughter. She thought—good soul—that it should be enough for Tom, after his week in Cambridge, to sit quietly at home on Saturday nights with her in the library, and on Sundays to escort her sedately to their house of worship.

But acting as an usher at St. Agnes' was a pretty tame substitute for the week-end relaxations of most of the other boys in the class. There were Papanti's elegant Saturday Evenings, for instance, at which the youth and beauty of the Back Bay and of Harvard then forgathered, just as they had for generations past. There had been a succession of Papantis, and everybody in Boston—who was anybody—attended their classes, just as he belonged to the Somerset Club and had seats at the Symphony Rehearsals.

But Tom knew that he could never hope to break into Papanti's select circle—for there had never been a Kelly in the dancing class, and there never would be. In various indefinable ways it had been brought home to Tom during the ten years preceding his advent in Cambridge that anybody of his name was regarded by the Back Bay, somehow, as a sort of mucker.

Tom had begun his career at Harvard without even a rudimentary knowledge of the art of dancing, and needless to say, did not own any garments that by the extremest poetic license could be regarded as evening dress. When his friend Walton-Smith, therefore, invited him to a dinner at the Walton-Smith villa, in Brookline, to be followed by dancing, it was necessary to explain to him that dress clothes were *de rigueur;* and Tom, resolved to make the most of his opportunities, went down somewhere on lower Washington Street and

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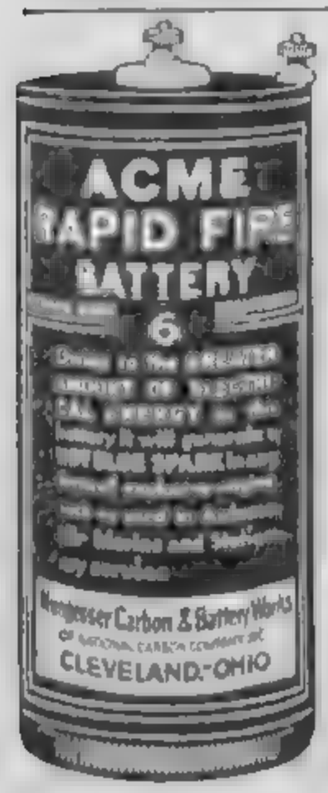

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there unearthed a Professor Salvini, who for half a dollar gave him fullest instructions as to how to one-two-three-slide, and permitted him to spend an hour waltzing with two stout Swedish cooks, his pupils. The cooks were not only good-natured but danced rather well; and Tom, having hired a dress suit, attended the Walton-Smith's dinner and enjoyed it hugely.

It was his first glimpse of any sort of luxury. He did not know that it was a pretentious affair; that his hosts were ill-bred *nouveaux riches;* that the music was cheap and the dinner sent in from a caterer's. He saw only bright flowers and the faces of smiling girls; heard only the exhilarating strains of the waltz. To his starved soul it was nothing less than ecstasy. And this peep into the world of gayety sent Tom back to his lonely room in Cambridge even more disgruntled than before, feeling that he had been cheated out of something which it was too late for him ever to regain; and that among those vaguely responsible were Uncle Ezra, Aunt Minerva and the Reverend Sparrow.

Without having a suspicion of it, he was ripe for revolt, almost ready to kick over the moral bucket and spill the beans. Without acknowledging it, he was sick of Horatio P. Ricker, Cryder, Holden, Peters, Walton-Smith—all of them. He wanted something better; just what, he could not have formulated.

He wanted, doubtless, what he had no right to expect—that the world should be changed; and the hopelessness of it all, including the fact that the world wouldn't change, was so obvious to him that, as he sat in his room on the evening of the celebrated appearance of Mr. Howard Catherwood's father in the gallery of Memorial Hall, he could hardly read his Gibbon for the blinding tears which would force themselves between him and the fine print of the page; for there was a sound in the Yard that fills the Freshman with either ecstasy or despair—the lilting song of a hundred men as they marched to "take out" the latest member of the "Institute of 1770."

They were coming across the Yard from some other building and the song grew louder and louder each moment.

"Tralala—la!—lala!—lala!—lalalala!—lala!—lala!"

Other lads sitting alone in other shabby rooms heard the song and their hearts stopped beating. Even Tom, wholly aware that there was probably not a soul in that entire heterogeneous society who knew him by name, held his breath as the tramping feet drew near. Could they possibly have heard about him in some mysterious fashion? Perhaps they had a system of secretly looking up everybody in the class without his knowing it, and ——

"Tralala—la!—lala!—lala!—lala!"

They were right outside now. They were coming in! The goose flesh rose on his back and arms. Their footsteps thundered on his very threshold! His head swam in an agony of expectation. Why didn't they pound on the door or break it in? Should he go and open it—just a crack?

For a moment there was silence outside—and he could hear the rustle of a paper. In that instant partial sanity returned to him. Of course it couldn't be that they were coming for him! But for whom—in that building? Suddenly, with a shout, the crowd stampeded on up the wooden stairs ——

"Tralala—la——" The song halted for lack of breath.

He heard a sharp knock directly over his head, a confusion of voices, cheers; and then a tumult of feet as the crowd descended again and poured out into the Yard.

They had taken out little Frank True!

Astounded, Tom threw open his window and let the humid night air dry the sweat that had gathered profusely on his forehead. He felt strangely weak. They were nearly down to Mathew's now—the song getting fainter and fainter. Frank True? Why, True didn't begin to know as many fellows as he did! They took True!

"You in, Irish?"

The door had been burst unceremoniously open by Ricker, who, collarless, his head bound with a wet towel, seemed to be suffering from some kind of stroke.

"Say!" Ricker's voice choked, as if his throat were quite dry. "Are you on to what's happened? The Dicky's taken out Frank True! That miserable little skate upstairs! Nobody ever heard of him at all! Damn it all! Damn everything!" Ricker was beside himself—frankly crying.

"Oh, buck up!" replied Tom, gazing bitterly into the night.

"I heard 'em coming," Ricker almost sobbed. "They stopped right out in front; and I—I—thought maybe —— I bet you did too, Irish! How c'd we help it? And it's that little squirt who plays the piano all day! How do you s'pose he ever got any pull? And look how I've worked! You know merit ought to count for something! And you, too, Tom—you really know a whole lot of fellows!"

Tom did not respond, for his universe was rocking. Of course True might be a swell in disguise—you could easily be mistaken, especially in one of those awfully quiet fellows. And, on the other hand, it might merely have been just a chance shot. He didn't believe those things went by chance, though.

How ridiculous of Ricker to have the absurd idea that they were coming after him! And yet—his spirits sank—what reason had he to suppose that he was any more socially acceptable than the grind? Weren't they two of a kind—two lemons off the same tree? He felt a sudden detestation for both Ricker and himself.

"Hang it!" he growled without looking round. "Don't be a sour-belly! Quit the baby act, won't you?" Then, hearing nothing, and feeling that he had been a bit inconsiderate, he added: "Of course it's rotten-hard lines!"

There was no response, and he turned to find the room empty. Ricker had retired to the more sympathetic atmosphere of his own dingy quarters, across the landing. Tom, glad of his departure, filled his pipe and smoked it in silent bitterness of spirit. Curse the luck! Everybody else seemed to be having a good time except himself and his own crowd of left-overs. There was nothing for him but to grind—grind!

And what good would it do him in the end? Four years thrown away, when he might be getting ahead in some good business—or studying law perhaps! There he would sit by himself in that same room for four dreary years! What was the use of his being at Cambridge at all? It was just inviting misery! He had looked forward in a vague way to college as a place where all the fellows in a class sat round on the grass, joking one another, or singing songs about "bright college days." Bright college days! He didn't know even his own classmates when he saw them in the Yard!

A step sounded outside and Peters sauntered in.

"That was a hell of a note, wasn't it?" he inquired. "A lot of slobs must have had heart failure to-night, all right! Well, I always suspected True of being a deep one. But it'll all come out in the wash!"

He went over and stood by the window, and Tom perceived that he was arrayed in an immaculate blue suit, with a dun-colored waistcoat.

"Look here!" said Peters suddenly. "Aren't you ever going to get any fun out of life? Come along into Boston with me right now and let's make a night of it. Why not have a good time? We're out of it here, fast enough; but Cambridge isn't the whole world, by any means. That blooming 'Tralala' has got on my nerves!"

Peters' suggestion had come at the psychological moment, for Tom felt the physical need of escape from an atmosphere that seemed to be smothering him.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, in perfect innocence of Peters' actual designs.

"Have a broiled live lobster and a mug of musty, first off," he answered, suppressing the smile that rose to his lips.

"Cost much?"

"Oh, I'll blow you!" offered Peters royally. "I need a really jovial companion."

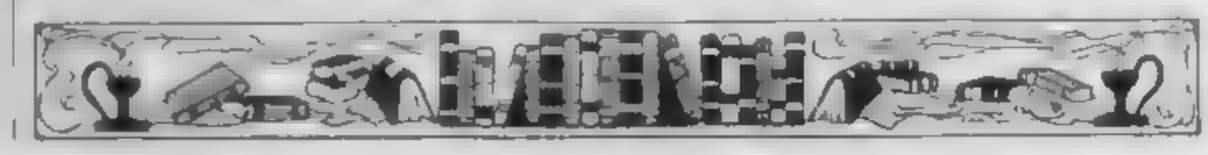
Tom gave a melancholy laugh.

"All right!" he agreed. "I'll go you."

He blew out the kerosene lamp swiftly, as if fearful that he might change his mind, and snatched his hat off the peg behind the door.

"I'll go as far as you like!" he added as he kicked to the door viciously; and they hurried down the steps together into the darkness of the Yard.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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is to know that you are getting *good* paint. The "Certain-teed" label tells you—in two ways. The name on the front of the label shows that the largest firm of its kind in the world has staked its reputation and resources on the contents of that package being *exactly right*. The formula on the back of the label shows that high-grade materials were used, in the proper proportions.

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has long ago become recognized everywhere as the preferable type of roofing for office buildings, factories, hotels, stores, warehouses, garages, barns, outbuildings etc. It is economical to buy, inexpensive to lay and costs practically nothing to maintain.

Light weight, clean, fire-retardant. Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply.) Sold by good dealers everywhere.

BOLDERO

(Continued from Page 25

Boldero moved his jaws twice. No words came. The noise had ceased and left another waiting stillness, far more terrible. His throat went dry as a powderhorn.

"Thank you!" he squeaked; then, turning to his captor, "Lemme go!" he implored. "Jimmy told me to keep my mouth shut."

At that the place rocked with laughter. While he struggled to free his wrist, Boldero saw a man jump up in the black pit and throw something, with a loud cry:

"You're all right, boy! Chip in! Chip in!"

What he threw came flying over the footlights to jingle on the stage; other cries answered, with whistles and catcalls from aloft; the blackness above the dazzling barrier became thick with showers of money. One coin hit Boldero on his wounded head with a crack that left him dizzy; he tore himself loose and ran; laughter pursued him down the stairs and corridor.

He stumbled through the lighted door into the alley, thinking only of freedom. There stood the villainous cab, with its door open, and Jimmy watching from inside like a hawk in a padded cage.

"Well?" said Jimmy. "Climb aboard."

Boldero could not bring himself to enter. This man had dealt treacherously.

"Come! Tell us about it." And Jimmy, catching his sleeve, pulled him into the cab. "What happened?"

Boldero fell blindly on the seat. His companion waited, but he would not reply. Presently they saw the lame doorkeeper come stumping out, cross the narrow pavement and lean toward them. He carried a pasteboard box.

"Don't forget your testimonial, sir," urged the lame man. "Here's the—your purse the citizens made up for you. It come kind of a surprise, didn't it? Guess you don't read the papers."

Jimmy reached out and took the tribute into his lap.

"Many thanks." He drew from the box a fistful of coins, which he bestowed on the lame man. "For you, my friend. Good night!"

The cab was rumbling among the Chinese shops before Boldero could find words to convey his bitterness.

"Jimmy," he shouted, "I never thought you'd do that—take a man there to be made a fool of in public! You know I never did anything, Jimmy; not one thing. It ain't right ——"

Mr. Weechurch's hand gave him a slap on the knee. Mr. Weechurch's laughter, not dubious now, resounded merrily in their dark confinement.

"Jack, I love you like a son," cried Mr. Weechurch. "You know the false taste of glory, which few of 'em can say."

Boldero understood him less than ever, but the words and the manner restored their friendship. Somehow, after all, there had been no treachery.

"You're going to work for me after this," declared his friend. "Jack, I could trust you with Golconda! We've got a job ahead, dear boy, that will make you open your eyes and keep them open."

So saying, he unlatched the door of the cab. They had come home to the black postern in the wall.

VII

"HOW shall you lay out your fortune?" A fortnight after Boldero's public fiasco they were lounging in the sun beneath the only eminence in a flat landscape. It was part of the levee, a vivid green bank pied with new flowers—harsh tansy-orange poppies; mallows, with pink bells quivering. Spring, the hushed warmth of an April forenoon, brooded over the world and made all things doze. Jimmy sat smoking a brier pipe, looking beyond the green waste fields toward a cottonwood and willow grove, across whose lower branches a stripe of dried clay, putty-colored, and wisps of dead grass, hanging frowsily, marked the vanished flood. Jimmy's white bullet head was bare, his leathern face twisted into a comical gnarl of thought.

"How lay out your fortune? A neat round sum the grateful city gave its hero."

Boldero lay prone on the slope, chewing a leaf of miner's lettuce.

"I want to send that money to Victor le Retit. He's a French baker. His little girl, Jeanne, is in the hospital for a long time to come."

"Not all of it?" said Jimmy lazily. "Half is enough."

"No," replied the herbivorous and stubborn young man. "Half ain't enough—the whole."

Jimmy thumbed the burnt rim of his brier.

"Very well," he agreed. "But don't expect to save a city every day."

"Oh, quit guying me!" growled Boldero.

The older man went on smoking; under their puckered lids his eyes twinkled like brown glass. In the wet, verdant field below myriads of young frogs trilled silvery notes and gradually fell silent. Back and forth across one field trotted a pair of pale-blue figures—Chinamen balancing their twin baskets as they went about the ceaseless labor of making the waste a garden; whenever they stooped near a thicket of dark-green rushes, up flew, like sparks and cinders, a cloud of red-winged blackbirds. Far off above the haze, mountains lifted against a dreamy sky their overlapping billows of snow. A meadow lark sang gloriously, teetering on a fence wire.

"You promised to work for me," continued Mr. Weechurch. "What can you do? I mean, Jack, what can you do best—better than most men?"

Boldero finished his bite of wild salad and lay thinking.

"I can run," he answered with his face in the grass. "It's about the only thing; it's my one best holt. I never made nothing of it, you see; but I can outrun a good many pro's."

Jimmy chuckled.

"That's a gift," said he; and, again smoking, watched the landscape in which, for him, the voices of spring were dumb. After a time he roused. "What I shall hire you to do, my boy, is this ——"

Rolling over on his back Boldero stared at the sky and waited. His face, browned by many such days of outdoor loafing, shone with cheerful health.

"First, about myself," began Jimmy. "You're too polite to ask me any questions, therefore I'll tell you. In a humble way I'm what grander folk would call an Orientalist. Understand what that means? You needn't open your eyes so wide, for I'm not the Great White Mahatma, or a Singlogue, or even a scholar; just a wandering, botanical, poor old pettifogging collector. Among other trifles, I've tried to learn about Eastern Art. Do you comprehend? A-R-T, eh?"

Boldero had rolled over again and, with chin on elbows, lay watching the speaker intently.

"Pictures." He nodded like a sage. "Statues. I know all that."

Weechurch seemed to enjoy the conversation.

"Excellent young man," he cried; "formed for my very purpose! You know Art. Well, as Boffin would say, do you like it?"

"Sure, I like it!" declared Boldero.

His employer brought forth a leathern tobacco pouch that resembled a large and very aged mushroom.

"Why, then," he drawled, shoveling round and round with his pipe in this receptacle—"then you'll do. I want you to go to a certain place in the hills and meet a friend of ours. Understand?"

Boldero's blue eyes burned with eagerness.

"Yes, sir."

"This friend will have a certain Chinese painting, an extremely old Chinese painting on silk. Follow me?"

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy restored the mushroom pouch to his hip pocket and continued:

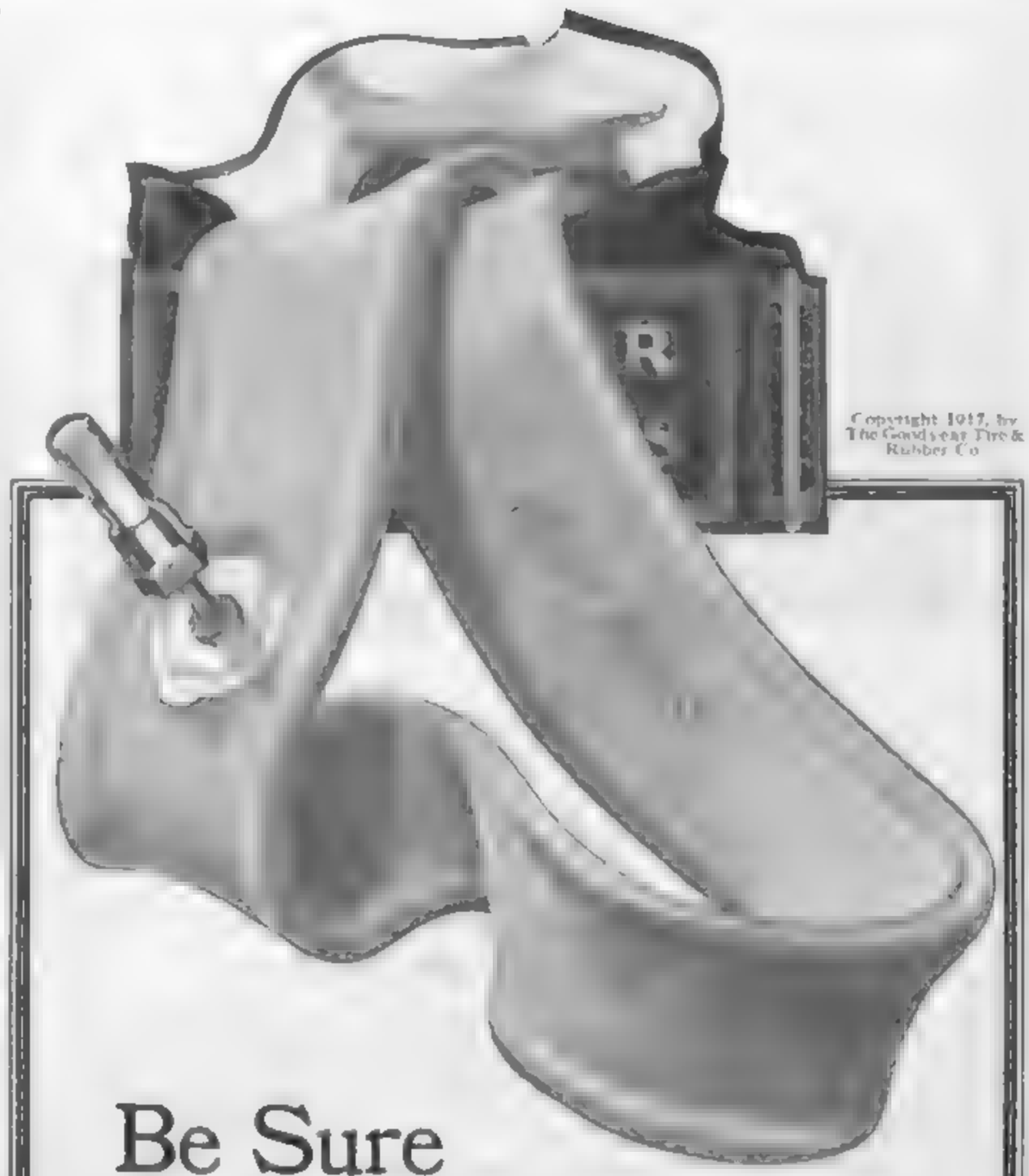
"You will take this painting and never let go of it until you have brought it to me. But"—he suddenly threw off his indolent air, sat erect, and gave Boldero a look that went through him like a wimble—"but you will not say one word concerning this to anybody except me and our friend. Not a word."

Boldero, wholly absorbed, crossed his throat and spat on his thumb.

"There's my oath, Jimmy," he urged with ardor.

Jimmy had grown deadly serious.

"Certain other collectors," he went on, choosing the words carefully, "would pay many thousand pounds to obtain this painting by any means whatever. Understand? Whatever! I can't pay you more than a hundred or so; and you must guard the



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The laminated process used by Goodyear in building inner tubes is neither the simplest nor the cheapest method of tube construction.

But all our experience in tube building convinces us that it is by far the *best* method.

It affords an opportunity for the detection of flaws and imperfections almost wholly denied by the ordinary single sheet method of building.

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Goodyear Tubes are not strong in one place and weak in another—they are strong all through.

Similar care is exercised with each part of every Goodyear Tube—they will not leak or seep.

At the valve patch, for instance, where many tubes are weakest, Goodyears are unusually secure.

It will pay you to ask for Goodyear Tubes by *name*, and to insist upon getting them.

The Goodyear valve patch is not cemented on, but is vulcanized *into* the tube, becoming integral with it.

For severe service we recommend the Heavy Tourist type—especially thick and vigorous, a trifle higher priced than common tubes—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

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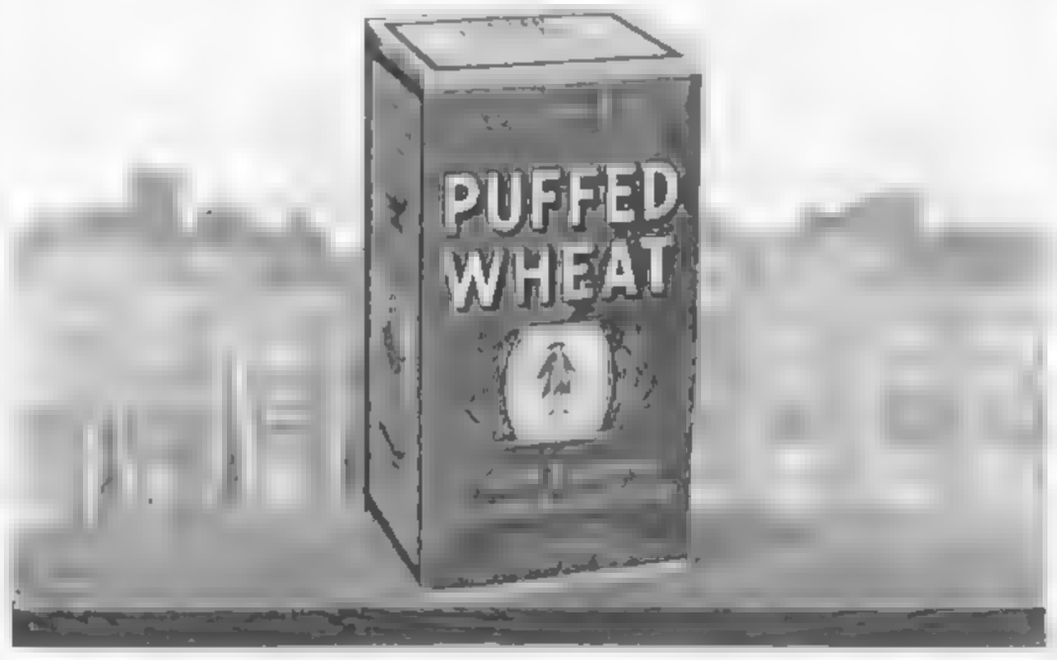


The One Lone Package

On the Pantry Shelf Shows a Wrong Idea of Puffed Wheat

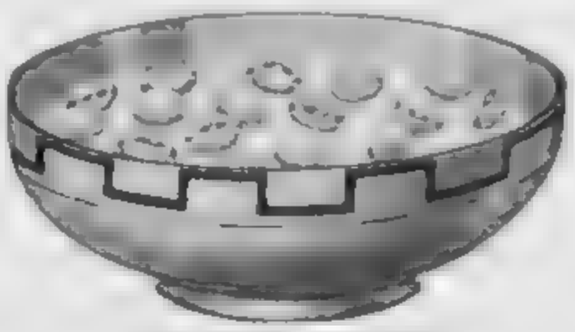
Some people treat Puffed Grains as tidbits, to be served on rare occasions. These bubble grains, flavory and flaky, seem like food confections. As some folks say, "They seem too good to eat."

That is a wrong conception. Puffed Wheat and Rice, above all else, are scientific foods.

They are whole grains, rich in minerals and vitamines. They supply what flour foods lack.

And they are fitted, like no other grain foods, for easy, complete digestion. Every food cell is exploded, so digestion can instantly act. And the whole grain feeds.

Their easy digestion makes them perfect between-meal foods, or good-night foods, or luncheon foods. Everybody revels in them. Keep plenty on hand, and all three kinds, so children can have all they want of them. At odd hours or at mealtime, they are the best foods one can eat.



Puffed Wheat in Milk

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheon or supper, float in bowls of milk. Use as wafers in soup, as nut-like garnish for ice cream. Douse with melted butter, like peanuts or popcorn, for an after-school delight. They are as welcome as confections, and far better for the child.

Mix With Fruit

Use Like Nut Meats

thing upon your honor—just as you guarded, the other night, this bank of earth behind us. The painting, a scroll, a *Tsou Shou* of the Five Dynasties, is about one thousand years old. I must have it. I—me—no one else. You'll undertake the job? Yes? Good! While bringing it back here to me you may have to travel on foot, avoid all towns, railroads and highroads. That shall be as you and our friend may decide best. Will you do that also?"

"Like a duck!"

Boldero began eating another leaf of miner's lettuce, not from hunger but from excitement. This game, he foresaw, would be great fun.

"Not too fast!" warned his friend. "Don't rush into this blindfold. I tell you plainly it may be dangerous. You'll have to go through thick or thin for a hundred pounds—five hundred dollars—and you'll earn every penny of your hire."

"Sure, I will!" cried Boldero, and sat up, thoughtful and ready. He looked like a sunburnt Mercury Resting, in old clothes. "Many thousands o' pounds? Golly! That picture must be big as all outdoors. How'll I carry it?"

Jimmy laughed.

"In your inside pocket," he replied. "It makes a roll no longer than your forearm and no thicker."

The young Mercury scowled.

"Sounds kind o' fishy," he objected. "A little thing like that? What's painted on it?"

"A picture of three cows," said Jimmy. "That's all, bar inscription. But those three cows hung in the bedroom of many emperors, and were admired by the Son of Heaven."

Giving this strange information offhand, he rose, stretched his arms and legs, clapped his hat on; then proposed a walk before returning home. As they rambled on their way he talked a great deal, but of indifferent matters; and during their many halts he remained lost in contemplation of the pale green valley floor, which stretched mile upon mile, palpitating with stillness, warmth and the sense of growing things—a panorama of spring inclosed, far off, by snow peaks and the misty blue of mountain air. The larks and the frogs made an undercurrent of music fitfully, to which the deaf man seemed listening. Then he moved onward, with Boldero patiently following him along the narrow path that curved slowly between fields and sultry market gardens toward the spires of the town.

Nearing home Mr. Weechurch paused again, this time above the southern façade of the joss house. The sun blazed hot upon the old gilding and faded red tablets of this dingy temple, and into its door, which stood open, as always, fronting a bank of weeds.

"Let's drop in a moment," said Jimmy. And he went down the seldom-trodden path to the steps of the temple. "Leung She may be inside here."

From sunshine they entered a blinding darkness and the thick, sweet odor of burning punk. For a time nothing was visible but the diagonal shaft of bluish smoke in the doorway behind, and before them a wavering bead of flame; then gradually, as they waited, there trembled out from the surrounding dusk a concourse of tinsel banners, scarlet-hafted halberds with silver-gilt heads, baskets of dusty paper flowers, and on the altar a trinity of motionless gods, forever meditating.

"Not here," declared Jimmy in a lowered voice.

Boldero, seeing him remove his hat, did likewise, and felt ashamed to remember the contempt with which he himself had formerly viewed these things. It was a kind of church, after all.

"Leung She?" said Jimmy, aloud. "No; he's not here."

But while he spoke a black shadow came shuffling from some inner door and approached them. The tiny altar lamp, that yellow bead of flame, shuddered in its cracked tumbler at the breath of its guardian's passage. Leung She—cook, janitor and priest—nodded and smiled upon his visitors.

"How too?" said Leung She amiably.

"You remember this boy?" inquired Jimmy.

Leung She's moon face expressed nothing but general intelligence.

"Shoe; I know um," he declared. "He you pardno; catchee Goo' Lock, I hop' so."

"I hope the same," replied Jimmy; and then, in a language Boldero could not understand, he spoke at some length, motionless, with folded hands, while Leung She listened, his wide, pointed eyes blinking assent. "This boy," Jimmy concluded, "he my friend; my partner now. You treat him all same me, every time."

"Shoe!" said the priest.

There followed more unintelligible talk. Yet Boldero caught the drift and tone of it. This ghostly darkness, where at one step from living sunlight they had passed among the spirits of the dead, was a friendly place.

"All lite!" said Leung She.

"All right!" Mr. Weechurch echoed. "Jack, if ever you need another friend come to this Chinaman."

They moved out into the blinding noon, and so home to Jimmy's black door in the tile-capped wall.

Thirty-six hours later Boldero was traveling northward on a midnight train. He knew his instructions; but, as he dozed uncomfortably on a red plush chair and listened to the half-drunken songs or dingy love-making of his fellow passengers, he tried to become letter-perfect. The affair should be simple enough. He was to leave the train at Hunter Landing, go westerly as far as Yellowhead's Flat, and there inquire for the Cash on Hand, a barroom kept by one Dalrymple.

He revolved these directions thoroughly; at dawn, in a cold blue mist, followed them; and so, after sunrise, came, lugging his blanket roll, into a village of old shanties, all asleep, which looked with blind, glittering windows down a steep gully of white oak and bay trees. Not a creature stirred in the muddy red street; but there was no need to put questions, for he perceived at the uphill end of the village a brick hovel, leaning badly out of plumb, which bore on its front the half-obliterated sign: Express—Gold Dust Bought Here; and over this palimpsest of placer days a white board, proclaiming in black letters:

THE CASH ON HAND

First and Last Chance

C. Dalrymple

Boldero walked up to its crazy veranda and opened the door. Inside, a low brown-boarded room contained rows of bottles behind a counter, three or four chairs, a card table, and the giddy clockface of a wheel of fortune. He rapped with a dollar on the bar. After waiting a long time he rapped again. The echo summoned at last from within a sound of boots; a door opened, and a paunchy but brisk red-haired man slid behind the counter.

"What'll you have?" he asked with a tired professionalism.

"Are you Cassius Dalrymple?"

"Bet you!"

"Are you Cash on Hand?"

"And some in pocket."

"Then I'm a friend of Jimmy Weechurch"—Boldero recited his orders—"looking to meet a fellow from the North."

Mr. Cassius Dalrymple lost his cynicism, brushed his red hair all on end from his forehead and stared.

"Are you the boy that Injun's askin' about?" he cried. "Well, say, you been expected! Have a touch to open the day? No? All right! You go straight on up the gulch till you hit his cabin. It's the only buildin' there; can't miss it. Same to you, and many of 'em!"

Boldero went out and up a narrowing path among the bay trees, whose tops already began to sparkle in the sun. He thought a good deal, for his way seemed curiously prepared before him.

"This Jimmy," he reflected, "is some man after all, and wide known."

Where morning mist lingered and drifted downhill the path ended, and he came to a dark board-and-batten dwelling in a clump of madrona. Smoke rose from its rusty chimney pipe through the peeled and spotted branches. He heard a stove lid clattering.

"Wonder who my next friend is?" he thought to himself.

The cabin door, a flimsy piece of old carpenter work, swung inward at his knocking.

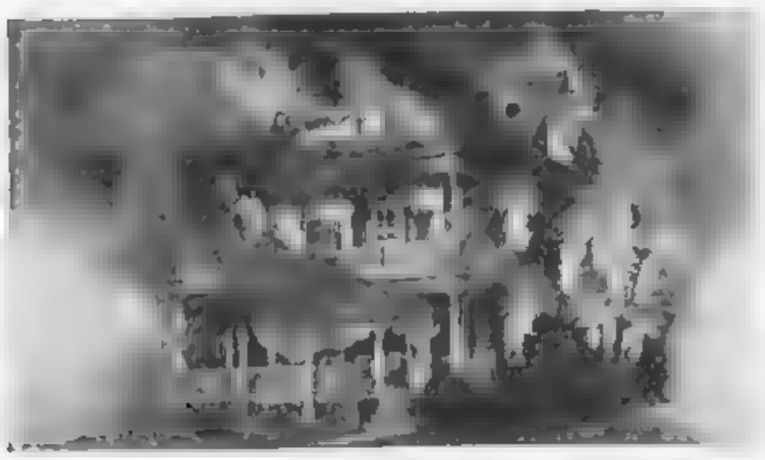
"Kya!" snarled a voice that made him jump.

The cabin swam full of smoke and pungent cookery. Through the reek a man darted at him with carving knife in hand, as if ready to fight. A pair of black eyes outstared him.

"Ho-ho! The boy!" cried this man, lowering his knife. "You are the boy!" He drew aside courteously and pulled the

(Continued on Page 97)

Your Home may be the next to go



SOMEBODY'S home is going now; for fire statistics show that one American home burns every minute. Think of it—one every minute! Isn't that enough to make you feel uneasy about your wife and little ones left alone today while you are down at the office or factory?

The next time you build, build a true place of shelter. Leave nothing to chance or even to the skill of the fire department. Build for *safety first.* Make your new home a Herringbone Home—with the exterior stucco and the interior plastering held together and strongly reinforced by Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath.

Then you will move your family into a *fire-safe* home—a home of comfort and rare artistic charm—a home reasonably cheap to build and extraordinarily economical to live in.

Many actual conflagrations, as well as the most exacting fire tests, have proved that Herringbone and plaster construction forms an impenetrable, imperishable barrier to fire.

It also eliminates the danger of plaster one day falling in your home, perhaps ruining costly furniture, or even trapping your wife or child underneath.

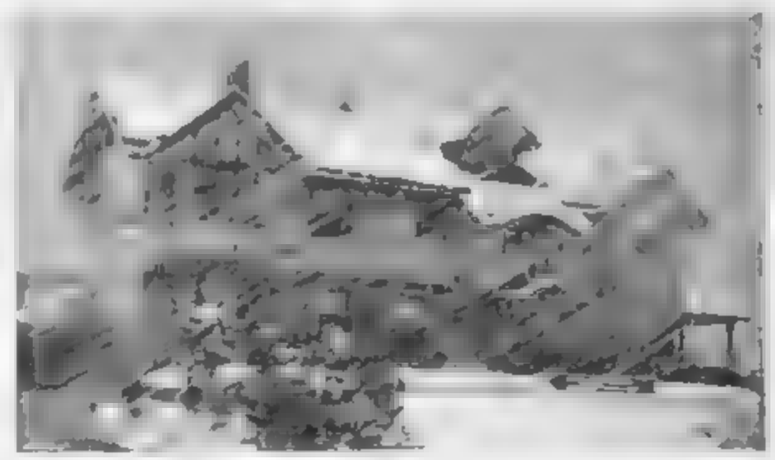
Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath is exceptionally rigid because of the heavy lengthwise ribs set at an angle of 45 degrees to the plane of the lath. The plaster covers and protects the lath; the lath clinches the plaster in an unbreakable grip. Herringbone walls or ceilings never crack or fall.

Neither do rats, mice, or vermin cut their way through; nor does the lath stain

the plaster; nor wear or weather gain a foothold. Rather, time ages the Herringbone Home down to a great dignity and beauty.

The Herringbone Home lasts almost forever. There is nothing to paint but the windows, blinds, and doors. Repair bills amount to little or nothing. Such a home is cool in summer, snug and warm in winter.

A stucco house is always strongly individual and attractive, whether it be a simple one-story bungalow in the hills or a pretentious mansion in town. It is a favorite type of construction with the Italians, that colorful and artistic



race. In many places throughout this country there are residential sections exclusively given over to Herringbone Homes so strikingly beautiful that people of fine artistic sensibilities love to stop and admire them.

But you yourself will never appreciate how safe, comfortable, economical, and enduring is a Herringbone Home until you have built one and lived in it with your family over a long period of years. You can get a good idea what a Herringbone Home looks like by sending for our free book, "Herringbone Homes." It contains many beautiful specimens.

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Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath

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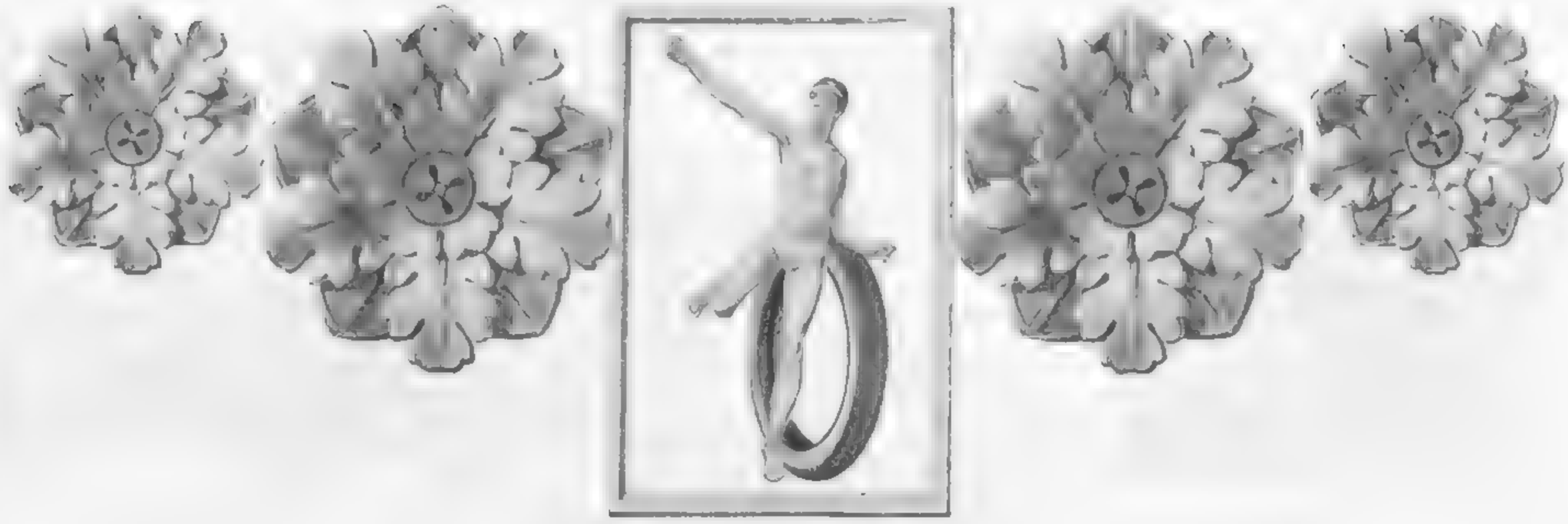

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(Continued from Page 94)

cabin door wide open. "Come in, Jack; come in! I having plenty breakfast for two. You are on good time."

The speaker wore a turban of faded pink cotton and was wrapped to his ears in an old army serge overcoat. His face, grinning mildly through smoke, was the light-brown face of Ghanda Singh.

VIII

THE Sikh repeated his courteous motion. "Come in! Sit, and eat."

Retreating to the stove—an iron barrel, red with rust, so cracked that fire showed every joint between the plates—he took a forked bay stick and stirred the bottom of a steaming kettle. Boldero sat on a box and awaited further orders. Presently Ghanda Singh poured from the kettle a great mess of vegetables into a tin basin, which he laid in Boldero's lap.

"There, boy." He brought an old tin spoon. "Fill your ee-stomach."

So saying, he went outdoors to pace up and down the path, and leave his guest in privacy. He had not long to wait. His mustard-yellow overcoat and pink turban passed hardly a dozen times through the morning mist, into which the cabin smoke poured and mingled, when Boldero called out to say his breakfast was gone.

"You have eat enough?" asked Ghanda Singh, entering.

"Great!" sighed Boldero, and warmed himself by the stove. "Thank ye."

"Good! Now I ask: Are you the boy?"

"What?"

"The right boy to come—not the wrong boy? How I do know. Talk."

A glance from soft Indian eyes told Boldero that proof was needed.

"I came a-traveling direct from Jimmy. He sent me yesterday afternoon."

Still those brown eyes betrayed a glimmer of doubt.

"You call him that? Who is he? Who are your Jimmy and you?"

Laying his tin basin empty on the floor Boldero declared his instructions.

"Mr. Weechurch, then; he wanted me to come get it. He's a deaf man who lives at the Black Door in the Wall, and wears a gold watch with a pig's head carved on it. He's keeping your war medals for you. I saw you leave them."

Ghanda Singh laughed a pantomime of a laugh and rubbed his slender hands thoughtfully above the steaming kettle.

"Good! What is it—the thing he wanted?"

"A picture," said Boldero, "of three cows."

The Sikh removed his kettle from the stove hole, threw in some billets of dry laurel and watched them burn, while curving flames reached up toward him and an odor like that of lemon peel mingled with the smoke in the room.

"All true," said he. Replacing the lid, he dragged from behind the stove a white-oak chopping block and sat down upon its spongy head. "You are the right messenger."

"Don't know about that; but Jimmy told me to come fetch him his picture."

Ghanda Singh stroked his brown cheeks.

"My master knows best," he admitted; then, with a smile at once crafty and gentle, a rare smile that bore out his words: "You and me," declared Ghanda Singh, "we are friends."

For a while they sat, with the stove and this agreement between them. Outside their cabin door a bluish light cleft the gorge; a tissue of vapor and sunshine; a veil of illusion beyond which the mountain spurs ran their long gray-green beaks down in parallel series toward the hidden plain.

"Have you got it?" asked Boldero, breaking a long silence.

"No," replied Ghanda Singh.

Huddled in his greatcoat, he sat warming his thin hands by the stove. His brown eyes dreamed of something far away. It seemed he might wait thus for hours, when, without changing look or posture, he began to think aloud.

"No. Ramdayal is bringing it here." He spoke as quietly as the crackle of the fire. "A long journey-going, those Three Cows. Some man he loot them from the great Peking Palace, how many years ago. A German soldier gave it to somebody for a bottle of beer. Then no more heard of it; maybe at Tientsin; maybe Wei-hai-wei—who knows? Then, long after, in Shanghai, a Russian sailor from aboard Askold sat up dead on a ricksha, all alone—dead, but very straight—in a snowstorm before morning light at Hongkew Bund. They never finding his coolie. Perhaps the Askold man dead of drink. But that coolie—I know how—he sold it to French barber for ten dollars and one bag Duck-Lily flour. The barber talked much. Stolen again. Gone!"

Ghanda Singh mused for a while, tucking folds in his pink cotton turban with neat, unconscious, feminine touches.

"Next a bank clerk, ee-Scotch; he hang it up in messroom of his chummery. One night, some boy dead, the picture gone. Always gone; always change the hands. Too long to tell." The Sikh sighed. "Too long; too many. Just now I heard that a man was carrying the Three Cows aboard one ship; a ship nobody coming landed from. No. But off that ship Ramdayal is bringing it to me, here."

The Sikh rose, went to the door and, leaning out, stared down the bushy hill track. His gaunt figure, against the bluish curtain of morning light, remained like a statue. His frowning eyes waited for Ramdayal to appear. Boldero felt a curious expectancy, a longing to know what man or what thing could be so late in arriving from the ends of the earth. Ghanda Singh, however, dropped one hand to signify that nobody was in view, and, without impatience, came lounging in to wait once more on the splintered cushion of the chopping block.

"Who's the man coming?" said Boldero.

"Ramdayal," sighed his quiet companion. "A brother of the Khalsa. He was to come yesterday, but he is late; quait late. Ramdayal and I, at home, we go together to the Akal Bungah, and there at one same time the priest taken for us the vessels from the Golden Ark. Ramdayal is my twin among the elect. You do not understand. No. It is too long; too many; too old. You are young man."

Boldero, if repulsed, never knew it.

"What'll we do," said he, trying again, "when your brother does come?"

Ghanda Singh studied the cabin rafters, which, through the smoke, leaned, broken apart, with fallen ends that bristled full of nails like claws wrenched loose.

"We must go then," he replied thoughtfully. "We must carry the picture home. Some man will stop us going if he can. We must run the faster than him, using more brain inside our heads. You, me, Ramdayal—we having more brain. He is a tall man, large nose, bad eyes; and three fingers gone off his right hand."

These words, uttered in soliloquy, made Boldero start up and look; for he recognized the mark of an old acquaintance.

"Middle fingers gone—that way?" Boldero held out his own right hand with only thumb and little finger displayed erect. "So?"

"Just so," agreed Ghanda Singh placidly. "Where was he?"

In a few words Boldero told how the two vagrants, Pill-Hop and Fingers, had attempted Jimmy's life one dismal evening by a river bank.

"Yes." The Sikh nodded, but continued to warm his hands without concern. "Fingers the Miner, that the name. He before tried to be a sailor; all talk, no work, no good at sea; now anything ashore, like that—miner, mutwallah, sore-nose. The kind they hire to lay dynamite in buildings and crowds, then running away, blow women and children to pieces. Pah!" The Sikh's face curled into a light-brown mask of scorn, then became placid again. "This country full of such, Gód knowing why they are not all in jailkhana! He is a corpse-eating dog, with the mange."

Nodding heartily, Boldero considered this information in the light of his own past; he recalled what Fingers the Miner had said while Jimmy sat by his fire among the willows:

"'He carries it round with him all the time.' Ghanda, your mangy dog thought Jimmy carried it. Was It the picture?"

Ghanda understood at once.

"I think so," said he. "They running ahead of the deer, then. Jimmy never saw this picture. Now they know that, they know better, and getting behind us, like cheetahs who are called in and hooded and put on again to the game. Oh, yes! They are coming down after us. Why Ramdayal is late."

Boldero became skeptical.

"Those three cows," said he, "must give a lot of milk among 'em."

"Yes; worth more than seven lakhs," returned Ghanda Singh. "The white color in the paint was grinded powder of pearl dust; the picture made by a queen; she die; she work one thousand years ago, in the lazy

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days when people made pretty thing to last and be good."

A noise outside the cabin disturbed their talk—a rush of leaves parting tumultuously. Ghanda Singh jumped and ran for the door, his carving knife again held so ready that Boldero made after him with a laurel club. They saw nothing but a gray streak that overshot the path, some wildcat or mountain lion slipping like quicksilver down along boughs into a leafy depth of manzanita and huckleberry. The beast, whatever it was, vanished. Again the mountain gorge yawned silent, a crease of rounded greenery among the hills.

They returned from viewing that deep solitude, and once more squatted by the stove to enjoy all the heat it could give, for a bitter, bone-chilling dampness breathed up the glen and filled their cabin. Ghanda Singh hugged his old army serge about him and shivered.

"Well, war is coming," he declared after a time, like a man who found mitigations in a rough life. "They say we shall have war."

"Who says that?"

"Many people," droned Ghanda Singh moodily. "A fat man with a white face – not a sahib—who sold beer and oil-tin fishes at the railroad near Corindapur; he was of some caste that hated English and Americans; his little crazy gods told him a great war is coming and all India jump out of bed to murder the sahibs overnight. His name I forgetting—Freundlich or Geib, like that; and he was quait mad. Inside his head the weather always hot; his face turn red as *kanka*, his mouth boiled when he spoke about something not worth two pice and a half. Yet madmen can tell you what is coming, Jack—not the whole, truly; the part. This one preached always war; great war—soon."

"You believe him?" asked Boldero to pass the time.

"I think he was paid to say," replied the Sikh more cheerfully; but he began brooding again and continued: "Maybe true. I think so after that ship did not land her passenger any up North. A trick."

"Where will his war come?" said Jack.

"Who knows," mourned the Indian. "I can see; I will go there. Maybe it falling on France, the first time."

"France?" echoed Boldero. He said no more, but fell to ruminating this bit of news.

The eastern wall of their cabin, downhill, was now sliced by upright lines of orange fire among the boarding. Sunrise had stolen down from the summits to pierce the cracks of the hovel and cut its bluish reek into planes and slats of quivering light. The doorway shone like red gold; and through its frame the two men beheld luminous fumes of mist rolling up where spur after mountain spur plowed a whole world to make ready for the sun, the Sower of Day. Birds began to sing. A cañon warbler lavished his melody as if he could go on forever.

Among laurel branches a highland blue jay perked his crest, twinkled his azure wings and sounded his impudent call: Grrink! Grrink!

Boldero and the Sikh watched him as he flew to another treetop.

The spray on which he lighted swung to rest; the bird remained motionless and silent; yet they seemed to hear the quiet beating of his wings continue in the morning stillness.

No, it was not wings beating: it was a pulse, or a light clapping of hands, weak and regular.

It was neither, but footsteps that raced up the path, and a panting like the panting of a dog.

The listeners jumped up just as a man stumbled over the threshold and pitched headlong between them. A little dark man in soiled khaki, he lay with his face on the floor and shook as though the violence of his breathing would rend him apart.

"Ramdayal!"

The runner turned limply over on his back, stared at them with hot glazed eyes. He was bareheaded, and much oily black hair, loosened from its knot, hung round his face.

"*Juldi ao!*" he gasped, and lifted one hand in a beckoning gesture. "Come quickly!"

The khaki round his armpits showed black with sweat; his throat was a smear of blood.

"——*'mara . . . kâm . . . hogia!*" The words came as from a bellows. "My work is finished!"

And he dropped flat again, with his face on the rotten floor boards.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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WHAT WE HAVE SEEN

(Continued from Page 19)

and converted to their own uses, and sometimes the graves have been rifled. The trees over the French dead have been destroyed, and those shading the German dead have been carefully preserved. Having done all this, the Germans trustfully reared an inscription confiding their graves to the sentiment of the French people. "*Nicht ärgern, nur wundern!*"

"The whole psychology of that people is in that inscription," said an eminent abbé.

For once, however, that psychology did not go wholly astray. When the French, following the German retreat, came into possession of the cemetery, they justified at once both the enemy's faith and their own high traditional sense of fitness. Not a grave had been violated, not a border trampled, not a wreath deposed—but every one of the pretentious stones lay flat on the ground and across the arrogant monument was written: "Frenchmen! Do not leave this place without visiting the German trenches, furnished with your pictures, your pianos, your household goods!"

All day long that cemetery haunted one—the German with his poetry, his songs, his wreath of flowers, his tenderness for his dead, and his childlike trust in virtues not his own. It was a fortune to have come upon it early; it was the other half needed to round out the picture. For what lay beyond was wholly ruthless.

It was perhaps the worse for coming to it out of miles of blossoming promise. There are fifty kilometers of recovered territory—or were; it is daily being added to—and one phrase will cover it all—the abomination of desolation.

For three years the German has been wounding and killing Frenchmen; now it is France—the land itself—he is killing and wounding. And it is so, I think, that Frenchmen feel it. Ravished towns, ruined homes, are bad enough; but there is something in the destruction of this organic life, in the bruising and martyrizing of the soil that produces it, and the poisoning of the water sources that nourish, that is even worse. Whether it was that memory of the fruitful blossoming behind us, I do not know, but in it all nothing quite took me by the throat like the rows of little assassinated fruit trees with their throats cut. These were the hastily murdered victims whom there was no time properly to lay low; they seemed to express the last and worst of malice. Farther on were the armies of the fallen, dead-tree life stretching as far as the eye stretched, avenues of magnificent shade trees cut down—the famous state trees of France, which border her highroads and which not a generation can replace.

Perhaps the acme of desolation was best viewed from the hunting lodge of Eitel Friedrich. Eitel Friedrich is evidently a lover of natural beauty. The lodge is placed to overlook a noble sweep of valley and rolling magnificence of hills, and outside on its terrace are the curving table and seats, where in the cool shade he doubtless drank in his beer and all the beauty together. Those fields now were carpeted with the emerald of young springing corn, and against that brilliant background, tossed everywhere, like withered flowers, lay the uprooted thousands of France's trees, the dead living wealth of France, the ravished beauty and comfortable hope of France. Had Zimri peace, who slew his master? Does Eitel Friedrich sleep well of nights, I wonder, or does he dream dreams?

But a step away from Eitel Friedrich's pleasure house among the fallen trees there fell something yet more precious—one of our gallant Lafayette Squadron fighting for France. McConnell's grave, covered with flowers and guarded by his own mitrailleuse and the two flags he honored, could not be more nobly placed; all passing troops salute it. He was of the early noble brotherhood who earned, with Seeger, "that rare privilege of dying well."

Deeper than any sense of the cruelty of this effort to destroy not only the present

(Continued on Page 101)

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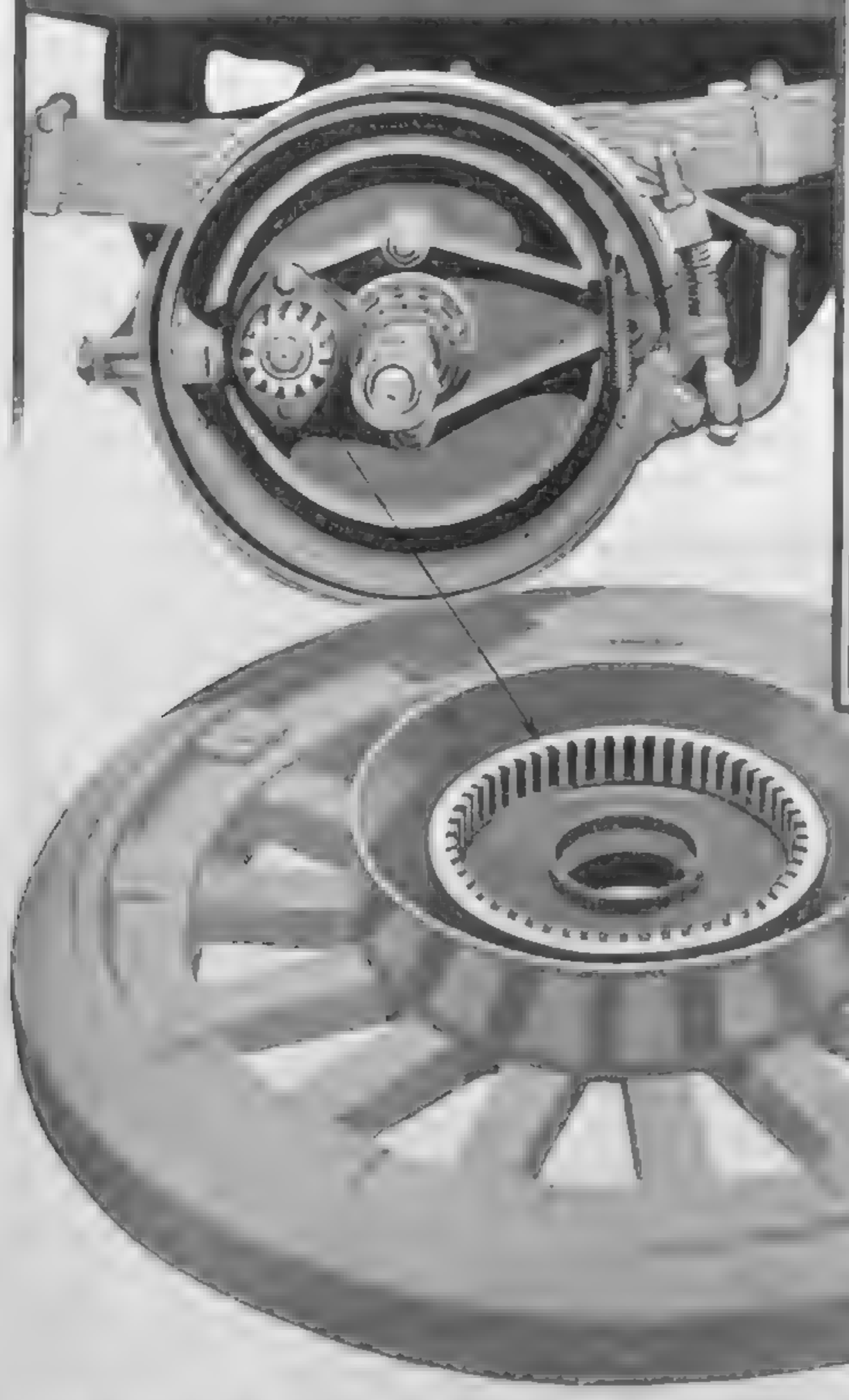

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(Continued from Page 98)

but the future, to render the earth incapable of yielding and France of competing, for years to come—deeper far was the sense of that for which the Anglo-Saxon mind, in its indignant and contemptuous reaction, can find expression only in the simplest phrases of the sportsman's code: It is not war! It is not cricket!—this deliberate cheat in the brutal but open game of warfare. It is crippling the overthrown adversary; picking the pockets of the man whose home you have laid waste, whose children enslaved; it is the last, the meanest injury, which will be the last forgotten.

But those who tore up and cut down everything overlooked one thing they cannot root up or cut down—the will to live which has made France unconquerable and will make her also imperishable. Already the wounded earth is sown again, already the cut throats have been bound up, everywhere the crown-grafting of the mutilated stumps is going on. One might call this rebirth, this fortitude of labor, touching, but that there is something in France which forbids all such expressions; you cannot pity what is so sublime.

After the country, the towns. Much has been written of this destruction, and I pass all the flooded and mined land, the craters covering whole squares, the ruined roads and bridges, with the single observation that it is the littlest things which are most impressive; it is the infernal thoroughness of the work; it is the miles and miles of torn-up sleepers and rails and wires, twisted as if giant hands had played with them; the destroyed trolleys; the splintered telegraph poles; the bending, the breaking, the smashing. It did not seem that there could be men enough in any army to carry out such finished destruction as this. But why should an American waste time trying to describe it? It has been done once for all by an eminent German journalist in the Vorwärts:

All is destroyed. There no longer exist routes or paths or bridges. There are no longer any trees or hedges or plants. The fields and the pastures have been blown up and made shapeless. There are no villages, no houses, no cellars; no shelter of any sort whatever. There is no longer a single spring or fountain; all human works, all cables, all electric wires, all rails, every railway station is annihilated. It is literally a kingdom of death. It is very fortunate that we are making war in the enemy's country. Our chiefs have thereby a free hand.

Chauny may be said to be a show place among the ruins; it is a masterpiece of the absolute in destruction. Here again it is the little thing that drives home the great. Walking along the earthquaked ruins, there was something that chilled one in studying their composition. They included, with the fabric of all houses, such things as fragments of a lace curtain, of a child's toy, of a woman's apron, of pretty much everything that is put into houses, all in one vast *mélange*. And yet there was never anything more than a fragment; all that was whole and worth while was carried bodily away. They were five days looting Chauny—days during which the population was herded in the cellars of a few houses left standing on the outskirts for the purpose. They still stand. At the end of the five days they were again herded forth, to look upon what had been their city.

Birds Sing Amidst Gunfire

Flavy le Martel is another impressive ruin. The glassworks, which had been so important and rich an industry, are torn up and twisted as only tornadoes tear and twist in America; and, as if their dying act had been to perpetuate another infamy, these ruins stand up in a monumental silhouette that perfectly imitates a sinking ship.

Up back of the ruined Cathedral of Chauny, in whose still standing transept a soldier was kneeling before the crucifix, while against a window, high up, a quilt, hung against the rain, took on the quality of a magnificent faded banner—up back of that cathedral is a garden where the Germans had overlooked one especially noble tree, and a few little flowers bloomed obscurely. Here, in the rain, birds were singing, and between their notes at intervals came the far dim booming of the guns. What this war means to earth can be judged when I say that to-day in France the sound of guns is a better sound than the song of birds—more welcome; for they are, we hope, the guns of our defense.

A portion of our journey to Compiègne had been fortunately made in the company of a very noble type of Frenchwoman, the Marquise d'E., the niece of the mayor of Noyon and wife of the mayor of another of the invaded towns. Her husband had remained at his post of duty when the women of the family escaped before the invasion; he had been deported, and for eighteen months his wife had been without a word of him. Her three sons were fighting in Champagne and at Saloniki. She was good enough to invite us to her house at Noyon, and there we later found her. The Germans had taken from her literally everything. And again it was the minuteness of their methods that impressed. All her linen, for instance, had been packed in bundles and exported. She regretted that useful linen. That they should have taken her husband's wardrobe was understandable, said this temperately speaking gentlewoman. Even a German might need a shirt, one comprehended, but they had taken table linen, house linen—everything.

A Town Without Knives or Forks

So complete was their work that when, on leaving, we asked what Noyon—the center of concentration for ten villages—and the surrounding countryside most lacked, after two months of liberation, of the most immediately necessary—that we might take back word to Americans in Paris—her reply was:

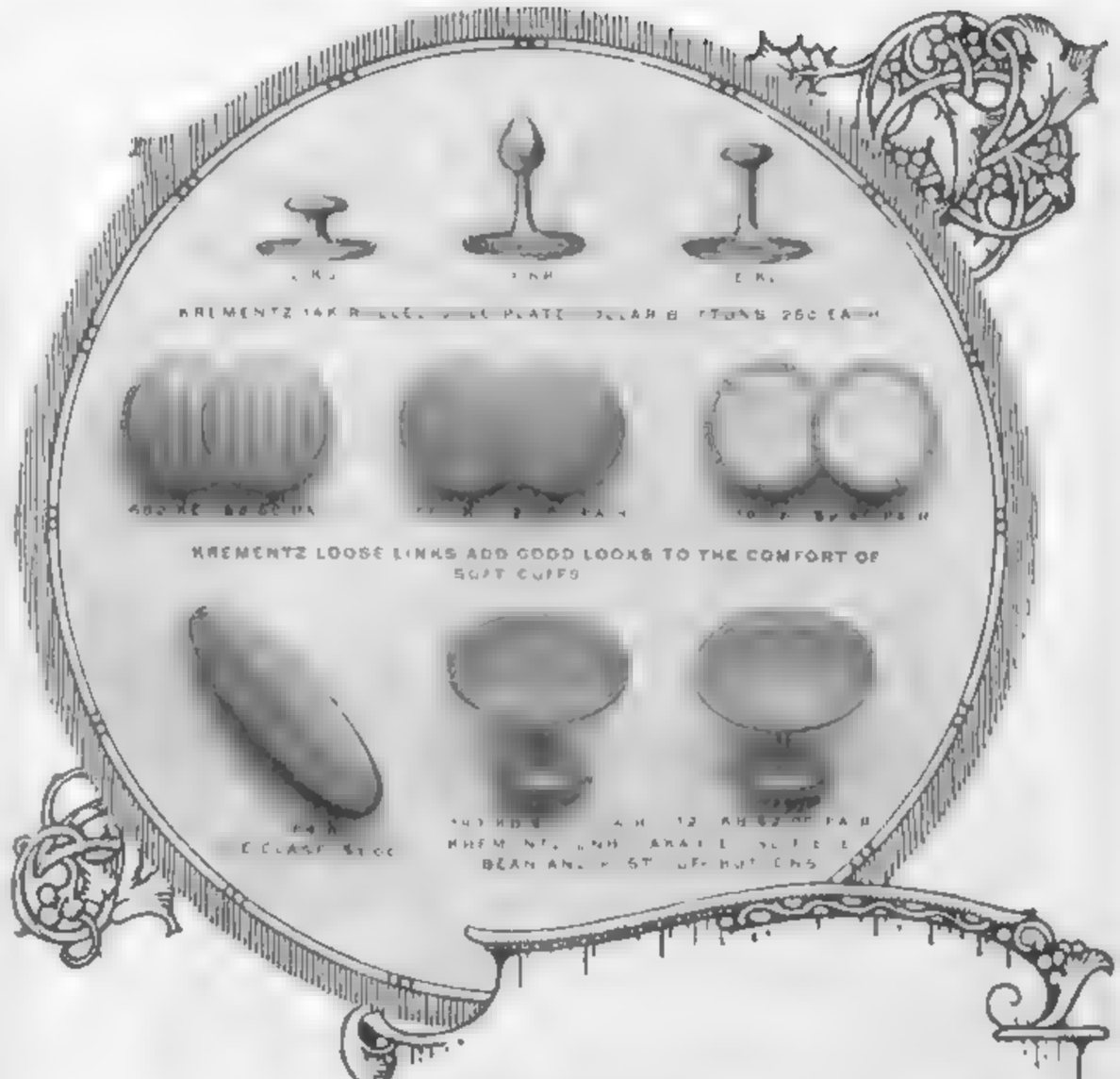
"At this moment our crying need is for knives and forks. There is hardly a knife or fork in Noyon; and the villages are yet worse off. These, and a few tins to cook with, a few plates and a few glasses"

But at first she demurred at naming the lack. Miracles had already been done by the Americans, she said, and, best of all, done so swiftly. In these times, "who gave swiftly gave not twice but a hundredfold." To ask anything further seemed to her indelicate. Americans, was our reply, had at that moment no other reason or justification for existing in France than to help France; if Noyon lacked anything they had or could get, Noyon had but to ask. This was so true, it is a satisfaction to record, that within forty-eight hours Mr. Beatty, of the American Relief Clearing House, still doing things quickly, was himself motoring those knives and forks to Noyon.

To steal linen and knives and forks, after stealing young girls, may seem an offense too trivial to mention. But those who will stop to think what it means to strip a country systematically, even to its knives and forks, after you have ravished its women, deported its men and laid waste its fertility, will have a better understanding of that singular psychology which makes the larger transgression possible. It is sometimes, also, by reducing the too great to terms of the extremely simple that we can best grasp it; housewives of America who will visualize the feeding of a whole population without the simplest utensils, the nourishing of a depleted people without dishes to warm food or plates to put it on, will understand something of the problems of hardship, extending to every department of life, against which the invaded regions have to fight.

Rescue work had been rushed from the beginning, and none had been swifter than the Americans. They had come with beds and bedding, food and clothing, a thousand things of prime necessity. But in the enormous need, not everything could be thought of at once. You cannot reconstruct an entire civilization with the turning of the hand, and the Germans had swept the previous one as completely from the face of the earth as if the centuried dust of the Roman Forum had buried it. Noyon alone had been left, an empty shell, for the concentration of many populations—and probably also as a screen for the evacuation which went on behind it. At the last the French advance, by its rapidity, forbade destruction. But nothing portable was left in Noyon.

The Marquise, always with the same quietude, narrated to us the incidents of the German occupation; where the Germans found a buried gun they replaced it by a grenade, so that it was only by a miracle if the returning owners did not become victims of this strategy. Everywhere pitfalls and traps—after ruin. But worse than all material destruction was the destruction of the human material. The German rule of the occupied territory can be conveyed only by borrowing Mr. Brand Whitlock's



"Krementz Plate"

—a *necessary* identification

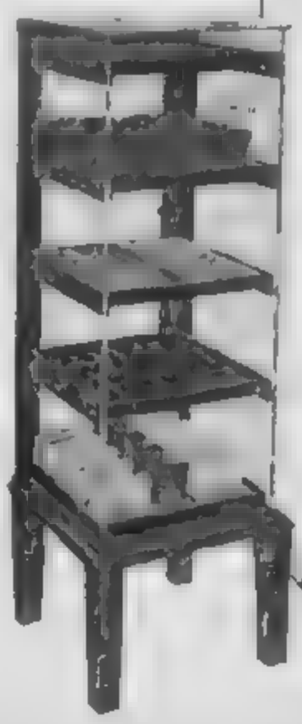
Without the words "Krementz Plate" stamped on the back of each piece of Krementz jewelry, neither dealers nor wearers could distinguish it from solid 14 Kt. gold and platinum jewelry. Years of wear would not show the difference—Krementz jewelry wears a lifetime.

In fact, *all* exposed parts of Krementz plate jewelry are either solid 14Kt. gold or platinum—the same as in *solid* 14Kt. gold and platinum jewelry—*only* Krementz plate jewelry is stronger, owing to the gold and platinum being reinforced with a base metal center.

Krementz jewelry is made in the most fashionable designs and in every correct finish. It is of such high quality, is made by such a superior process, that dealers sell it under this guarantee:

If damaged from *any* cause at *any* time, any dealer anywhere, or we, will replace it free.

Your dealer keeps his assortment of Krementz designs in a Krementz case to aid you in making your selection. Our new catalog of correct jewelry designs has a complete dress chart telling what to wear for all occasions. Send a postal for a copy.



KREMENTZ & COMPANY

Dept. D, Newark, N. J.

What Does Your Spare Time Cost?

IF YOU will take a pencil and figure out what becomes of your days, they probably divide themselves roughly like this:

Work . . .	9 hours
Sleep . . .	8 hours
Meals . . .	2 hours
Recreation .	3 hours
Total . .	22 hours

BUT what becomes of the other two hours?

Usually they cost you money. They are *spending* hours—worse than wasted.

There are several thousands of men and women who make these two hours *earning* hours. To them, an odd hour means a dollar earned. Their spare-time profits make possible vacation-trips, an automobile, or even a home in the country. And despite high prices, their family incomes, instead of shrinking, *grow!*

If you want to join these spare-time money-makers, who find their out-door work in the interests of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* so pleasant as well as profitable, a word of inquiry will bring you complete details of the offer without placing you under any obligation whatever.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
883 Independence Square, Philadelphia

Gentlemen—Please send me details of your money-making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Clip or tear out this coupon and mail it today!

words concerning the same thing in Belgium—that it is "enough to make one despair of the future." The deportation of young girls; the enforced labor of men, women and children; the iron regulations; the excessive toil—from four to eight, with brief respites—the penalties—imprisonment and bread and water, with flogging of children—the petty tyranny, the robbery, the brutality—these things must be heard on the spot, and heard thus calmly stated, for the human mind to be able to take them in. When at parting a single halting word of personal sympathy could not be forborne, we were quietly begged to remember that our hostess considered herself "one of the very most fortunate of all."

Such to-day are the women of France. But the composure of the French people in its totality, the *poilus* and the civil population, is a thing unique; there is something frightening in it. There is also something contagious. As you live on in France it grows harder and harder to speak or write of the things that are absorbing everybody's whole attention. This is not apathy—it is an inner concentration on an end. Words kill no Germans, we have found, and the German has himself reduced the whole present duty of civilized man to that one tragic necessity.

If nothing but killing can save the whole planet from becoming one vast *pays dévasté*, ruled over by the brutality of Prussian militarism, evidently the stern business must go on, without passion, without malice, until we have killed the necessary number. Not because they are Germans, but because they are momentarily the enemies of humanity. I said it was impossible to pity France, but it is very possible to pity Germany. Pity, however, has nothing to do with desperate necessity of the moment. Mankind is fighting for freedom; the two ultimate things are engaged!

Probably there is not a woman in France to-day, however gentle, who would not go willingly into the trenches and take her share in the killing of that which threatens all motherhood, all womanhood, all childhood—yet all the time with a great pity in her heart. Certainly women at all noble-minded would rather go into the trenches than stay behind and incite others to go—our present harder task. Some of us are driven to envying our brave Russian sisters. But hard or easy matters nothing now—we are all alike convinced that it is better that not only the German race but the entire human race should disappear from the planet in a final affirmation of man's will to freedom than to drag on in Prussian chains.

Those who think otherwise are those who have not looked on at that Prussian system at work and who lack imagination to conceive it. They have not seen the people of the liberated regions arrive in groups, dumb and terrible, like hunted animals, almost dehumanized by misery. Of mothers whose young daughters have been torn from them, the tongue lacks language to speak. One wonders, as one listens, that there is a woman left sane where the German Army has passed.

The War Scars of the Women

And here let me say, if after this war the women of the world are not heard from, then is all prophecy vain. We hear—hear endlessly—of the valor and the sufferings of the men, and neither can be overstated; but the agonies and valor of the women cannot be stated—until the war is over. Then some one woman or all womankind will bring in the indictment which the war is silently maturing in the dumb souls of millions of women. The men of the world are preparing to settle that world presently, round a table, by themselves, as they have settled the world down all the ages. Never in that world were the men of the world so loved, so admired, so nearly idolized by its women as they are at this moment; we can hardly look on them unmoved, so ennobled do they seem to us by their sacrifices, by their devotion to something besides ourselves.

Yet if the men think they are going to settle the world quite by themselves after this war, surprises are in store for them. War, which has cost them much, has cost woman infinitely more. For every broken man's life there are at least two broken hearts of women; for every mutilated soldier there is a woman who has suffered worse than mutilation. And there is this difference between his wounds and hers his will heal and the scars remain his glory; even her scars must be concealed, and her cross of war is not given as a decoration—she has been nailed to it bodily and carries the stigmata in her soul. No woman can forget.

It is the secret knowledge of these things carried by each man in his heart that makes the Frenchman now look on the German as he does—as something no longer of human brotherhood—and makes him smile a little bitterly at our innocence, as he regards it, of the German nature. It is not for us to flaunt a superior virtue here—for us who have seen nothing, suffered nothing. For three years the Frenchman has been studying that nature at close hand, in its every brutal and lawless exhibition. We at most have read—and doubtingly—of these things; he has felt them in the flesh dearest to him.

There is no need to exaggerate. Only a fool imagines all the atrocities in this war will have been German atrocities; war begets atrocities in the atrocious exactly as peace does; but the atrocious system is a Prussian product—"made in Germany."

And here I should speak of another singular feature displayed by the German character in this war, which rarely is spoken of, though widely known, because it can only be decently hinted at. Nevertheless, it ought to be spoken of, for it lends further color to the most hopeful view we can take of Germany's case to-day—that there is in it something profoundly pathological. Wherever the German has been he has left a trail of filth. Nothing has more deeply impressed the French mind than the exhibition of this trait.

Settling Freedom's Fate

And the French are very calm observers. It is never anywhere the usual costs of war they dwell on; such things are mentioned with a "But that perhaps was considered a military virtue—or necessity," and they seize with apparent relief upon an act of chivalry: The humane surgeon; the soldier shedding tears as he fulfills a hard order—which yet he always fulfills; the officer who shoots down his own trooper found committing violence. These things are gratefully recorded. But over and over the French mind returns to its marvel at the extra-barbarous and the super-unclean In all that, so universally corroborated, there seems something not sane.

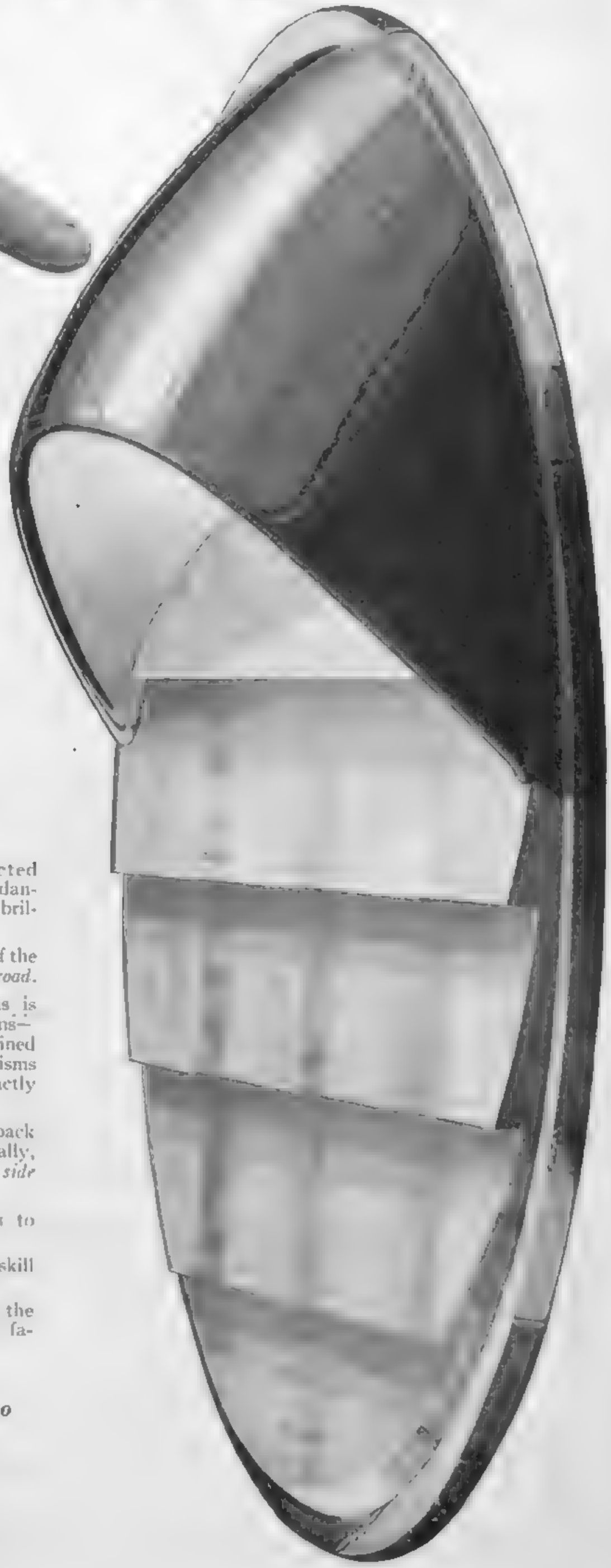
Such as it exists—brutal, unclean, rapacious, and cruel beyond words—the Prussian military system, with all it implies, asks and has asked for three years nothing but opportunity to be applied also to America—with the ready coöperation of whatever we have of unassimilated Prussian in our midst. Nothing through these three long years has stood between us and it but England's navy and the glorious army of France and her allies. American women, American children, have been sheltered beneath the folds of the allied flags.

This would be reason enough, were there no other, for calling our own armies and enlisting our youth. American men can no longer stand by while the men, the youths, the mere boys of other nations defend their women, their children, their flag. But it is far and beyond all this. American women and children—America itself—are but side issues of the greater matter now; we have long passed beyond the question of saving any country or any group of countries. The fight now is for world-wide things, for the entire human race, for the planet itself—which will not be worth living on if Germany wins. Life without freedom—who would consent to live it?

The fate of the far plains of Missouri and Kansas, of the little mining towns of Montana, of the charmed coast of California, of all the stately chain of our great cities—is linked absolutely with that of the ruined territory, the *pays dévasté* of France. If we save the one we save the other; if either is lost both are lost. The fate of Germany no less; we are fighting no unbrotherly war.

(Concluded on Page 105)

Macbeth Lens



QUALIFY IN NEW YORK

No matter what [illegible] use on, our Macbeth Lenses to at once the exact change of light required by different state laws. Macbeth Lenses comply with the new lighting laws of New York State effective August first.

Why Is This Green Visor Lens The Most Expensive?

When you see a car equipped with Macbeth lenses you recognize the owner as one who does *not* risk inferiority.

Your safety, and that of others on the road at night, is too vital to be trusted to makeshift or nondescript lenses.

It makes no difference what *make* of car you drive, safety at night depends upon the efficiency of the *lights*. Plain window glass, or even plate glass, in your headlights does *not* help, but, if anything, hinders the light, creates a glaring menace and conflicts with the law.

Why not put the lenses that utilize *all* the light most effectively, give the highest degree of safety and comply with laws on *your* car?

Macbeth lenses are made by lens *experts*, based upon forty years of all kinds of lens experience.

All upward rays are redirected *down*, avoiding wasted light and dangerous glare and increasing the brilliancy *on the road*.

They concentrate light in front of the car and make a *long* light *on the road*.

The front surface of the lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with *scientific accuracy*. These prisms redirect the rays of light at exactly the correct angle.

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally, thus providing the very essential *side lighting* for turning corners.

It requires seventy-two hours to build one Macbeth lens.

What other lens receives such skill and care?

No other lens is backed by the same world-wide lens experience, facilities and resources.

Price per pair $5—Ford Special $4

Denver and West $5.50—Ford Special $4.50—Canada $6—Ford Special $4.80

Macbeth lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco; St. Louis.

Rinex Soles

RINEX SOLES are a forward step in the shoe industry. They set a new standard. The Rinex name is an indelible mark of progress.

With your first pair of Rinex Soles you are taking a forward step in shoe-wearing. You are setting for yourself new standards of comfort and economy. Never again will you be satisfied with less than Rinex flexibility and ease; never will you put up with unknown quality or uncertain wear.

It is idle to compare Rinex with leather. Rinex is not like leather nor rubber nor any other substance under the sun. It is a wonderfully tough, fibrous material, created in the laboratories of the world's largest rubber manufacturer in order to give to the world a new and better sole for shoes. Rinex is Rinex. It is flexible, easy and comfortable even when brand-new. Its resiliency adds life and spring to the step and lessens wear. It does not absorb moisture; it protects your feet from dampness. It is good-looking as any sole can be.

When you buy new shoes ask for Rinex Soles. Whatever price you pay, Rinex Soles will be an economy because your shoes will wear longer without resoling. And they will give you greater comfort all the time.

When you have shoes resoled, ask for Rinex. Shoe repair men are glad to use Rinex Soles because they make a good-looking job and are certain to give long service. In all cases, look for the name "Rinex Sole" stamped on the shank in plain letters. It is the mark of this great manufacturing company to identify for you the genuine and point to known quality.

Rinex Soles are made in white, black, tan and oak. The new oak color gives the exact appearance of oak-tanned sole leather

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department, 1790 Broadway, New York

60 High Street, Boston

(Concluded from Page 102)

During the difficult years of our neutrality there were some of us who always maintained that our greatest sin in that neutrality was against Germany—whom it encouraged.

The greatest benefaction of our intervention is toward Germany, whom we shall either help to save herself or save in spite of herself—unless Germany and Prussia are inextricably one.

Twenty-five years ago they were two; the Germans then made the same distinction we Americans still fondly make. In Bavaria the Prussian was almost as unpopular as he is to-day outside of Germany. There were two current sayings at that time concerning the then young emperor—or two variants of one saying—quoted with equal zest:

"The Kaiser is wise; God is wiser. But the Kaiser is still young!" "God knows all things; but the Kaiser knows all things better!"

And that the character of the Prussian has long been familiar to his neighbors is embalmed in a charming Luxemburg folk tale, known to every Luxemburg child, and lately reprinted in the Matin by that graceful writer, Louis Forest:

"The good God was walking when he saw a man seated by the wayside, weeping bitterly.

"'Why do you weep?' asked the good God.

"'Why do I weep? I weep because I am a Prussian.'

"Then the good God sat down beside the man and began to weep with him."

The wisdom of the earth is in its folklore and its sayings. If we add together the Bavarian reading of the Kaiser's character and the Luxemburg reading of the Prussian's, we shall have no inconsiderable sum of knowledge concerning the German Frankenstein of to-day—no less a menace to the race that has created it than to the victims of its monstrous force.

For Germany cannot destroy France: France and the whole world will prevent that. She cannot destroy and dominate the whole world: France, England, Russia, Italy, we ourselves shall see to that. But it remains to be seen whether the whole world can prevent Germany from destroying Germany.

BUSINESS IS VERY GOOD, THANK YOU

(Continued from Page 8)

business is the manufacture and sale of fine jewelry and plated ware, reported an increased profit over last year of twenty-two thousand pounds, or about one hundred thousand dollars. Hope Brothers, a well-known men's-wear house, in spite of a falling off in the demand for civilian clothing and an enormous rise in the cost of raw materials, were able to announce at their annual meeting a slight increase in the net profit. John Barker & Co., an old-established Kensington department store, announced to the stockholders recently that the volume of business in 1916 was the largest in the history of the company. Dickens & Jones, another dry-goods house, at their seventeenth annual meeting, held recently, reported an increased profit over the preceding year amounting to twenty-four thousand pounds, or over one hundred thousand dollars.

A clipping from a London newspaper of June 23, 1917, tells the story of how the English public is buying during the war. Here it is:

"BARGAIN QUEUES

"RUSH OF WOMEN TO BUY IN THE WEST END

"An army of bargain hunters invaded the West End to-day when the summer sales began.

"Many establishments were besieged by crowds of eager women.

"In one case the rush was so great that reënforcements of police had to be sent for to maintain order.

"FIVE-ABREAST QUEUES

"The ladies waiting for the doors to open were then formed up, five and six abreast, in two long queues.

"The new regulations restricting the postage of sale catalogues forbade this method of calling the women of England to the fray, but the sale advertisements in the daily papers had given the great emporiums more customers than they could well deal with.

"From the West End to the farthest suburbs there was the most astonishing display of bargains, and unlimited evidence of undiminished spending power.

"THE MAGNETIC WEST

"Regent-street and Oxford-street, High-street, Kensington, and Knightsbridge, Westbourne-grove and Kilburn, Upper-street and Holloway-road, were equally thronged; and everywhere the ladies displayed that will-to-win on which we are told the issue of the other and greater war depends."

I have paid so very much attention, since arriving, to the subject of merchandising that I feel an audacious inclination to make a few observations of my own. Mr. Selfridge, you will remember, said that this was the time to work hard—and intelligently. One way in which he has done this latter is to take out the department of draperies in the basement—this being a commodity that has gone down in sales—and install a department of cheap groceries. He keeps the prices so low that he is obliged to require customers to carry away with them their own purchases.

As another example of intelligent management, he got a few of the newspapers to push their editorials over near the left side of the sheet, and allow him a column of precious space on this most important page. In the advertisement he runs here he discusses everything on earth. The column has become so much a feature of London home life that smart ladies beg him for a mention in it of their charities. One of the articles recently was signed by Ellen Terry and was about a fête she was to give for babies.

He loans his store for exhibitions. Lady Pearson, who was calling on him when I arrived, has given an exhibition of paintings there, the proceeds of which went to St. Dunstan's Hospital for Soldiers Blinded in the War. In such ways can one make one's store a distinct feature of the town—even of London town, the biggest in the world, and at present at war.

Mr. Selfridge spoke of the enormous expense of the trifles necessary to carry on the work of the store. String, of which nobody thought at one time, he mentioned especially as a serious item now. Yet in a department of his store I saw a girl cut off and throw away a good yard from the package she wrapped. In America some of the smaller merchants might perhaps be able to watch such details. Your difficulty may not be the same as Mr. Selfridge's; but, all the same, it is just as well in storekeeping as in housekeeping, I fancy, to watch out for the leaks. Mr. Selfridge is now having scratch pads made from waste paper that has been used on one side for typewriting.

Another point the merchant takes so much as a matter of fact that Mr. Selfridge did not dwell on it to any extent. I made up my mind to speak of it in this article several days ago; and when I went over to the store on an errand this morning, one of the head men of the business said he was about to call me up to emphasize this item. He said: "Tell American merchants to begin now to train girls to take men's places."

Two thousand of my sex are working in this one shop in London in positions once filled by men, and they are doing their task so well that the business is in no way handicapped. We do not know how long this cruel war is going to last or how many of our fine American boys are going to be called upon to fight it; and the farsighted merchant will take advantage, I think, of the experience of English tradesmen in substituting female help.

These storekeepers in London had to grab the women and put them to work without training. The American merchant has time to get some trained before our men are called.

Girls from the stores are so successful that they are now just about to go in numbers to the Front to take the places of

SUNLIGHT AT NIGHT!

1000 Uses

"Burns" at One-Fifth the Cost of Ordinary Flashlights

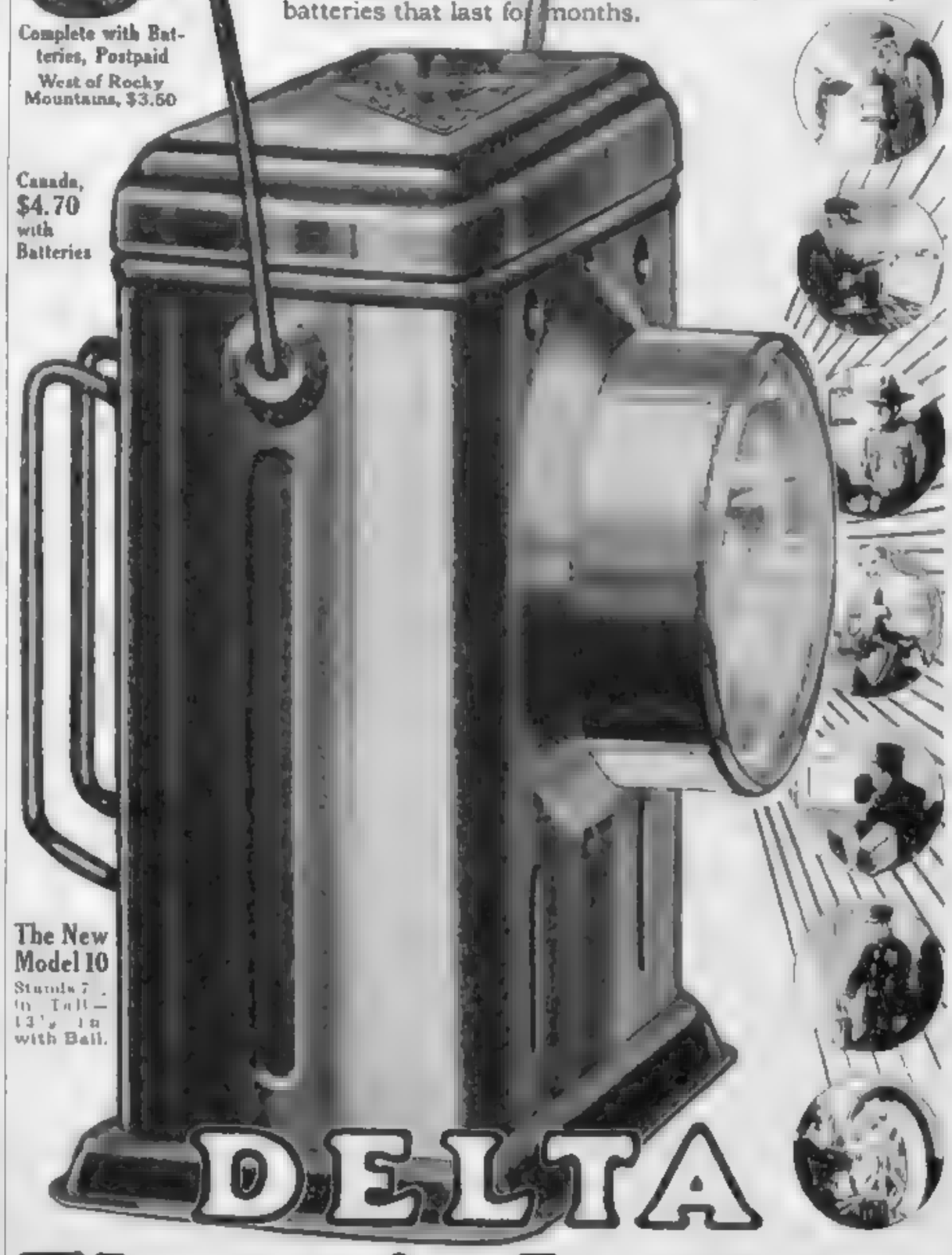
$3.25

This great Delta Electric Lantern showers electric light! The silver-plated reflector throws uniform light hundreds of feet over fields, warehouse floors, basements, etc. Great spread of light all around.

Steady burning! Uses two ordinary No. 6 dry batteries that last for months.

Complete with Batteries, Postpaid West of Rocky Mountains, $3.50

Canada, $4.70 with Batteries



The New Model 10

Stands 7 in. to Tail—13½ in. with Bail.

DELTA Electric Lantern

Used by

Plumbers
Electricians
Storekeepers
Garage Owners
Firemen
Fishermen
Housekeepers
Autoists
Physicians
Photographers
Farmers
Deliverymen
Watchmen
Railroad Men
Inspectors
Bank Employees
Army Men
Gardeners
Hunters
Mechanics
Messengers

A big beauty! Finished in baked Red Enamel, trimmed in nickel—producing a striking effect. Built for hard service—to last for years. Flanged base prevents upsetting. Tall handle fits over your arm—back handles fit your hand. All fold against lantern, out of the way.

See Your Dealer Today—Or Send Price

Retail dealers everywhere sell the Delta Electric Lantern and other portable electric lights. If unable to find them remit $3.25 to us and lantern will be sent postpaid, with batteries.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO. MARION, INDIANA (Address Dept. A)

Branch Sales Offices: New York—Chicago—San Francisco—Winnipeg—Toronto

Manufacturers of Portable Night Lights

Automobile Spotlights
Bicycle Lighting Systems
Ford Windshield Spotlights
Flashlights
Boat Lamps
Buggy Lamps
Hand Lamps
Hand Lanterns

All "Burn" Electricity—Ask for Circular

Goblin Soap
of dirt and the stains of play - quickly and effectively in any kind of water hard, soft, hot, cold
Requires very little rubbing - Goblin is a wonder-worker for young or old
5¢
Goblin
For Toilet and Bath
Relieve your foot troubles with a
Wizard
Misplaced bones cause most foot troubles. Fallen arches cause pain in feet, legs, thighs, and back. Lowered bones pressing on the sole cause callouses. Misaligned bones cause run-over heels. The Wizard adjustable
Callous Remover
Arch Builder
Heel Leveler
give instant relief by supporting misplaced bones in normal position, with soft inserts in overlapping pockets. Any adjustment needed easily made. Inserts are soft, flexible, comfortable and feel fine. No breaking in. Each device made separate of combined for cases with more than one trouble. For sale by shoe dealers. If not by
Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot." A simple treatise on foot troubles. Free.
Wizard Foot Appliance Co.
1694 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and
& Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

orderlies and clerks, who will thereby be released to fight. Mr. Selfridge, in engaging girls, gave the preference to the families of his men who enlisted.

In my wanderings through the various department stores I became thoroughly convinced of one thing: It is that there will not be any trouble about getting customers if only you have your goods to sell to them. From the notion counter to pianos I heard the same story. The head of a music department asked me earnestly about talking machines and said he could not keep one in the house five minutes. He would place an order in America for two hundred and get six. "Every Tommy who comes home, you know, takes a talking machine back with him if he can possibly get it."

The only industries that have apparently declined are the expensive dressmaking and the millinery. I went round to the smart shops I used to know on Bond and Regent Streets, and before getting to them I feared I should find them no more. Not one of these, however, was gone.

"Tell me, how are you putting it over?" I demanded.

They invariably laughed triumphantly and made practically the same reply. They were making as much as before. For one dress of the kind they made several years ago they now had to produce two or three. Ah, yes; there was more work to be done for one's income, but the income was possible to make. And as for one's superior art and skill, one had to give it—to present it on a silver salver to one's customers. You could now get an artist's costume for what you could once barely get something from a department store. One must now donate one's precious individual skill; but, at least, one does not starve—or leave the future unprovided for. Oh, yes; one even has to take on side lines to piece out this income. Artists in hats now extend their field of production to lingerie and blouses at moderate prices.

The Slogan of Moderate Prices

At moderate prices—that is the slogan. Everyone warns us to cut down our higher-priced goods and to play up our cheaper ones. The rich over here are feeling poor, the poor rich. The affluent earl, whose great house fronts on St. James' Park, has had his income of one hundred thousand pounds sterling reduced by war taxes to perhaps seventy-five thousand a year. The remaining twenty-five thousand has been distributed by the government in the shape of payments for wages to workmen in a thousand towns and hamlets throughout the British Isles. Where before the war the earl lavished a thousand pounds on an oil painting or a blooded race horse, to-day a thousand men and girls in munition factories each lay out a pound of that very money on wearing apparel or articles for the home; and they are for the first time experiencing the joy of spending.

Of course there is the little perfumery shop with the description of which I opened this article. But it is only one shop, and there is indeed enough concentrated wealth left in London to support a few of these. Besides, even that little store carries its goods of lower price and springs them on the customer who flinches at the higher sum first named.

Then, too, I have another little secret to transmit to you: People are getting into the habit of spending certain sums. Two shillings sixpence—about sixty cents—is a favorite price for cold cream. The maker of one of the most expensive kinds in London, which once retailed for one pound a box, now puts up his cream in tiny quantities and sells it for two-and-six, which is a proportionately higher price than before the war. The present-day London woman may be willing to spend only so small a sum; but though she wants the same high quality, she is content to take a smaller quantity of merchandise than she got for the same money before the war. As human nature is pretty much the same the world over, American merchants will probably be able to avail themselves of this characteristic.

One of the things about which I am told there was a good deal of unnecessary anxiety on the part of English dealers in high-class expensive articles was that their commodities would not be used, and that their equipment and plant, therefore, would be of no use. People tell me that this has in scarcely a single instance been the case. Silk stockings may no longer be in so great demand as in peacetime, but the same looms that made them can turn out high-grade cotton stockings as well. And more people in England are wearing high-grade cotton stockings than ever before.

Pianos are selling. There is an incident the head of a department tells me about a laborer's family, who, in their new access of sufficiency, have bought two pianos and three talking machines. But, even if the old models of pianos did not sell, the machinery and skill that make them can be put at work manufacturing pianos for the Front. A new petite model has recently sprung into being, which has been designed especially for the army. One regiment has seven of them. The piano is so tiny that a Tommy can carry it along with him when he moves forward to take a trench. In the long dreary evenings he sets it on two exploded shells, or perhaps holds it in his lap, and one of the many gifted men of his company plays tunes on it to which the men can sing.

Only to-day a manufacturer of automobiles told me that his company had an order from the government to make two hundred new aeroplane motors. Men's furnishing shops have, in a way, been hard hit, but have now regained their poise and are making the trappings and accessories for uniforms. There are gifts to be presented by the girl the soldier leaves behind him. He is going to the Front and she gives him something, just as in the old days she used to make him a present when he went away across seas on a long business trip. Now she gives him a belt to match his uniform, a canteen, an electric torch, a fountain pen and a complete folio of writing equipment. In other words, there are demands to be supplied just as of old, and there is money in circulation with which to supply them.

It is indeed astonishing how widely different a thing a machine can make from the one it was designed to manufacture. I heard to-day that factories for turning out furnishings for the home are now producing tents and soldiers' sheets, as well as light furniture for dugouts and for the innumerable huts and shacks with which the war zone is dotted. The furniture trade is not at present good in England, but that ought not to discourage American dealers, as the situation is altogether different here.

The British Government will not allow building or even redecorating of homes. They need the labor for other things, as well as the raw materials. If it were not for this circumstance there would be a prodigious boom in household furnishings, for one of the expressions of exuberance on the part of those who have never before possessed an adequate supply of money on which to live comfortably would be to set up homes.

The situation in automobiles differs here from that in America. We can take our cue at home from the manifestations here when the government butted in. Inexpensive American automobiles were then selling as never before in their history. Out in the manufacturing towns it seemed as if every little head of a department owned one. The little cars were becoming thicker over the hills than ants in cracks of a sidewalk. So great was the demand of English people to buy moderate-price cars that the government had to restrict their sale.

Not Enough Motors for All

To quote Frank Wyman Libby, chairman of the trade and commerce committee of the American Chamber of Commerce in London, and the European representative of an American company:

"Automobiles and trucks could be imported free of duty into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland until September 21, 1915, when a duty of thirty-three and a third per cent was levied on the cost of the car and also on the cost of boxing for export, ocean freight, marine and war-risk insurance.

"On March 21, 1916, the government placed an absolute prohibition on the importation of foreign passenger cars, except when special permits for the importation were granted.

"On December 29, 1916, the government took a census of all new and second-hand passenger cars and commercial vehicles in the United Kingdom, and announced that, until all motor vehicles then in Great Britain were disposed of, no further permits to import would be granted, except for Government requirements. At the same time, a new ruling went into effect which prevented anyone from selling a passenger car or commercial vehicle until a permit to do so had been applied for by the prospective purchaser and granted by the Ministry of Munitions. It was stated that permits to purchase motor cars and commercial vehicles would be granted only to physicians and such others as could prove beyond question that their need of a vehicle was one of national importance or one connected with government work. This ruling was rather strictly construed and we had a great many more orders on our books than the Ministry of Munitions would grant permits for.

"In addition to this the growing shortage of petrol resulted in many licenses, which for the six months previous to April, 1917, had been sixteen gallons a month for six months, being canceled altogether; and the few which were renewed were limited to sixty gallons for six months—not more than ten gallons to be used in any one month."

The United States can safely expect the same reaction as Canada experienced. Statistics show that the people of that country bought more cars in 1916 than in any year preceding the war. Again to quote Mr. Libby:

"I do not see how the automobile business in America could be otherwise than beneficially affected by the entrance of the United States into the war. When President Wilson declared war there was a mental holding off for a short time; and this condition was aggravated by a very late spring, by the delays of Congress in outlining a definite course of action, and by the increasing seriousness with which the American people took their entry into the war. This situation did not last long, however, and the fact that our company shipped sixteen thousand and twenty-five cars during the month of May is the best evidence in the world that, so far as the automobile business is concerned, conditions are becoming more normal."

Substituting Women Workers

"It is rumored that the United States Government has asked for a bid on seventy-four thousand four hundred automobile vehicles, which includes some four thousand passenger cars. This simply proves that automobiles and trucks are war implements, as we know from experience on this side of the water. Even if the demand by the Government is not so great as this would indicate, the United States is going to spend from seven to ten billion dollars for war material; and, with farmers getting extraordinarily high prices for their products, and remembering that the farmer, or the man who lives outside the cities, takes approximately seventy-five per cent of the automobiles manufactured in the United States, it is impossible for me to see anything except an extraordinarily prosperous future for the automobile industry."

To recapitulate. There are two great problems which confront the American merchant, now that we are engaged in war: One is the problem of labor, and the other is that of raw materials. The difference between the American situation and the British is merely one of degree.

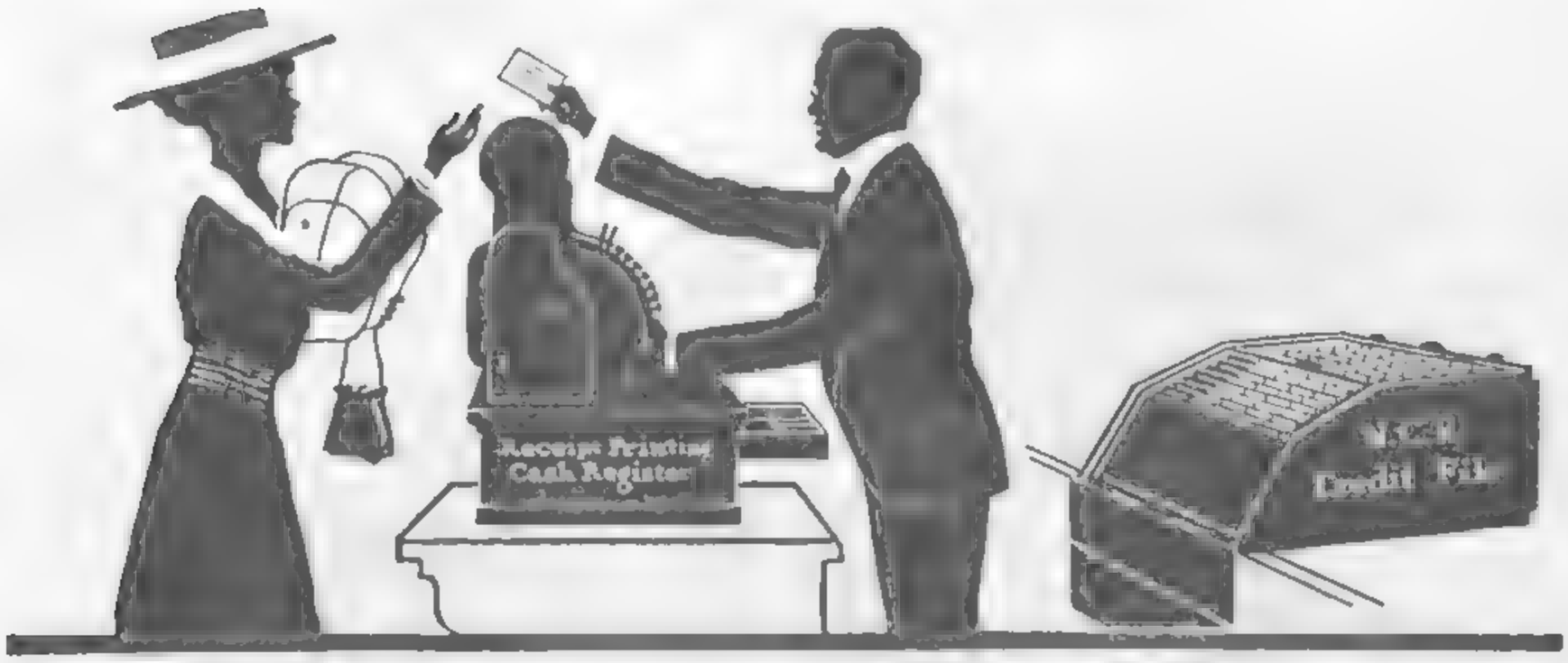
As to the question of labor. Our position cannot be so difficult for the merchant as the one over here. We have twice the population of Great Britain and we shall probably not send to the army anything like the percentage of men that England has had to give up.

"Train the women" is one of the answers to this problem.

As to raw materials, the difficulty is not a new one. Our merchants have had this problem on their hands ever since war broke out and it has been getting steadily worse. Our entrance into the war makes it more serious; but all that is required is greater watchfulness as to stocks of goods and sources of supply.

But there will be money to spend. Only keep in mind that as the cost of living goes up you will have to accommodate yourself, Mister American Merchant, to the new purse and the changed needs of our people. The merchant who will pull through the war with increased profit will be he who is ingenious and intelligent enough to anticipate the new needs of our working population and is able to satisfy them at moderate prices.

The merchants of my country can spare themselves much loss and uneasiness if they will avail themselves of the experience of British tradesmen, who have already been through the harrowing epoch of merchandising in time of war.



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FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

THE PRODIGAL IN UTOPIA

(Continued from Page 22)

Sure, I remember you. Well, what did you come down here for? To start a row and get your name in the papers again?"

"I certainly didn't come down here to get insulted!" King flamed out. He curbed himself quickly—he knew from experience there was little use in quarreling. "I came down here simply to offer my services to any organization that is taking a big, militant part in the fight for the rights of mankind."

The secretary's shrewd smile gave place to a look of puzzled wonder. He broke into a short guffaw. He stood up.

"So we're fighting for the rights of mankind, are we? The rights of mankind!" He turned slowly, and a savage note came into his voice. "Let me tell you something, young fellow. We're fighting no more for the rights of mankind than we're fighting for a slice of the moon. We don't care a damn for the rights of mankind, if you want to know. We're fighting for a raise of four dollars a week, and it's costing us something—three weeks' wages—to get that. What do I care for mankind? I fight for myself, and if every other man would do the same, mankind would get along all right. I haven't got any time for mankind. I've a wife and kids and an old mother to look after. And I'll look after them—without you or your gang or your moral support!"

He checked the retort on King's lips with a straight glance of his eye.

"Look here, my son," he went on. "You butted in here unasked, and you're going to get something you don't want. I'm going to put you wise to yourself. I know all about you. First of all, there's a bunch of mutts with too much money and too little sense staking you, because they think you've got something. And then behind you've got another gang of scum that never worked in their lives, and never would. All they're good for is bawling their beans off in Union Square, and waving a red flag.

"Ah, shut up! Don't tell me. I know! When those fellows are jailed they go into solitary confinement sooner than work. All the work that gang does is to put a stick of dynamite up against a church or to yell for a hand-out. And then there's you and the likes of you, sitting round cafés at night, licking up highballs, and talking about the rights of the workingman. Ah, you make me sick!

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" he went on. "I ain't through yet. It's all right for you to go down and throw a fit into a bunch of girls, make them quit their jobs, and leave them half-starved in the streets. Or you can get out a bunch of soreheads who've been in the country a couple of months, and think they ought to have Fifth Avenue and Wall Street thrown in. But, believe me, fellow, when it comes to a crowd like us, or any other of the big crowds, we only want what's fair and just. We want it when we want it, and when we want it we get it, without any help from you or anybody like you!"

"So there's nothing I can do," King said at random. The words came from him weakly, because he could hit on nothing else. He felt abashed, crushed, broken.

"Sure, there's something you can do," the secretary answered tersely. "You can get to hell out of here, and stay out!"

King crossed over to Broadway and walked northward in a sort of daze. He felt utterly shamed and insulted. So this was the answer to their offer of aid, to their splendid enthusiasm. Didn't they know already what the Union had done in other strikes—the speeches, the articles, the picketings, the forlorn siege against the solid brazen citadel of accepted opinion! Was this the answer of comrade to comrade; of one to another companion man at arms?

"They cannot see it," he sighed, "but one day they will."

What hurt him most of all was that, with the great stakes before them, they should linger and dally over fleshpots. What did it matter about wife and children, about father and mother, when the happiness and comfort of the whole human race were to be gained? Should a man stay to eat as he followed a burning cloud? One supreme struggle, one period of ruthless self-sacrifice, one passionate abandon to a magnificent ideal, and as surely as grass grows and water runs, so surely would come the golden day of the world, a day of milk and honey, when the planet would be loud with the song of happy people, like the song of the little birds of dawn. And there would be neither injustice in it, nor poverty, nor pain, but a great harmony and beauty, so that the souls looking downward from the turrets of paradise might regret their beatitude, and wish to tread once more the green alleys of earth.

He turned into his dingy office on Fourteenth Street, still angry, shaken. In the littered room was a stenographer. There was George Melford, poet, interior decorator, painter, scientist and anarchist. And there was also present Helen Gurney. Her hands were folded in the lap of her shapeless robe. Her sallow face was held high. Her eyes dilated theatrically as he came into the room.

"Well?" she asked calmly.

"They would accept no help," King replied succinctly. "They said they didn't want anything from us. They're impossible!"

"But you should have made them," the poet anarchist waved his hands nervously. "You should have insisted, dear fellow. You should have bullied them."

"They're impossible!" King repeated. The shallow features of the poet anarchist became tortured with concentration—the irresistible frown of the reformer. Helen Gurney shook her head.

"After all we've sacrificed to help them," she said slowly. "We are the voices crying in the wilderness."

King kept his eyes fixed on her. Only last night he had decided to ask Helen Gurney to marry him. He had decided it coldly and calmly, as though solving a proposition of economics. There was no affection in it, no passion. But for years he had been preaching the ideal union, the instinctive partnership of comrades in a great cause, and he wanted to teach by example as well as by precept. He had said nothing to her as yet; no word of love or affection had passed between them. But he knew somehow that she would have him were he to offer himself.

He felt, too, for all his inexperience of women, that she had marked him for her own, as some premonition might warn an animal of the woods that it was a mark for a hunter's rifle. But at any rate she was the one to mate with him, the free untrammeled woman who had cast off the slough of ancient bondage. To-night he would tell her of his plans, coldly, calmly, as they should be told, with none of the old insincere meaningless sentiment. Yes, they would accord, he and she. But even as he approved the idea, there rose in him the longing for fire; for reasonless, all-absorbing, reckless devotion; for exaltation—for all the things the new order, of which he was one of the prophets, had inveighed against and sneered at as the mawkish droolings of the privileged class.

VI

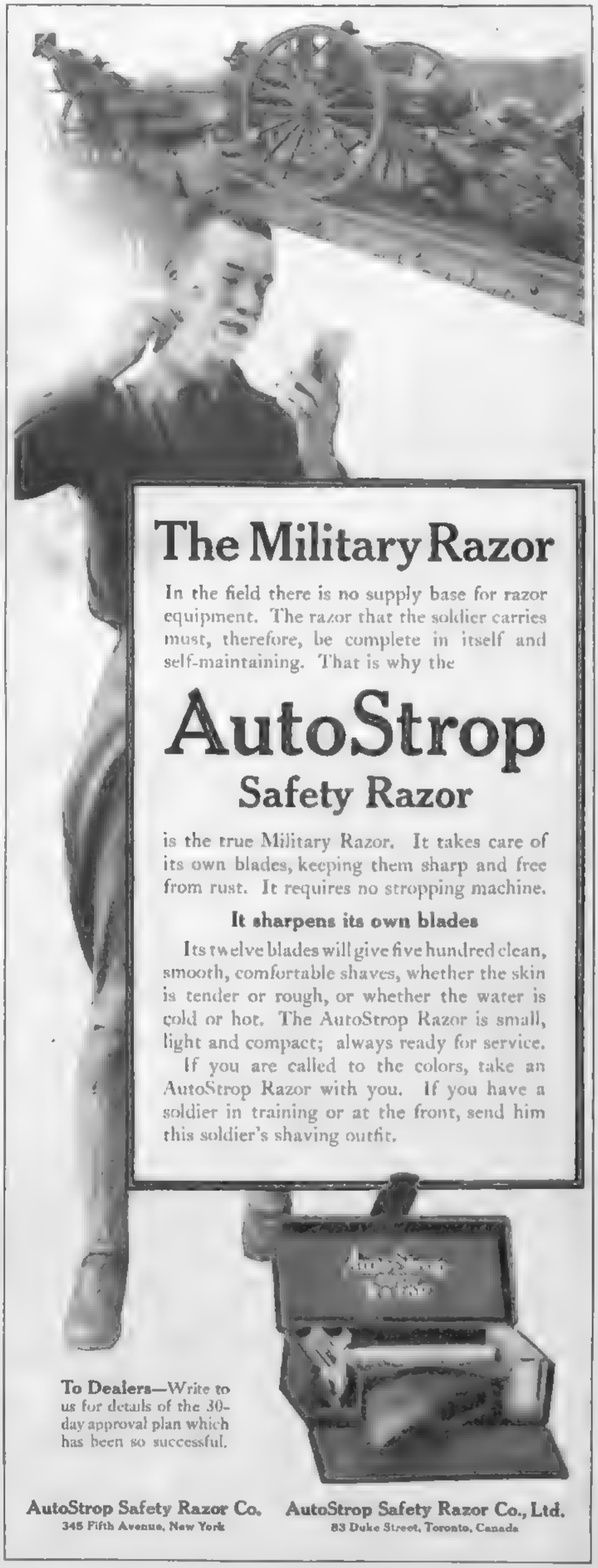
SHE smiled a little wistfully as she looked across the old New England harbor, once the dreamy starting place of whalers for far seas, but now busy, frenzied, its slips working night and day laying strake on strake; its hammers clanging loudly on copper; its marine railways filled. Tugs slipped to and fro over the harbor, busy as insects. Through its yards great lumbering Swedes and Norwegians passed along, dour Belfast men, harsh builders from the Clyde.

It was her custom to come down to the works once a week, to keep in touch with affairs there, to have matters explained to her, to hear anything in the nature of a complaint. The workmen, the superintendent, the office force all liked her, appreciated her, worked hard in her interests. It aroused a great sense of chivalry in them to be working for this tall, trim, capable and beautiful woman. They might shirk on the job for a man, but it seemed despicable to cheat a woman; so they worked.

"And she's all right, too, she is!" they acknowledged gruffly, with a greater depth of feeling than the meager words evidenced.

And outside this chivalry they had a great deal of personal pride in their mistress. She was always so well-groomed, so carefully tailored, so *chic* to the minute, that it tickled their masculine feelings. And she was, as they put it, so democratic!

"How do you do, Jones!" she would greet a superintendent briskly. Her chiseled features would break into a smile, and her straight blue eyes regard him squarely.



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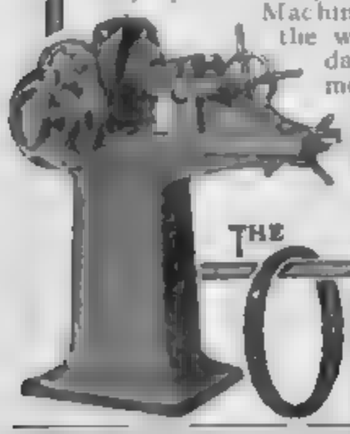

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BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
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"Hear you've a young son last Wednesday. That's fine! Congratulations!"

Or she would stop by a workman whose Scots bur had intrigued her.

"What part of Scotland do you come from? Glasgow! Hope you'll like it here. Settling down comfortably?"

But to-day, as she sat in her private office alone, the briskness had gone from her as she sat looking across the harbor, with her hands on her desk, her lips apart, and a soft muted light in her eyes, like a muted chord on a violin. June had come, and the sun was glinting on the water like a myriad of flashing spearheads. A keen smell of the sea came through the windows, and above the din and clangor of the yards there rose the plaintive call of the harbor gulls, faint, pathetic, with a strange sweetness.

She was bringing to her mind, as she often brought, the memory of the days she had passed through the harbor on her way to and from the Vineyard, with John King by her side. She could remember even the trivial things they had seen together—a school of porpoises half way toward Woods Hole; an old whaling vessel moored near a shipyard, a squat unromantic-looking boat, whose prosaic soul neither Arctic wastes nor tropic suns had tinged with romance; the flickering red of East Chop Light; the melancholy whistle of the Sow and Pigs. It was no wonder for her, on this particular day, to be thinking of King. But what is wonderful was that for the three years he had been in New York there had hardly been a day in which she did not think of him. He was always in her mind, either boldly to the front or dimly in the background, as the thought of a husband or a mother or a father might be.

"Oh yes! I'm in love with him," she would often confess to herself with a smile. "There's no getting away from that."

But her way of being in love with John King was, as most of her ways were, a way peculiarly Mae Westervelt's own. There were no repinings; no sighings; no unconquerable longings to be with him or to have him with her—at least until the appointed hour came. A warm and generous feeling toward him suffused her heart. She was happy because she cared for the man, and something told her, too, that however long he might stay away from her, whoever might engross his time, whatever interests he might have in life, there was in his heart a spark of love for her that could be made to burst into flame, as a fire might flare up at the current from a bellows.

She was happy in it, and placid. A queer manner of being in love, one might say. Yes, but a word against John King in her presence could transfigure her into a tigress; a trouble in store for him, and she would have given every dollar of her fortune to avert it; in danger, and she could have laid down her life!

"The dear lad!" she would often say to herself with tears in her eyes. "The dear, dear lad!"

Everything he had done, every cause he had embraced since he had left his father and her and gone into a far country, was known to her. Known to her was the brawling at Paterson; the insane adventure in Colorado. She flushed red with anger as she read of a judge's invective against him, though she acknowledged the fairness of the criticism. She knew that, choosing an unfortunate cause, he was defending it with sincerity and honor.

She might blush a little when she read of his going on record in favor of unclean propaganda and indorsing morbid and scabrous writings in an intemperate revolt against convention—but she knew he did this with the engine of his brain and soul racing, unbalanced, without its governor. And furthermore, she knew this, in the chaste woman's heart of her, that no matter what he indorsed he was undefiled. But oh, the pity of it! The wasting of his substance of brain and spirit! And all he received in return for it—the husks the swine did eat!

She had done nothing to wean him from his course. She had only seen him on the three summer occasions he had visited his father. These had been golden days for her—and would have been for him, too, only for that madness of his which made him thrust reality from him and follow across burning and drought-ridden difficulties the *ignis fatuus* that was beckoning him on to assured destruction.

But to-day the time had come to act—that letter from her agent in Vineyard Haven. She rose to the fight, as an armed man at the trumpet's call.

A stocky, red-haired man came into the office unceremoniously.

"Sit down, Mr. Simpson," she smiled. "I got your letter. So you're leaving me to go back and build warships on your native Clyde. I'm sorry to see you go."

"I'm sorry myself, miss," the Scotch superintendent smiled, a little sourly. "And I may tell you it's nothing in my pocket. I dislike doing my duty as much as any man does, but it's got to be done! Aye, indeed!"

"I shouldn't think so," she laughed, "from my experience with you. But now, Mr. Simpson, can matters wait one month before you go?"

"Oh, aye!" he told her. "I wouldn't be leaving you in the lurch."

She pressed a button. A trim stenographer came in.

"Miss Smith," she directed, "get me the report of the intelligence agents on the officers of the Union for the People's Rights. Now tell me, Mr. Simpson, would it be possible, if I were taking you a young man of brains, trained in economics, eager and hard working—a man in a thousand—do you think you could give him a groundwork of the business here in that month?"

"I don't know," Simpson hedged cannily. "It's a big proposition."

"Thanks, Miss Smith, that's it. Now please get me out of the safe, in my private papers, that brown envelope marked 'Dr. King.' Come now, Mr. Simpson, one big effort! Don't you really think it could be done?"

"It might," the Scotchman admitted. "I won't be saying it could, but it might."

"If you say it might I'll say it can. Yes; that's the envelope. Thanks!" She stood up and began buttoning her glove. "This is Thursday. I'll bring you your man in to begin training on Monday morning next. So—until then!"

The Scotchman looked after her with kindly, appreciative eyes.

"The bonny lady!" he said to himself. "She's going to find a new superintendent, is she? You'd think it was a bridegroom she was after from the light that's in her eyes!"

VII

SO LIGHTLY she came up the creaky stairs on Fourteenth Street, and so lightly did she tap on the door, that none in the dingy office heard her—neither King himself, nor Felton, the spade-bearded saturnine publicist, nor Regan, the labor agitator, nor Helen Gurney. They were talking of the teamsters' strike.

"I can't understand them," King said, puzzled. "Go out, and keep out, he told me. I can't get their point of view."

"I'll go down and see what I can do," Felton decided. "At any rate a little publicity won't hurt them ——" He turned to Regan and a faint cynical smile showed itself in the corners of his eyes. "You ought to go and see the employers—or," he suggested in an undertone, and sniggered, "one of the motor-truck people."

"Shut up!" Regan warned him viciously, with a side glance toward King. But King wasn't listening. He was frowning blankly into space, his fingers drumming a tattoo on the flat-topped desk.

"After all we've given up for them," Helen Gurney sighed. "Social position, relatives, friends, career. After all that!"

"Can't make it out!" King went on tensely. "Can't make it out!"

"May I come in?" The door opened. "I knocked three times, but couldn't make you hear."

She was standing at the door, very tall and radiant, a smile hovering about her lips, a quizzical expression in her eyes. The clean well-kept look of her, the trim tailored linen suit she wore, the sweep of her hat, her neat shoes, her immaculate gloves—all seemed a challenge to the dirty, littered office; the anæmic light that beat feebly at the windowpanes, whether winter or summer; the unshaven truculence of Regan; the sallow unhealthiness of Helen Gurney. It seemed, in some subtle way, to bring out more of the shiftiness of the publicist for all his spick-and-span appearance. John King rose, open-mouthed.

"Mae!" he cried. "Mae Westervelt!"

"Yes, it's I," she smiled equably. She didn't move toward him. "Won't you present me to your friends?"

He looked at her in amazement. There was something queer in her tone, something commanding, something dramatic, that troubled him. It was like an old friend cutting one suddenly, or turning from one after intimacy.

(Concluded on Page 113)

"All these months I have been enjoying a wonderful resiliency and a sensation like that of perpetual walking on a nice soft lawn."

Copyright 1927 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

"It is Almost Incomprehensible That a Shoe-Sole Could Wear Like That!"

(A Wearer's Tribute to Neōlin Soles)

Otto C. Radde

YOU doubtless know by now that no soles are like Neōlin Soles—and that their synthetic process of manufacture is secret. Also that Neōlin Soles are structured and impressed to a terrific wear-resistance.

New Wear-Long Standards Set

Neōlin wearers themselves have told you of many surprising wear-records. Some have stated their Neōlin Soles wore twice longer than their leather soles. Others three times. Others longer yet.

Well might it seem that after months and months of usage the appearance of Neōlin Soles at least would be certain to suffer.

Strange as it may seem, however, it frequently does not. Please study carefully this letter from a Neōlin wearer. He has probably cut his shoe-bills in half:—

Gentlemen:

"Speaking of Neōlin Soles, I have never seen such an extraordinary resistance to wear. Nine months ago I had a pair of Neōlin Soles put upon a pair of my shoes. Ever since then I have been walking on these soles practically every day and all day. Furthermore I don't even notice that they are worn at all. They look, in fact, as if they had been worn about a week —just long enough to get the newness off. It is almost incomprehensible that a shoe-sole could wear like that!

"But that is not all. All these months I have been enjoying a wonderful resiliency and a sensation like that of perpetual walking on a nice soft lawn. Last, by no means least, is the waterproof feature of these soles. And they ARE waterproof, as I have proved to my entire satisfaction while walking through slush and water this past winter. I say by all means pass this on and let others get the good of these wonderful soles."

(Signed) OTTO C. RADDE
Scientific Eye Examiner, 7903 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

Longer wear, greater foot-comfort, positive waterproofness—all these better-than-leather qualities are vouched for by Neōlin wearers, in hundreds of similarly-spirited letters.

All Season, All Family Soles

So these Better-era Soles are winning the nation. Men, women and children wear them in all seasons, in all weathers. They are not rubber. They are firmer and lighter, and won't crack or tear loose or stretch like rubber soles. Neither are they to be confused with near-rubber soles. Or cheaper soles made to look like Neōlin.

Protect yourself by looking for the name "Neōlin" underneath the sole. Get them on new shoes or as re-soles. In black, white, tan. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin.—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

THADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT OFF

Better than Leather

Now is the Time to Use

CONCRETE

War Bulletin No. 2, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, says:

> "Iron and steel should be used only when the requirement is unavoidable. Every effort should be made to use wood and concrete in place of steel whenever this can be done, and construction and development work requiring steel should be postponed wherever possible . . . . cement may be had in quantity for concrete work."

Says Cass Gilbert, the New York architect:

> "There are hundreds of buildings erected in this country every year which could be just as well erected without steel, and in hundreds of others the amount of steel could be greatly reduced. An enormous tonnage could be saved if reinforced concrete, masonry or other material were used. Practically all buildings of moderate height can be erected without the use of large quantities of structural steel. Reinforced concrete or old-fashioned masonry can take its place."

Under present conditions concrete is particularly desirable. All the materials—Portland cement, sand, pebbles or crushed stone—are staple products, most of them obtainable near by. Concrete is made with ordinary labor under skilled supervision. Concrete contractors have developed rapid and efficient methods of construction. There are many engineers, architects and contractors who specialize in concrete construction. If necessary we can help you get in touch with them.

CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES OF CONCRETE—

Fireproof	*Verminproof*	*Rigid*
Watertight	*Sanitary*	*Rapidly Built*
Durable	*Weatherproof*	*No Repairs—No Painting*

Concrete is used today more generally than ever before. The smallest job on the farm and the largest engineering works are built of concrete. Use concrete to build that factory, foundry, shop, warehouse, bridge, tank or reservoir for storing liquids, coal pocket, ore bin, grain elevator, garage—any building you are planning.

Let us send you an interesting pamphlet entitled, ***"Why Build Fireproof?"***

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Offices at

ATLANTA, CHICAGO, DALLAS, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK, PITTSBURGH, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

(Concluded from Page 110)

"Why, yes! Of course! Of course," he answered with a sort of incoherence. "Patrick Regan, Mr. Felton, Miss Gurney Miss Westervelt ——"

"Mr. Regan"—she was looking directly at the agitator—"Mr. Regan and I should know each other, though we've never met. We had a little passage at arms last year. Now that it's over, Mr. Regan, won't you tell me who paid you on that strike business at my shipyards—was it the Belfast people or the Clyde? My agents say the Clyde; but I've got my own ideas."

King sprang to his feet.

"What are you talking about, Mae?" he demanded. She paid no heed to him. Regan's jaw had dropped and he was limp in his chair.

"It's a lie," he blurted half-heartedly.

"Oh no, it isn't. I've got the checks in my bag. You should never take checks, Mr. Regan. Abrams gave them to me, but he wouldn't tell which of the firms he had acted for. And Mr. Felton"—she smiled sweetly at the lecturer—"Mr. Felton I know by his fame. Some of my friends know you, too, Mr. Felton. Imagine! I was speaking to one of them recently and he had the nerve to quote a rumor that you had once spent five years in jail in England for forging checks. Your name then was Browne, he said. How ridiculous!"

The man paled to the color of chalk. Above his black spade beard the whiteness of his face had something ghastly in it. He seemed turned to stone. King looked at her with frightened, nonunderstanding eyes.

"For heaven's sake, Mae!" he blurted. "What do you mean? What are you saying?"

"And Miss Gurney!" she went on mercilessly. "How do you do, Miss Gurney?" That was all

She was not a cruel woman, was Mae Westervelt. She was too soft-hearted, in the main. But deliberately she walked toward Helen Gurney and stood over her as she proffered her hand smilingly. She had sensed in a flash, as she entered the room, that here was a woman who had, or might claim to have, or might some day have empery over the body and soul of John King. Deliberately she stood beside her, beautiful, exquisite, self-possessed. And she knew as she stood that King's eyes were following her. And she saw from the look on Helen Gurney's face the rage that possessed her, the hatred she felt for this woman with the chiseled, high-bred countenance, the smart clothes, the crisp self-possession. It was cruel of Mae Westervelt to have instituted that comparison and to have unmasked in a moment the shallow envy of the Gurney girl. A cruel thing, entirely.

King was standing up, livid.

"Say what you mean, Mae!" he was ordering. "Why don't you say something, Regan? You, Felton? Speak, men! Tell her ——"

"They needn't tell me anything, John," she went on. "You will speak for yourself in a minute." She laid a brown paper envelope before her on the desk in front of him. "I am going to speak in front of your friends. You boast of the community of interests you have in the new circle of freedom. Well, then, John King, in the course of business, within one month your father will have to sell the last chattel he has to satisfy his debts, and go to an almshouse for the rest of his days."

He looked at her stupidly for a minute.

"My father will sell his last chattel—and go to an almshouse," he repeated blankly. "My father will sell—and go to an almshouse!" He laughed for an instant. "My father in an almshouse!" he said savagely. "What do you mean, Mae?"

"These are notes." She pushed them toward him. She panted suddenly, and her face was becoming white, so greatly did the strain tell on her. "I have taken them up. These are bills. I have paid them. Your father would have starved a year ago, been in the almshouse, for all he would have received from you, John. He would be in it to-morrow, only he can have a place, forever, with me. You are working too much for mankind, John. You have had no time for him."

He was looking at the strewn papers before him pitifully.

"I thought—I thought ——" he muttered incoherently. "I—the almshouse—I ——"

"I think I had better be trotting along," Felton said with a weak attempt at jocularity. Regan rose with him. King looked at them for an instant. He stood up grimly.

"Mae," he demanded, "is what you said of these men true?"

"Every word," she nodded. "Every word, and there is more about the others."

"Get outside!" King roared. "Get out of my sight!"

Regan opened his mouth as if he were going to speak.

"Get outside, Iscariot!" King's jaw set like a vise. "Get outside before I kill you."

He sat back dully in his chair after they went. Blankly his eyes wandered about the room. Unknowingly they passed Helen Gurney. She had waited there for some reason or other, but now, slowly, hesitatingly, pitifully even, she crept out of the room, as the meanest in a realm might creep away, frightened and abashed in the presence of a king's tragedy. Neither Mae nor John King noticed her go.

He sat fingering the papers dully, white, trembling. Occasionally he passed his tongue over his lips as if to moisten them.

"What's to be done, Mae?" he whispered hoarsely. "What's to be done?"

"You are coming back with me," she told him. "You are coming back with me." She smiled with a sort of brave sympathy. "And you are going to put all the theories you want to in practice at my place. I am going to give you a thousand men to make ducks and drakes of, and three shipyards to ruin, but you're coming back with me!"

"What's to be done?" he repeated blankly. "What's to be done?"

She rose suddenly and walked to the window, for the tears were coming into her eyes, and she did not want to break down yet. She looked unseeingly through the dingy panes at the dingy yard behind the office, where the green grass had died hopelessly, and one solitary unhealthy tree was pining piteously away.

"My father!" she could hear him say to himself. "My father in an almshouse! Oh, my God!"

There was a moment's silence after this. Then his voice quivered with rage.

"The dogs!" he uttered savagely. "The filthy mongrels!"

Again the silence, and a muttering. He seemed to be repeating words he heard somewhere.

"'Leave us alone,' he told me. 'Let every man look out for himself and mankind will be all right. . . . Sure, you can do something for us; you can get to hell out of here, and stay out!'"

She wheeled about, for suddenly he had broken down, sobbing. He had crumpled forward on the desk, his head between his hands. She rushed toward him. She dropped on her knees beside him. She pulled at the hands that covered his face. Unconsciously she was crying bitterly herself.

"Don't! Don't! John! John! Johnny! Johnny boy! Don't! Don't!"

She took him by the hand after a minute. She pulled him to his feet.

"Come!" she pleaded.

He looked at her dazedly and took a few steps forward.

"That's right," she smiled, as though she were coaxing a child. "Come along!"

At the door he stood for an instant. He turned round and surveyed the room. He laughed savagely.

"Come, dear, come!" she pleaded again.

And as they went down the stairs, she still holding his hand, and crossed the broad sidewalk toward the car that waited, beneath the stress on his countenance—the chagrin, the shame—a queer look was dawning, a look of dazed wonder, a look of groping relief: the look of one who was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

Here Comes Your CICO* Now-

The New Liquid Paste

FOR four cents, an introductory-size bottle of CICO will come to your home or office and get busy *at once.* No splashy water-well to bother with. CICO is *always* ready for instant use and never gets hard or lumpy. It is the particular paste for particular people because CICO is one of the

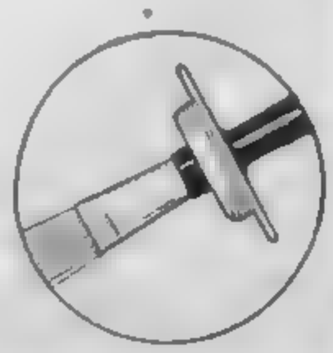
Carter Inx

Quality Products

Two little stamps will do the trick. Just send them along and CICO will be right on deck—ready, willing, eager, to do any pasting job you have and do it better than it was ever done before. CICO sticks best when spread thin.

Stationers sell CICO in two sizes of popular-priced jars (as shown). Also in spreader tubes and bottles. Send those stamps today. Then CICO will get busy for *you.*

Here's the Adjustable Brush, which allows the last bit of paste to be used. The handle slides through a safety cap which always keeps the fingers clean.



THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston Chicago New York Montreal
Also Manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons

* Pronounced "Sick

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

TROOPER
A NEW -
SLIDEWELL
COLLAR
PREFERRED BY THE RANK & FILE OF MEN
The modified curves prevent cutting of the shirt over the shoulders.
Made with patented Graduated Tie-Space and Tie-Protecting Shield. Comfortable.
"SQUADRON" is like "TROOPER" but one-quarter inch higher.
Your dealer sells them.
Hall, Hartwell & Co., Troy, N.Y.
Makers of HALLMARK Shirts

Paying a Bill With a Bill

How Retail Trade is Financed With the Trade Acceptance

By JAMES H. COLLINS

JIM HARDY and Tom Young are retail merchants in the same town and the same line.

When it comes to merchandising they are honest competitors, losing no opportunity to draw and hold trade. But in matters like credits, price margins, special sales, and so on, they work together, making their deliveries through the same coöperative system and serving on the same committee of the Board of Trade. So they stand on pretty much the same footing, except in one important detail:

Hardy has a great advantage over Tom Young in buying power.

He is a well-to-do man, with ample credit at the bank, and can afford to pay cash for everything he orders, taking the discounts. These discounts are fat picking. They average two per cent on wholesale prices. Hardy pays his bills with money that costs him about six per cent a year. Therefore, he earns a clean banking profit of eighteen per cent a year on the money invested in stock—a profit that comes without work or risk, before the goods are unpacked.

Tom Young cannot afford to take cash discounts now.

Five years ago he was a clerk. His store was started with savings and is being built up out of earnings. He must sell his merchandise before he can pay for it, and so his bills run from thirty to sixty days and are met without discount. Eighteen per cent on the money invested in stock would be mighty welcome now, when every dollar is needed to extend stock, store and service. But in the ordinary course of trade he could not hope to profit by cash discounts for five years to come.

A Deal Without a Joker

But one day, not long ago, Tom Young learned something new about buying.

He had ordered several hundred dollars' worth of stuff from a manufacturer's salesman.

"How do you want this order billed, Mr. Young?" asked the latter.

"Why, sixty days, as usual," Tom replied.

"The house has adopted the trade acceptance," said the salesman; "and so I can offer you a new option. You may pay cash and get two per cent, or have sixty days, net, as usual. But if you wish to sign a trade acceptance for thirty days we will allow you one per cent discount. Or, if you cannot meet the bill then, we will take a trade acceptance and give you thirty days more credit at net—ninety days to pay the bill."

"That's something new," said Tom. "Why are you giving me these options? What is this trade acceptance? Where's the joker?"

"The trade acceptance is a form that we send with your invoice. It is your promise to pay the amount of the invoice in thirty or ninety days, whichever you choose, and your acknowledgment that you have received goods to that value. Our people sign it, too, when it comes back to our credit department; and then it is a piece of two-name commercial paper, which we can discount at our bank."

"Why, that's just the same as giving you my note!" protested Tom. "I never did that before. What's the idea—isn't my credit good with your people?"

"Just as good as ever," was the answer. "It is so good, in fact, that we want to make it better, and give you one of the advantages of the new Federal Reserve system. We want to back your credit with our own, and use it as a basis for borrowing from our bank."

"What does this trade acceptance bind me to?"

"Nothing more than you have been bound to when you bought goods from us on regular open account. You have always paid for your goods in thirty or sixty days, haven't you? You expect to pay for this order when the bill comes due. Well, a trade acceptance is simply your written acknowledgment that you owe for the goods and will pay when the amount is due. It gives something tangible, as against the unwritten understanding governing an open account. When our house adds its signature to that paper it is still more tangible, and we can discount it at a bank and get money with which to carry on our business.

"You see, when we trust you for goods on an open account, and provide the money to carry you, we are bankers. And because money in our business ought to earn ten per cent and upward, we cannot lend it to you as cheaply as a bank could. But with this piece of two-name paper we can get money from the bankers at six per cent or less. Thus, we do the manufacturing and the bank does the financing. You get more favorable terms on your merchandise, and so overcome the handicap of competition with merchants who have capital to take cash discounts and get their goods cheaper than you do."

"That sounds all right," said Tom. "But, still, it looks to me like a promissory note. I never gave my note for goods yet."

"I can prove that the trade acceptance differs from your note," replied the salesman; "for if you took your note to any bank, and got money on it at six per cent discount, I could take a trade acceptance bearing your name and my concern's to the same bank and discount it for one-half of one per cent less than the rate on your personal note. That difference is provided for under the Federal Reserve Bank system. It is official recognition that the trade acceptance is a better form of commercial paper."

"Is that so? Well, I'm too busy this morning to decide about it; but I'll think it over and let you know later."

"You need not decide now. Wait until we bill you for the goods. A trade acceptance will come with your invoice, and a little folder that we've printed to explain its workings. If you decide you want the trade-acceptance terms, just sign the paper and send it to our credit man. If you don't, simply treat the invoice as usual."

Several days later Tom Young saw his first trade acceptance. Business had been good that week. Stock was turning briskly. He felt he could afford to take the one per cent discount offered for thirty days' payment. So he signed the acceptance and, a month later, met it at his bank; and since then the advantages of the system have been such that about half his purchases are now made under trade acceptances.

American mercantile trade is now undergoing some quiet but far-reaching improvements, and this is one of them.

The manufacturer, jobber and retailer have been dealing with each other by methods that were originally laid down for sparsely populated pioneer country, and never changed as population grew denser and communication improved. In pioneer days the traveling salesman visited the retail merchant infrequently. Credits had to be long, because the merchant's own customers usually waited until harvest to pay their bills, and needed an extension if crops were bad. Collections were leisurely. Money was scarce.

Disadvantages of Cash Discounts

Out of that situation grew the cash discount, peculiarly a pioneer device and now largely American. If the merchant could not pay cash for goods, they were charged on open book account, which permitted him to meet the bill pretty much at his leisure, or at least gave the seller wide latitude in pressing for collection. If he could pay cash, then the seller could afford to pay a premium, because he was a banker as well as a manufacturer or wholesaler.

To-day mercantile trade is on a new basis in most sections of the United States. The traveling salesman calls on merchants frequently. Margins of profit have shrunk; credits are short, with many transactions for cash; collections are made systematically, and our new banking system is taking the burden of finance off manufacturers and jobbers. Money is plentiful and cheap, and cash is not worth the discount still allowed for prompt payment.

The cash discount has survived in American business partly as a habit, and also because large buyers of merchandise see the advantage in keeping it alive. Sellers have been afraid to abolish it, for competitive reasons. It often gives the buyer an undue portion of the seller's profit. It tends to make prices and terms artificial and complicated, because the discount must often be added to the real price before it can be taken off. It is one of the bottom causes of business failure, for it penalizes the small, growing merchant with slender capital, and favors the big store, the mail-order house, the chain of shops, and every buyer who can command cash.

Under the Federal Reserve system commercial paper is being made the basis of our banking and currency. This is true banking—banking as it has long been done abroad.

The trade acceptance is a form of commercial paper specially devised to meet American trade conditions. It was worked out by bankers and credit men during the shaping of the Federal Reserve Act, and introduced to the business world as soon as that Act made it legal.

To-day it is being widely applied in many lines of business, with good results in the main, but also considerable opposition, arising from misunderstanding. Business houses actually using the trade acceptance find that it has distinct advantages for everybody—the seller, the buyer, the banker and the public.

The first thing everybody wants to know about this new business instrument is: "What is it like and how does it work?"

"The trade acceptance is as simple as a safety pin," says one of the Federal Reserve Bank governors.

When Everybody Benefits

Physically it is a piece of paper about the size of a check, printed with a form that varies slightly, but which reads something like this when filled out with names, dates and amounts:

TRADE ACCEPTANCE

SMITHVILLE, ILLINOIS, August 15, 1917.

On November 15, 1917, pay to the order of Blank & Co. Three Hundred and Twenty Dollars ($320.00) as per invoice of August 15, 1917. Value received. And charge same to account of THOMAS YOUNG.

To Blank & Co.,
Chicago, Illinois.

This goes to the buyer with his invoice for goods. He signs and sends it back to the seller; and the latter adds, at one end, his signature, with the following formula:

The obligation of the acceptor of this bill arises out of the purchase of goods from the drawer. BLANK & CO., *Acceptor.*

Across the face of the document there is also added this information for the banks, to facilitate collection:

Accepted August 18, 1917.
Payable at Sixteenth National Bank, Chicago, Illinois. BLANK & CO.

The seller can then keep the trade acceptance until it matures or discount it at a bank. The bank, in turn, may rediscount it at some other bank; or it may be sold to the Federal Reserve Bank or passed round freely as standard collateral. When it matures the document goes through the bank's collection system like a check or draft, coming finally to the buyer's own bank, where he pays the amount and takes it up. If he is unable to meet it for any reason, of course the banks can then collect from the seller, whose signature also secures the obligation.

For the seller the trade acceptance offers several business advantages:

It takes him out of the banking business. He has little money tied up in goods for which his customers owe on long credit terms; for the open account is replaced with collateral that can be discounted at the banks. This gives him more capital to work with, and also cheaper capital.

(Concluded on Page 117)

Extend your business beyond *the* WAGON line

TRUXTUN Units (formerly Hudford Units) make converted trucks that will give

—a wider hauling radius
—a quicker delivery service;
—a smaller first cost;
—a lower upkeep cost.

A TRUXTUN will haul a load three times as far as a good team will in a day. It will go further and get back quicker. Of course, there are other trucks that will give you just as QUICK service and just as RELIABLE service, but they cost from five hundred to three thousand dollars more than the TRUXTUN—and they eat up more gasoline than a TRUXTUN.

The TRUXTUN will haul a load twelve to twenty miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Two facts explain this unusual efficiency:

The TRUXTUN carries no surplus weight.

The shaft drive and internal gear axle are so designed and constructed that they waste none of the energy of the engine.

Internal Gear Axle Drive

Shaft drive was adopted for the TRUXTUN because truck manufacturers and users have proved it to be the simplest, most efficient and economical form of drive. Chain drive has been superseded until now 90% of all standard trucks operate by shaft drive.

The TRUXTUN has the additional advantage of a solid forged nickel steel axle, which gives it much greater strength and durability than the built-up, cast and bolted housings used on many moderate-priced trucks.

NOT a Chain Drive

The **TRUXTUN**
converts any FORD or other pleasure vehicle into a 1¼ or 2-ton truck

The TRUXTUN (formerly Hudford) truck attachment consists of an auxiliary frame, an internal gear-driven truck rear axle, with artillery truck wheels and solid tires, truck springs and a heavy channel-section auxiliary frame which entirely replaces the rear construction of the pleasure car.

The TRUXTUN surrounds and is attached by cross frame members to the Ford frame, so that the original Ford frame becomes virtually a subframe carrying the engine, while the frame of the TRUXTUN forms the main frame of the truck.

The drive is by large tubular propeller shaft, with extra universal joint at front end to take care of spring action.

The low gearing enables the Ford engine to handle its load easily at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour.

Our branch houses and dealers will be pleased to demonstrate to you how TRUXTUN can save in hauling costs.

Correspondence from those interested is solicited.

COMMERCIAL CAR UNIT CO.
16th St. and Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Do your hauling at the lowest cost

TRUXTUN

Keep Your Kodak Busy.

"The Army lives on letters" is the way the boys at the front put it. And when those longed-for envelopes with the home town postmark contain pictures of the home folks and home doings, they go far toward making lighter hearts and happier faces.

Keep your Kodak busy for the sake of the lads in the trenches, the boys in camp and on shipboard. Help keep tight the bonds between the home and those who are fighting for that home.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

(Concluded from Page 114)

It gives him a new and attractive sales option with which to solicit the buyer's order; for, because the seller is doing business on cheaper money, he can share with his customer, either giving him part of the cash discount for a reasonable credit term or extending the long credit term for net payment.

It facilitates collections and cuts down the expense and annoyance of getting in overdue payments. In business generally, sixty days' credit on open account often means that the buyer pays in eighty or ninety days, after much urging. The trade acceptance stimulates prompt payment, because it is a definite promise to pay on a given date, and comes to the buyer through his own bank, where he wishes to stand well, and also identifies him with the credit of the seller.

A large shoe concern in the South has put about ten per cent of its customers on the trade-acceptance basis. Formerly they bought goods on open account and were careless in making payments. The credit man of that concern treated the trade acceptance as a new and valuable instrument, something to be made effective by wise use. The merchant who was slow pay on open account might have been careless also in meeting a personal note.

Merchandising vs. Storekeeping

But the trade acceptance was different; it made him a partner in the credit of the seller. So, on each trade acceptance that falls due, the credit man is prompt in sending out notifications to the buyer, telling him that the document will be presented by his bank in a few days; and that, because the shoe house must pay it if he doesn't, he hopes the merchant will give that item prompt attention. Results have been so good that customers pay this concern promptly, even if it is necessary to let other obligations on open account wait.

The trade acceptance offers a remedy for the evil of returned goods, a costly and careless habit in American business. Buyers on open account often order lavishly, either because they have loose ideas of the merchandise they can sell in a given period, or because they wish to speculate in merchandise. If weather is bad, or trade poor, or wholesale prices drop, they will throw part of the goods back onto the seller's hands, or cancel orders; and the open account makes it easy to adjust such returns and cancellations. But the trade acceptance crystallizes each order into a definite transaction and encourages the buying of no more than can be sold.

For the buyer of goods the trade acceptance has just as many advantages.

Greatest of all is that of putting the small merchant who buys on credit on a more nearly equal footing with the large buyer for cash. In the case of the country merchant and the mail-order house, for illustration, it gives the former a better basis to compete. The large mail-order houses in Chicago sell five hundred million dollars' worth of goods yearly. Their trade has trebled in the past ten years. It is a trade built on the advantage of cash payments from their customers and cash purchases from manufacturers, with close prices for enormous quantities, plus cash discounts.

In the past few years it has been found that the small country merchant is under no real disadvantage in competing with mail-order concerns. If he can buy for cash and hold his own customers to prompt payments, his prices and profits will compare well with those of the big city concerns. Trade acceptance gives him a new basis for buying on the best terms.

Trade acceptance also eliminates another kind of competition with which he is not so familiar—that of the slow-pay, long-credit merchant. Under the system of open accounts, terms and prices have been adjusted to delayed payment and costly collection processes. When the skillful merchant puts his purchases on the trade-acceptance basis he can be put in a class apart from the dilatory merchant buying on open account and given better terms, for he is helping to cut out the tremendous waste of bad debts.

This new business instrument leads the merchant to make better estimates in buying, holding each order down to what he can actually sell; to keep better stock records and accounts; to turn his stock oftener and clear off merchandise that has sold slowly. It encourages real merchandising as against mere storekeeping, because it makes each order a definite obligation, eliminating the carelessness incident to buying on open account.

About a year ago, when the trade acceptance was very new, the credit man of a large Eastern factory took it up experimentally. His large customers balked, suspicious of the unfamiliar way of doing business; so he turned to a lot of small merchants who had a limited credit with his house, not because they were doubtful, but because they took so long to meet their bills, being bad business men.

By patient explanation and special discount inducements he got them all on the trade-acceptance basis. In six months they were not only meeting their bills promptly but buying more goods; for trade acceptance had given them better ideas of the value of goods and possibilities for turnover and profit.

The trade acceptance usually changes a buyer's relations with his bank, giving him a better standing. Under open-account transactions he is throwing his financial operations onto the manufacturer and jobber, and paying a stiff price for the accommodation. Under trade acceptance his obligations are paid at his own bank. He learns to look ahead and provide funds. The bank people see him oftener, note an improvement in his business habits, and understand more about his transactions. From this he will probably progress to a point where he can borrow money at the bank on his note.

Where the Public Comes In

For the bank, trade acceptances also bring improvements. A lot of loans and financial business formerly handled by manufacturers and jobbers are brought into the bank, making a better market for money. Loans that were formerly made on open accounts and single-name notes are transformed into standard two-name paper of wider circulating value.

In a money stringency the trade acceptance forms a basis for issuing emergency currency, thus giving a flexible supply of bank notes according to the needs of business as reflected in trade acceptances; and in ordinary times the trade acceptance is a standard document, bought and sold by bankers everywhere, as they make necessary adjustments in the day's business.

For the general public the trade acceptance means elimination of mercantile waste and lost motion, and ultimately better prices on goods. When they carry the retail merchant on open account, acting as bankers for him, the manufacturer and wholesaler have often been forced to borrow on the indefinite security of accounts receivable, securing loans in secret and at high rates of interest—as much as one hundred per cent has been reported for short accommodation.

The trade acceptance brings the security out into the open as a standard form of collateral, available for rediscount and emergency currency. Therefore, business is massed in large volume, made secure, and passes through the banking system at normal interest rates. This reduces the cost of doing business; and that, in turn, benefits the public in the shape of closer prices.

Paying for a bill of goods with a bill of exchange is something that has long been familiar in other countries; but it is new in the United States, with its heritage of habit from pioneer days in commerce and finance.

But the trade acceptance is making sure progress. There may be hesitation in adopting it, but, once put into practice, neither buyer nor seller is likely to go back to the old scheme of open accounts and cash discounts; for the latter means unwieldy credit, waste and bad methods generally, while trade acceptance stands for flexibility, economy and efficient methods.

BARON BRANT OF BRIGHT ANGEL

(Concluded from Page 27)

in almost any spot that God made beautiful. It is characteristically marked by sardine cans, pickle bottles, greasy paper, watermelon rinds, and wanton destruction of the young trees and flowers. Some of these Nature Lovers have built for themselves in the wilderness. If you are interested in tracking them down you will find that in a country of rugged pine and fir which God gave them for sturdy log houses they have built of tin and corrugated iron; that in a country of stone they have built of cement blocks, cunningly fashioned into a semblance of a stone that never was. And all around they have left their rusty cans, their dirty papers, their filth and litter, fouling the sweet woods and the clean rocks.

Because the Baron loves both art and Nature and because he understands that simplicity which is both art and Nature, wherever he pioneers he leaves the trail clean and unscarred behind him, and whatever is under his care is kept as much like God made it as is humanly possible.

A wise man once said: "If you want to have friends you must show yourself friendly," and the Baron has shown himself friendly to the birds, to the bears, to Razzle, the dog that lives at his heels, to the little Navajo kids and to a host of less worthy tourists. It was some of these who repaired an oversight of the Czar and elevated him to a peerage.

DONN BYRNE—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

art, but knows very little about cigars; that he can tell you more fight gossip in a minute than a promoter can in a day; that he numbers among his friends everyone from poets to gunmen, and prefers the gunmen; that he doesn't like to talk about writing, but likes writing to talk about him; and that he believes that to be a good sportsman is the highest ideal, and that the essence of all good things is conflict.

It might be appended in conclusion, and not with absolute irrelevance, that he happens to be an Irishman.

Salt Mackerel
CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** by the **FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY,** with newly caught, **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH,** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

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SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

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FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or [illegible] **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** [illegible] **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing [illegible] your parties, shell for regulars or emergency use.

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Is 22 inches high, strongly built of beautifully finished lithographed steel, free from dust, dirt and [illegible] which [illegible] by [illegible] instructive [illegible] $1

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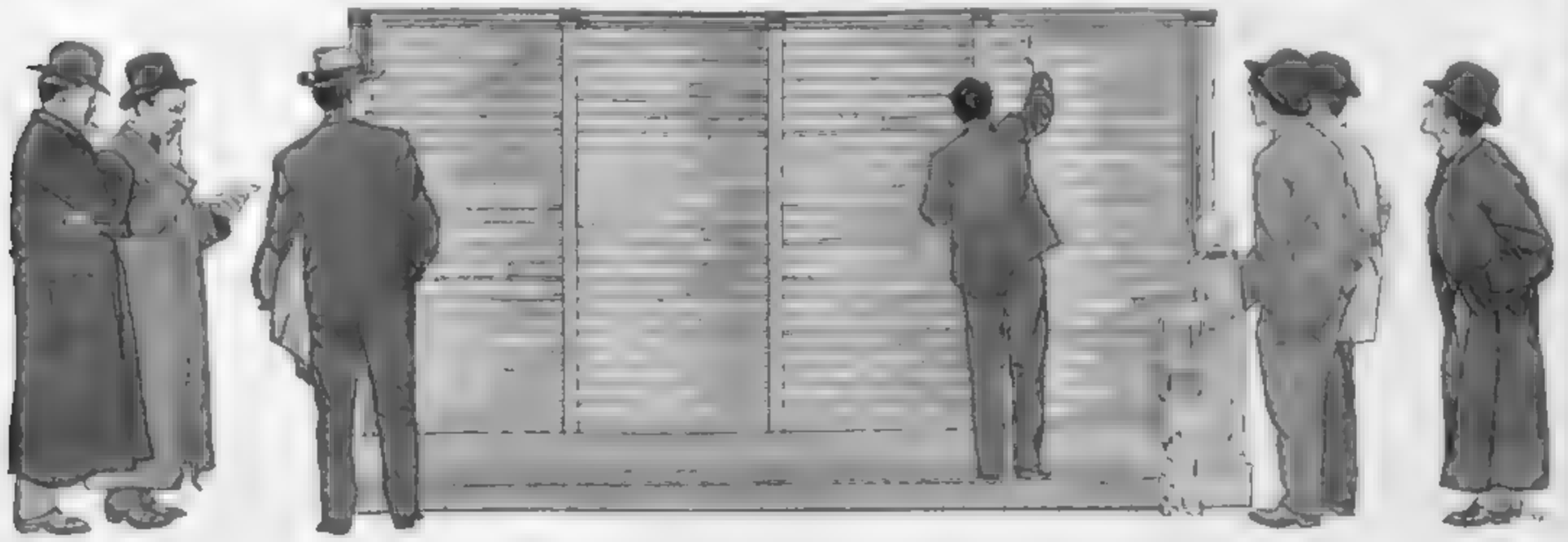

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A new flat-top design—roomy, comfortable, dressy. Comes in snappy panels and checks in great variety $1.50

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are exceptional in make, style, and value.
Special designs in
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If your dealer will not supply you, send [illegible] for Men's Caps, $1.00 for Cloth Hat, $1.00 for Boys' Cloth Cap or Hat. State age size wanted, and taste as to pattern. We will send, prepaid, the most attractive article of its kind.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Her Part

ANTOINETTE BROWN—the eccentric Miss Brown—
Loans to the Red Cross her big house in town;
Gets writer's cramp signing checks for the cause;
Works with no thought of reward or applause.
If you should tell her she's generous—then:
"Look at the women who're sending their men!
I'm only giving the price of a gown;
It's just money I'm giving," says Antoinette Brown.

Mina Van Vleet, who's the belle of the street,
Sits on the porch, knitting things for the fleet.
Up the front steps with a nonchalant air
Comes young Adolphus, a floweret fair.
"I love you madly," Adolphus says low;
"I love you sadly. Oh, how can I show
How much I love you? Oh, tell me, my sweet!"
"Get into the trenches!" says Mina Van Vleet.

Tessa Leroy, once the picture of joy,
Gives up her beauty for war to destroy;
Tony is fighting in France far away;
Tessa is helping make shells for the fray.
"Tony come back, he won't love you no more,
Now you ain't pretty like you was before."
"Men who're like that—well, they're not like my boy.
They don't fight in our trenches!" says Tessa Leroy.

Dorothy Treat to her husband says: "Pete,
You do the fighting and I'll raise the wheat."
So, while Friend Husband is learning to fly,
Friend Wife's increasing the world's food supply.
"Come out and play!" cry the neighbors.
"Oh, say!
You going to spend the whole summer this way?
Hot as hell here. Aw, come on, beat the heat!"
"Well, it's hell in the trenches!" says Dorothy Treat.

Molly Magee takes in washing, you see.
Sixty years old. A dependent? Not she!
Three boys in France and a fourth on his way.
Faith, is it harder to go or to stay?
Molly must rub, though tears fall in the tub.
Fighting is hard, but it's no fun to scrub.
"When America needs them, on land or on sea,
Sure it's my boys will be there!" says Molly Magee.

—*Helena Franklin Miller.*

Near Beer

TOM LEWIS, the comedian, had an experience with a darky waiter in a dry town in Alabama last fall that so amused him that he put it into the play in which he was appearing, where it pleased the audiences.

Not knowing that the hydrant-headed demon of prohibition had the state in its grasp, Tom, who was on tour at the time, called for a bottle of beer with his dinner at a small hotel.

"Boss," said the waiter, "hit's ag'in de law to sell beer; but I kin fetch you a bottle of near beer."

"What's the difference between this near beer and the genuine article?" asked Tom Lewis.

"Well, suh," said the darky, "hit looks lak beer, and hit smells lak beer, and hit tastes a whole heap lak beer. But hit's lackin' in one respeck: W'en you gits hit down in yore stomach, seem lak hit ain't got de authority!"

Speeding the Kaiser

ON THE day when a state of war with Germany was declared to exist the enthusiastic citizens of a small town in a remote corner of Oklahoma organized a patriotic parade, with brass band and banners and the local militia company in line, and the mayor and members of the Common Council riding in open carriages—and everything.

According to an Eastern traveling man who chanced to be in the town that day, there were two banners that particularly attracted his attention and instantly commanded his whole-souled and sincere admiration.

One was carried by a small Boy Scout and the other by an aged Civil War veteran.

One read "On to Berlin!" And the other "To hell with the Ki!"

A Long Wait

CHARLES R. FLINT, the New York financial and industrial magnate, was born in the state of Maine and frequently returns to his native state to hunt and fish. On one of these excursions he met a guide who knew all there was to know about life in the woods, but who had never seen a city larger than Bangor. Mr. Flint invited him to come down to New York to pay him a visit.

Some months later the Maine man saw his way clear to accept the invitation. His host met him at the station and took him to the Flint home, where they had dinner. After dinner Mr. Flint escorted his guest afoot over to Broadway and Forty-second Street to give him his first sight of the main thoroughfare of the metropolis. The sidewalks were jammed with pedestrians and the roadways with street cars, automobiles, and other vehicles.

Mr. Flint was surprised to see the visitor suddenly retreat into a doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I wuz jest thinkin'," said the woodsman, "that mebbe we'd better wait here a spell until this here crowd gits by."

Prussian Efficiency

AT A CAFE in New York which is much frequented by actors they were talking of German methods as exemplified in this war. Jack Hazard felt moved to tell the following story:

"Only the other day I heard of a very interesting case, which illustrates how careful those fellows are about obeying orders," stated Hazard. "It seems that during the invasion of Belgium a captain in a Prussian regiment got hold of a hundred fresh eggs somewhere; and, wishing to give his faithful soldiers a treat—there were just exactly a hundred men in his company as it happened—he turned the eggs over to the top sergeant and told him to see that every man in the command had an egg for his breakfast next morning.

"But the company cook smashed one of the eggs, and next morning there were only ninety-nine eggs to be distributed among a hundred hungry soldiers. The sergeant was puzzled at first. He knew he had to obey orders; and, being a true German, he meant to do so.

"For a while he didn't know just how to distribute those eggs. Finally he had a wonderful inspiration—a typical Prussian inspiration. It worked all right too."

Here Hazard paused.

"Well, what did the sergeant do?" demanded one of the company.

"Killed one of the soldiers!" said Hazard.

The Flight of the Kings

DOWN the deep night
I see the kings and emperors take flight.

Not in blue pomp they go,
But suddenly, like drifts of wind-tossed snow;

Yes, suddenly, like birds;
And on their lips low, agonizing words.

Down the clean years
Their pride and their red raiment disappears.

Their sceptres fall
From frightened hands; they have relinquished all

That made them great;
Now poor and mean is their unblest estate.

Their dream is done,
Their sun is set—their long-exultant sun—

And in their stead
Stand white Republics when the east is red.

In place of this,
I hear paltry panoply, a new autocracy,

A city of light
Flames into fire, as stars flame in the night.

And on the sky
Is writ one word, in triumph wild and high—

Democracy!
And it shall last through all the years to be.

Down the deep night
I see the kings and emperors take flight.

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

An Apt Pupil

IT IS a sad or humorous—as we happen to look at it—commentary on human convictions that restrictions weaken very rapidly when we get away from home.

A member of the Ladies' Aid in Michigan on her first trip to San Diego made a visit to Tia Juana, Mexico, to see the wickedness of racing and gambling in full tilt. In the Casino she joined a circle round the chuck-a-luck table. The winnings of several players seemed so entirely harmless and utterly attractive that she ventured a quarter on the six.

It won.

She played again and won.

The next time she lost, whereupon she hit upon the happy expedient of holding her quarter in her fingers, delicately poised over a certain number until the dice in the cage settled. If her number came up, the quarter went down. If her number did not come up, the quarter did—very swiftly and surreptitiously.

The fat, good-natured old game keeper had a droning voice and a sharp eye.

"Lady," he said, while seemingly looking the other way, "you must not do that!"

She grew a little embarrassed but said nothing, and in a few moments was playing again, with her quarter, as before, poised for flight in case of loss.

"Lady," the gambler said with authority in his tone, this time looking straight at her, "you must not do that; it is not according to club rules."

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed the woman from Michigan innocently; "you must excuse me, for I don't know a thing in the world about this game."

"Lady," droned the old game keeper, sadly giving the cage a whirl, "you are learning mighty fast!"

Everybody Satisfied

BIDE DUDLEY, a New York writer, says he was traveling on a New Haven train one day last spring when the brakeman poked his head in at the car door and yelled:

"Greenich! Green-wich! Next stop!"

"Say," inquired Dudley, "what makes you pronounce this town's name two ways?"

"Well," said the trainman, "some, they likes it one way; and some, they likes it the other. We strive to please."

The Human Salad

ACCORDING to Hartley Manners, the playwright, a wayfaring person in the East End of London had a sudden stroke and fell upon the street. When he recovered his senses he was in bed in a hospital ward and a nurse was bending over him.

The sufferer sniffed the burdened air.

"Wot's that I smells?" he inquired in a faint, husky whisper.

"We put a mustard plaster on your chest," explained the nurse.

"There's somethin' else on me face!" said the patient suspiciously.

"Oh, yes," said the nurse; "we've been bathing your forehead in aromatic spirits of vinegar."

"But wot 'ave you done to me feet?"

"We gave them a hot mustard bath."

"I s'y!" demanded the stranger indignantly, "wot do you think I am, anyway—a bloomin' salad?"

Brother Jack

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES, who was down on the Border during the mobilization after the Mexican outbreaks of last year, says that one day a volunteer regiment, headed by the colonel and the band, was out marching when a small, tow-headed, wide-eyed, ragged Texas boy, who had ridden over from the paternal ranch a few miles away to see the soldiers, stood alongside the road watching the spectacle, and meantime clinging fast to the bit of his restive steed, the same being one of the small native jackasses, or burros.

"Hey, kid!" called out a dusty guardsman from the ranks as his company swung by. "What are you holding your brother so tight for?"

"Mister," said the youngster, "I'm a-feared he mout enlist!"

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NEITHER in Europe nor America has the Knight engine ever been given as fine a setting as in the Stearns.

For six years Stearns has been blending the Knight principle with Stearns practice.

Every Stearns—back to the first—proves that prolonged use only serves to improve the engine.

It is an actual fact that Stearns performance continually grows better as the mileage rolls up.

There is pure delight in Stearns vibrationless power.

The Knight engine is inherently smooth.

But Stearns has brought smoothness and flexibility to the highest pitch with its counter-balanced crankshaft.

The perfect balance of the crankshaft adds years to the life of the car.

We do not believe there is a fine car in America for which one of our owners would exchange his Stearns.

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Stearns Four five-passenger **$1585**

Touring Car for Seven, $1725; Clover-leaf Roadster, $1585; Coupé, $2150; Convertible Sedan, $2385; Limousine, $3000; Landaulet, $3100; Landaulet Brougham, $3200.

Stearns Eight

Touring Car for Seven, $2375; Clover-leaf Roadster, $2375; Coupé, $3075; Coupé-Landaulet, $3075; Limousine, $3685; Landaulet, $3785; Landaulet Brougham, $3785.

Prolonged Use Improves the Stearns

The carbon that forms between the sleeves and on the cylinder walls of the Stearns-Knight motor, is an asset.

It shapes into hardened films instead of crusts as on the cylinder walls of other engines.

The silent gliding of the sleeves on this glazed surface, makes the motor run more smoothly as the miles roll up.

The carbon films also prevent the escape of gas, thus utilizing every spray that enters the cylinders.

That is why a Stearns is quieter and smoother, after thousands of miles of use, than the day it leaves the factory.

It also explains the extraordinarily long life of the Stearns.

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

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Just launched and ready for service, to protect your home against the ravages of dirt—the mightiest dust destroyer ever designed!

And its new, low price will surprise you. Only One Dollar.

Ask your dealer to show it to you. Examine its reinforced, wear-proof, heavily padded frame, handsomely finished in battleship-gray enamel. Notice the improved design and the extra long, thick "plume" with its 14-inch spread.

Already treated with O-Cedar Polish, the polish that does not gum, stick or veneer but produces a hard, dry, brilliant and durable lustre.

Any dealer will deliver one to you—on trial. Use it to renew and preserve your floors and staircases. See how easily and quickly it cleans and brightens all varnished and painted surfaces. If you are not delighted, return it to the dealer and he will promptly refund your money.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.
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Smoking P. A. is like shifting into high

atop a long hill and beating it 42 per—your smokesection gets truer-tuned and you find classier sportaction the farther you go! *Prince Albert's quality* turns the smoketrick in your favor. It gives you a new idea of what *real* smokejoy can be! For, every load of P. A. proves its quality —*quality* flavor, fragrance, coolness, satisfaction. You can't beat that combination at any stage of the game!

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Tobacco Co.

And, every puff of Prince Albert is as delightful as it is free from bite and parch which are *cut out* by our exclusive patented process! Your little old job is to hang to the middle of the road and keep your grip on the smokethrottle and hit 'er up like Speedsport was the old family name! *Such* smokefun simply takes-the-cake! You get hold of that wandering jimmy pipe of yours and some Prince Albert while the listen is in your smokechest, whether you're a "registered regular" or just willin'. And, beat it down the aisle to the first-firing-line! For, then you're in Company A, Royalsmoke-sports—the biggest band of smokecheery men ever enlisted under one brand! *Put it up to Prince Albert's quality* first-last-all-the-time! It's quality you're after *and it's quality you get* when you take this first-hand-tip to breeze up to the post like a thorobred and make a new smokestart —*for what ails your smokeappetite.*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

The crosses on the map represent the location of the various camps established or decided upon by the War Department at the time of going to press. There may be changes which have occurred since.
COLGATE'S
HERE AND OVERSEAS
To Somewhere in France

UNCLE SAM looks after the shelter, the food, and the clothing of the brave men of his Army and Navy—but he can not give many of the little comforts and conveniences. You must do that—and to help you we give a list of useful articles to send regularly to your soldier. His supply will be exhausted quicker than you imagine—send often.

An Authoritative List

Men who saw actual service on the Mexican Border have helped to make up this list of articles greatly needed, often hard to get—things not supplied by the Government. Send them all to your boys, and send some of them often.

Dentifrice—Toothbrush and Case—Talc Powder—Shaving Soap—Razor and Strop—Small Mirror—Soap and Case—Sponge and Case.

Towels—Vaseline—Handkerchiefs—Bandanas—Comb and Brush—Tube of Cold Cream—Nail File—Shoe Brush and Polish—Match Box—Writing Paper and Envelopes—Pen—Ink—Pencils—Fountain Pens.

Sewing Kit—Wrist Watch—Flashlight—Pocket Knife—2-inch Bandage—Adhesive Tape.

Colgate Kits

Your dealer probably can supply the compact Khaki Kit containing Colgate's Talc, Shaving Stick, Ribbon Dental Cream and Coleo Soap. (He will have the articles themselves, even if he has not the Khaki Kits.)

"AND WRITE letters to that son or brother or husband, telling him every little detail about home affairs. The men who are fighting for you at the front live from mail to mail. Send them cheer of the kind that Pershing's smile imparts to his command."

—Frederick Palmer in Collier's.

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